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"THE VALLEY OF DEMOCRACY"

III—TYPES AND DIVERSIONS

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

AT the end of a week spent in a Middle Western city a visitor from the East inquired wearily: "Does no one work in this town?" The answer to such a question is that of course everybody works; the town boasts no man of leisure; but on occasions the citizens play, and the advent of any properly certified guest affords a capital excuse for a period of intensified sociability. "Welcome" is writ large over the gates of all Western cities—literally in letters of fire at railway-stations. Approaching a town the motorist finds himself courteously welcomed and politely requested to respect the local speed law, and as he departs a sign at the postern thanks him and urges his return. The Western town is marked as much by its generous hospitality as by its enterprise, its firm purpose to develop new territory and widen its commercial influence. The visitor is bewildered by the warmth with which he is seized and scheduled for a round of exhausting festivities. He may enjoy all the delights that attend the triumphal tour of a débutante launched upon a round of visits to the girls she knew in school or college; and he will be conscious of a sincerity, a real pride and joy in his presence, that warms his heart to the community. Passing on from one town to another, say from Cincinnati to Cleveland, from Kansas City to Denver, from Omaha to Minneapolis, he finds that news of his approach has preceded him. The people he has met at his last stopping-place have wired everybody they know at the next point in his itinerary to be on the lookout for him, and he finds that instead of entering a strange port there are friends—veritable friends—awaiting him. If by chance he escapes the eye of the reception committee and enters himself on the books of an inn, he is interrupted in his unpacking by offers of lodging in the homes of people he never saw before.

There is no other region in America where so much history has been crowded into so brief a period, where young commonwealths so quickly attained political power and influence as in the Middle West; but the founding of States and the establishment of law is hardly more interesting than the transfer to the wilderness of the dignities and amenities of life. From the verandas of country clubs or handsome villas scattered along the Great Lakes, one may almost witness the receding pageant of discovery and settlement. In Wisconsin and Michigan the golfer in search of an elusive ball has been known to stumble upon an arrow-head, a significant reminder of the newness of the land; and the motorist flying across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois sees log cabins that survive from the earliest days, many of them still occupied.

Present comfort and luxury are best viewed against a background of pioneer life; at least the sense of things hoped for and realized in these plains is more impressive as one ponders the self-sacrifice and heroism by which the soil was con-

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quered and peopled. The friendliness, the eagerness to serve that are so charming and winning in the West date from those times when one who was not a good neighbor was a potential enemy. Social life was largely dependent upon exigencies that brought the busy pioneers together, to cut timber, build homes, add a barn to meet growing needs, or to assist in "breaking" new acres. The women, eagerly seizing every opportunity to vary the monotony of their lonely lives, gathered with the men, and while the axes swung in the woodland or the plough turned up the new soil, held a quilting, spun flax, made clothing, or otherwise assisted the hostess to get ahead with her never-ending labors. To-day, through the broad valley the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the pioneers ply the tennis-racket and dance in country club-houses beside lakes and rivers where their forebears drove the plough or swung the axe all day, and rode miles to dance on a puncheon floor. There was marrying and giving in marriage; children were born and "raised" amid conditions that cause one to smile at the child welfare and "better baby" societies of these later times. The affections were deepened by the close union of the family in the intimate association of common tasks. Here, indeed, was a practical application of the dictum of one for all and all for one.

He donned a silk hat for the occasion, as appropriate to the dignified exercise of his franchise.

The lines of contact between isolated clearings and meagre settlements were never wholly broken. Months might pass without a household seeing a strange face, but always some one was on the way—an itinerant missionary, a lost hunter, a pioneer looking for a new field to conquer. Motoring at ease through the country one marvels at the journeys accomplished when blazed trails were the only highways. A pioneer railroad-builder once told me of a pilgrimage he made on horseback from northern Indiana to the Hermitage in Tennessee to meet Old Hickory face to face. Jackson had captivated his boyish fancy and this arduous journey was a small price to pay for the honor of viewing the hero on his own acres. I may add that this gentleman achieved his centennial, remaining a steadfast adherent of Jacksonian democracy to the end of his life. Once I accompanied him to the polls and he donned a silk hat for the occasion, as appropriate to the dignified exercise of his franchise.

There was a distinct type of restless, adventurous pioneer who liked to keep a little ahead of civilization; who found that he could not breathe freely when his farm, acquainted for only a few years with the plough, became the centre of a neighborhood. Men of this sort persuaded themselves that there was better land to be had farther on, though, more or less consciously, it was freedom they craved. The exodus of the Lincolns from Ken-

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It is inconceivable . . . that their babies should not be sound and encouraging specimens of the human race.—Page 269.

tucky through Indiana, where they lingered fourteen years before seeking a new home in Illinois, is typical of the pioneer restlessness. In a day when the effects of a household could be moved in one wagon and convoyed by the family on horseback, these transitions were undertaken with the utmost lightheartedness. Only a little while ago I heard a woman of eighty describe her family's removal from Kentucky to Illinois, a wide detour being made that they might visit a distant relative in central Indiana. This, from her recital, must have been the jolliest of excursions, for the children at least, with the daily experiences of fording streams, the constant uncertainties as to the trail, and the camping out in the woods when no cabin offered shelter.

It was a matter of pride with the housewife to make generous provision for "company," and the memoirs of pioneer annalists dwell much upon the good provender of those days, when venison and wild turkeys were to be had for the killing and corn pone or "dodger" was the only bread. The reputation of being a good cook was quite as honorable as that of being a successful farmer or a lucky hunter. The Princeton University Press has lately resurrected and republished "The New Purchase," by Baynard Rush Hall, a graduate of Union College and of Princeton Theological Seminary, one of the raciest and most amusing of mid-Western chronicles. Hall sought "a life of poetry and romance amid the rangers of the wood," and in 1823 became principal of Indiana Seminary, the precursor of the State university. Having enjoyed an ampler experience of life than his neighbors, he was able to view the pioneers with a degree of detachment, though sympathetically.

No other contemporaneous account of

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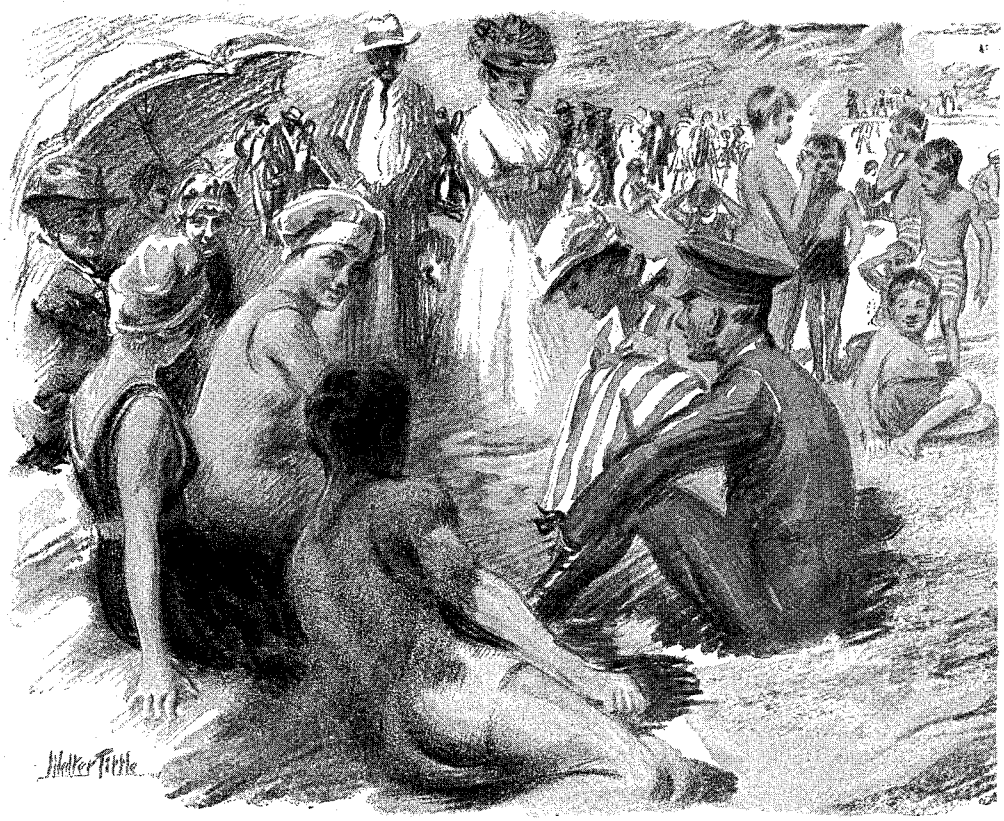

A popular bathing beach on Lake
The salt's stimulus is not missed apparently by the vast number

the social life of the period approaches this for fulness; certainly none equals it in humor. The difficulties of transportation, the encompassing wilderness all but impenetrable, the oddities of frontier character, the simple ménage of the pioneer, his food, and the manner of its preparation, and the general social spectacle, are described by a master reporter. One of his best chapters is devoted to a wedding and the subsequent feast, where a huge potpie was the pièce de résistance. He estimates that at least six hens, two chanticleers and four pullets were lodged in this doughy sepulchre. This was encircled by roast wild turkeys "stuffed" with Indian meal and sausages. Otherwise there were fried venison, fried turkey, fried chicken, fried duck, fried pork, and, he adds, "for anything I knew, even fried leather!"

II

THE pioneer adventure in the trans-Mississippi States differed materially from that of the timbered areas of the old Northwest Territory. I incline to the belief that the forest primeval had a socializing effect upon those who first dared its fastnesses, binding the lonely pioneers together by mysterious ties which the open plain lacked. The Southern infusion in the States immediately north of the Ohio undoubtedly influenced the early social life greatly. The Kentuckian, for example, carried his passion for sociability into Indiana, and pages of pioneer history in the Hoosier State might have been lifted bodily from Kentucky chronicles, so similar is their flavor. The Kentuckian was always essentially social; he likes "the swarm," remarks Mr. James

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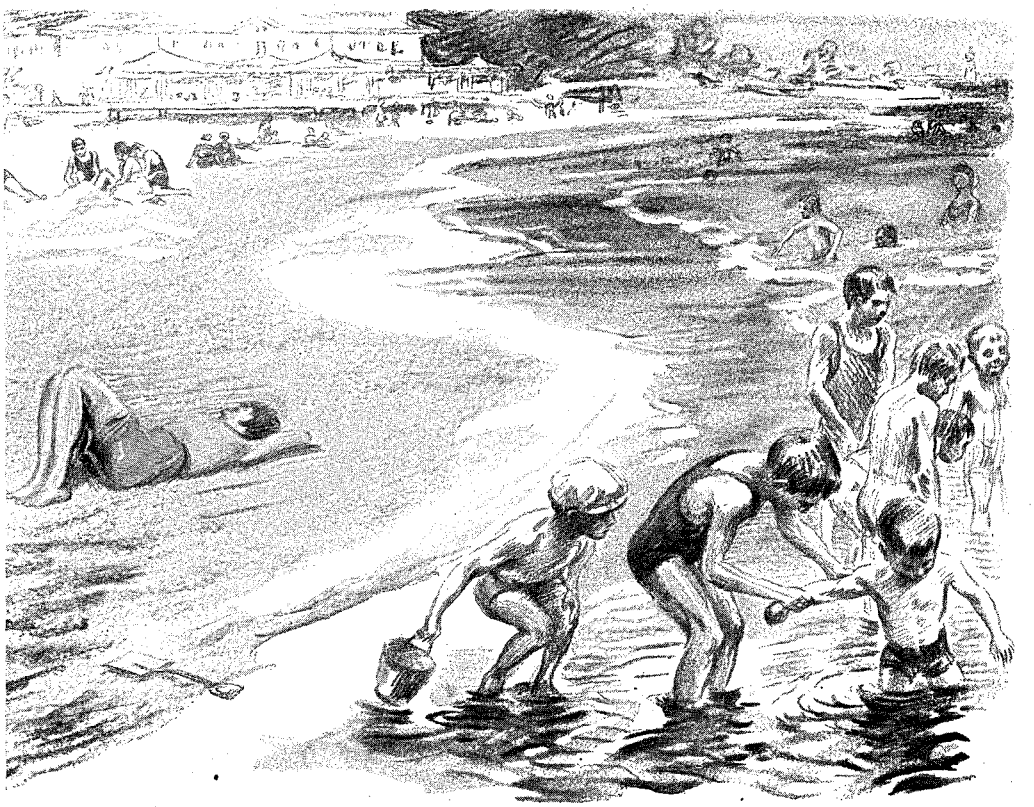

Erie, near the town of Sandusky
of citizens . . . who disport themselves on the shore.—Page 273.

Lane Allen. To seek a contrast, the early social picture in Kansas is obscured by the fury of the battle over slavery that dominates the foreground. Other States fought Indians and combated hunger, survived malaria, brimstone and molasses and calomel, and kept in good humor, but the settlement of Kansas was attended with battle, murder, and sudden death. The pioneers of the Northwest Territory began life in amiable accord with their neighbors; Kansas gained statehood after a bitter war with her sister Missouri, though the contest may not be viewed as a local disturbance but as an inevitable prologue of the drama of the Civil War. When in the strenuous fifties Missouri undertook to colonize the Kansas plains with pro-slavery sympathizers, New England rose in majesty to protest. She not only protested vociferously but sent colonies to hold the plain against the invaders. Life in the Kansas of those years of strife was unrelieved by any gayeties. One searches in vain for traces of the comfort and cheer that are a part of the tradition of the settlement of the Ohio valley States. Professor Spring, in his history of Kansas, writes: "For amusement the settlers were left entirely to their own resources. Lectures, concert troupes, and shows never ventured far into the wilderness. Yet there was much broad, rollicking, noisy merry-making, but it must be confessed that rum and whiskey—lighter liquors like wine and beer could not be obtained—had a good deal to do with it. . . . Schools, churches, and the various appliances of older civilization got under way and made some growth; but they were still in a primitive, inchoate condi-

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tion when Kansas took her place in the Union."

There is hardly another American State in which the social organization may be observed as readily as in Kansas. For the reason that its history and the later

Types past and present.

The town usurer in silk hat; the rake, whose career was blighted by a passion for gambling; the adventurous boy who ran away from school to join the navy; and the "sliphorn" expert from the town band.

"social scene" constitute so compact a picture I find myself returning to it frequently for illustrations and comparisons. Born amid tribulation, having indeed been subjected to the ordeal of fire, Kansas marks Puritanism's farthest west; her people are still proud to call their State "The Child of Plymouth Rock." The New Englanders who settled the northeastern part of the Territory were augmented after the Civil War by men of New England stock who had established themselves in Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa when the war began, and having acquired soldiers' homestead rights made use of them to preempt land in the younger commonwealth. The influx of veterans after Appomattox sealed the right of Kansas to be called a typical American State. "Kansas sent practically every able-bodied man of military age to the Civil War," says Mr. William Allen White, "and when they came back literally hundreds of thousands of other soldiers came with them and took homesteads." For thirty years after Kansas attained statehood her New Englanders were a dominating factor in her development, and their influence is still clearly perceptible. The State may be almost considered as one vast plantation peopled by industrious, aspiring men and women. Class distinctions are little known; snobbery, where it exists, hides itself to avoid ridicule; the State abounds in the "comfortably well off" and the "well-to-do"; millionaires are few and well tamed; every other family boasts an automobile.

While the political and economic results of the Civil War have been much written

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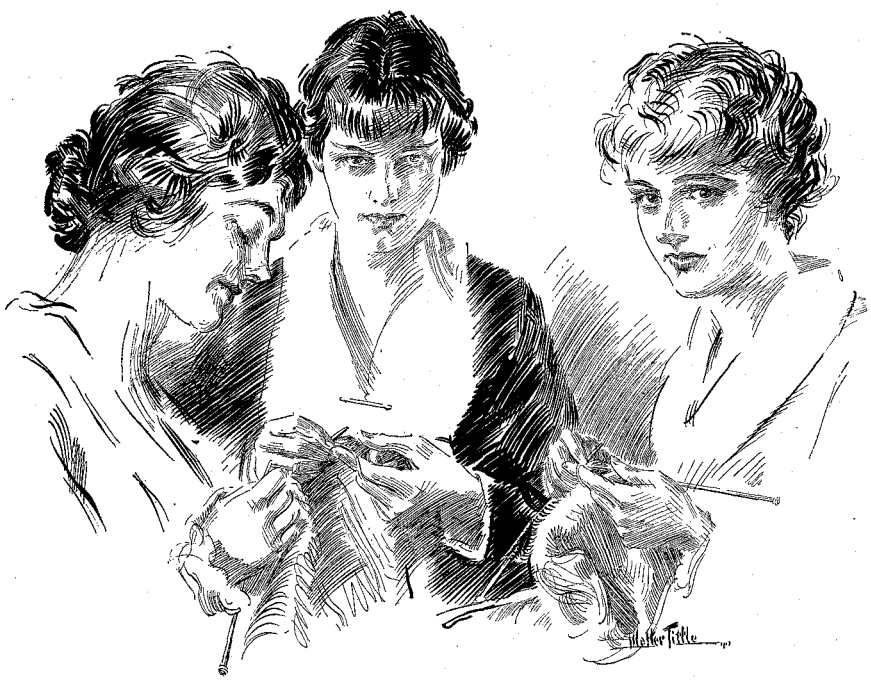

Knitting as gravely as though they were weaving the destinies of nations—and maybe they were!—Page 274.

of, its influence upon the common relationships of life in the border States that it so profoundly affected are hardly less interesting. The pioneer period was becoming a memory, the conditions of life had grown comfortable, and there was ease in Zion when the young generation met a new demand upon their courage. Many were permanently lifted out of the sphere to which they were born and thrust forth into new avenues of opportunity. This was not of course peculiar to the West, though in the Mississippi valley the effects were so closely intermixed with those of the strenuous post-bellum political history that they are indelibly written into the record. Local hostilities aroused by the conflict were of long duration; the Copperhead was never forgiven his disloyalty; it is remembered to this day against his descendants. Men who, in all likelihood, would have died in obscurity but for the changes and chances of war rose to high position. The most conspicuous of such instances is afforded by Grant, whose circumstances and prospects were the poorest when Fame flung open her doors to him.

Nothing pertaining to the war of the sixties impresses the student more than the rapidity with which reputations were made or lost or the effect upon the participants of their military experiences. From farms, shops, and offices men were projected into the most stirring scenes the nation had known. They emerged with the glory of battle upon them to become men of mark in their communities, wearing a new civic and social dignity. It would be interesting to know how many of the survivors attained civil office as the reward of their valor; in the Western States I should say that few escaped some sort of recognition on the score of their military services. In the city that I know best of all, where for three decades at least the most distinguished citizens—certainly the most respected and honored—were veterans of the Civil War, it has always seemed to me remarkable and altogether reassuring as proof that we need never fear the iron collar of militarism, that those men of the sixties so quickly readjusted themselves in peaceful occupations. There were those who capitalized their military achievements, but the vast number had gone to war from the highest patriotic motives and having done their part were glad to be quit of it. The shifting about, the new social experiences

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and resulting readjustments were responsible for many romances. Men met and married women of whose very existence they would have been ignorant but for the fortunes of war, and in these particulars history was repeating itself last year before our greatest military adventure had really begun!

The sudden appearance of thousands of khaki-clad young men last summer and fall marked a new point of orientation in American life. Romance mounted his charger again; everywhere one met the wistful war bride. The familiar academic ceremonials of college commencements in the West as in the East were transformed into tributes to the patriotism of the graduates and undergraduates already under arms and present in their new uniforms. These young men, encountered in the street, in clubs, in hurried visits to their offices as they transferred their affairs to other hands, were impressively serious and businesslike. In the training-camps one heard familiar college songs rather than battle hymns. Even country-club dances and other functions given for the entertainment of the young soldiers were lacking in light-heartedness. In a Minneapolis country club much affected by candidates for commissions at Fort Snelling the Saturday-night dances closed with the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner"; every face turned instantly toward the flag; every hand came to salute; and the effect was to send the whole company, young and old, soberly into the night. In the three training and mobilizing camps that I visited through the months of preparation—Forts Benjamin Harrison, Sheridan, and Snelling—there was no ignoring the quiet, dogged attitude of the sons of the West, who had no hatred for the people they were enlisted to fight (I heard many of them say this), but were animated by a feeling that something greater even than the dignity and security of this nation, something of deep import to the whole world, had called them.

III

In "The Social Scene" Mr. James ignored the West, perhaps as lacking in those backgrounds and perspectives that most strongly appealed to him. It is for the reason that "polite society," as we find it in Western cities, has only the scant pioneer background that I have indicated that it is so surprising in the dignity and richness of its manifestations. If it is a meritorious thing for people in prosperous circumstances to spend their money generously and with good taste in the entertainment of their friends, to effect combinations of the congenial in balls, dinners, musicals, and the like, then the social spectacle in the Western provinces is not a negligible feature of their activities. If an aristocracy is a desirable thing in America, the West can, in its cities great and small, produce it, and its quality and tone will be found quite similar to the aristocracy of older communities. We of the West are not so callous as our critics would have us appear, and we are only politely tolerant of the persistence with which fiction and the drama are illuminated with characters whose chief purpose is to illustrate the raw vulgarity of Western civilization. Such persons are no more acceptable socially in Chicago, Minneapolis, or Denver than they are in New York. The country is so closely knit together that a fashionable gathering in one place presents very much the appearance of a similar function in another. New York, socially speaking, is very hospitable to the Southerner; the South has a tradition of aristocracy that the West lacks. In both New York and Boston a very different tone characterizes the mention of a Southern girl and any reference to a daughter of the West. The Western girl may be every bit as "nice" and just as cultivated as the Southern girl: they would be indistinguishable one from the other save for the Southern girl's speech, which we discover to be not provincial but "so charmingly Southern."

Perhaps I may here safely amplify a point suggested in an earlier article and record my impatience of the pretension that provincialism is anywhere admirable. A provincial character may be interesting and amusing as a type; he may be commendably curious about a great number of things and even possess considerable information, without being blest with the vision to correlate himself with the world beyond the nearest haystack. I do not share the opinion of some of my compatriots of the Western provinces that our

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From an etching.

On a craft plying the waters of Erie I found all the conditions of a happy outing and types that it is always a joy to meet.—Page 275

speech is really the standard English, that the Western voice is impeccable, or that culture and manners have attained among us any noteworthy dignity that entitles us to strut before the rest of the world. Culture is not a term to be used lightly, and culture, as say Matthew Arnold understood it and labored to extend its sphere, is not more respected in these younger States than elsewhere in America. We are offering innumerable vehicles of popular education; we point with pride to public schools, State and privately endowed universities, and to smaller colleges of the noblest standards and aims; but even with these so abundantly provided it cannot be maintained that culture in its strict sense cries insis-

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tently to the Western imagination. There are people of culture, yes; there are social expressions both interesting and charming; but our preoccupations are mainly with the utilitarian, an attitude wholly defensible and explainable in the light of our newness, the urgent need of bread-winning in our recent yesterdays. However, with the easing in the past fifty years of the conditions of life there followed quite naturally a restlessness, an eagerness to fill and drain the cup of enjoyment, that was only interrupted by our entrance into the world war. There are people, rich and poor, in these States who are devotedly attached to "whatsoever things are lovely," but that they exert any wide influence or color deeply the social fabric is debatable. It is possible that "sweetness and light," as we shall ultimately attain them, will not be an efflorescence of literature or the fine arts but a realization of justice, highly conceived, and a perfected system of government that will assure the happiness, contentment, and peace of the great body of our citizenry.

From an etching.

In this particular territory the typical young woman is brown-haired, blue or brown of eye, of medium height, with a slender, mobile face that is reminiscent of Celtic influences. —Page 272.

In the smaller western towns, especially where the American stock is dominant, lines of social demarcation are usually obscure to the vanishing-point. Schools and churches are here a democratizing factor, and a woman who "keeps help" is very likely to be apologetic about it; she is anxious to avoid the appearance of "uppishness"—an unpardonable sin. It is impossible for her to ignore the fact that the "girl" in her kitchen has, very likely, gone to school with her own children or has been a member of her Sunday-school class. The reluctance of American girls to accept employment as house-servants is an aversion not to be overcome in the West. Thousands of women in comfortable conditions of life manage their homes without outside help other than that of a neighborhood man or a versatile syndicate woman who "comes in" to assist in a weekly "cleaning."

There is a type of small-town woman who makes something quite casual and incidental of the day's tasks. Her social enjoyments are in no way hampered if, in entertaining company, she prepares with her own hands the viands for the feast. She takes the greatest pride in her household; she is usually a capital cook and is not troubled by any absurd feeling that she has "demeaned" herself by preparing and serving a meal. She does it exceedingly well, and rises without embarrassment to change the plates and bring in the salad. The salad is excellent and she knows it is excellent and submits with satisfaction to praise of her handiwork. In homes which it is the highest privilege to visit a joke is made of the housekeeping. The lady of the house performs the various rites in keeping with maternal tradition and the latest approved text-books. You may if you like accompany her to the kitchen and watch the broiling of your chop, noting the perfection of the method before testing the result, and all to the accompaniment of charming talk about life and letters or what you will. Corporate feeding in public mess-halls will make slow headway with these strongly individualistic women of the

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From an etching.

The Municipal Recreation Pier, Chicago.

It is a prodigious structure, and I know of no place in America where the student of mankind may more profitably plant himself for an evening of contemplation.—Page 273.

new generation who read prodigiously, manage a baby with their eyes on Pasteur, and are as proud of their biscuits as of their club papers, which we know to be admirable.

Are women less prone to snobbishness than men? Contrary to the general opinion, I think they are. Their gentler natures shrink from unkindness, from the petty cruelties of social differentiation which may be made very poignant in a town of five or ten thousand people, where one cannot pretend with any degree of plausibility that one does not know one's neighbor, or that the daughter of a section foreman or the son of the second-best grocer did not sit beside one's own Susan or Thomas in the public school. The banker's offspring may find the children of the owner of the stave-factory or the planing-mill more congenial associates than the children on the back streets; but when the banker's wife gives a birthday party for Susan the invitations are not limited to the children of the immediate neighbors but include every child in town who has the slightest claim upon her hospitality. The point seems to be established that one may be poor and yet be "nice"; and this is a very comforting philosophy and no mean touchstone of social fitness. I may add that the mid-Western woman, in spite of her strong individualism in domestic matters, is, broadly speaking, fundamentally socialistic. She is the least bit uncomfortable at the thought of inequalities of privilege and opportunity. Not long ago I met in Chicago an old friend, a man who has added greatly to an inherited fortune. To my inquiry as to what he was doing in town he replied ruefully that he was going to buy his wife some clothes! He explained that in her preoccupation with philanthropy and social welfare she had grown not merely indifferent to the call of fashion but that she seriously questioned her right to adorn herself while her less favored sisters suffered for life's necessities. This is an extreme case, though I

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can from my personal acquaintance duplicate it in half a dozen instances of women born to ease and able to command luxury who very sincerely share this feeling.

IV

THE social edifice is like a cabinet of file-boxes conveniently arranged so that they may be drawn out and pondered by the curious. The seeker of types is so prone to look for the eccentric, the fantastic (and I am not without my interest in these varieties), which so astonishingly repeat themselves, that he is likely to ignore the claims of the normal, the real "folksy" bread-and-butter people who are, after all, the mainstay of our democracy. They are not to be scornfully waved aside as bourgeoisie, or prodded with such ironies as Arnold applied to the middle class in England. They constitute the most interesting and admirable of our social strata. There is nothing quite like them in any other country; nowhere else have comfort, opportunity, and aspiration produced the same combinations.

The traveller's curiosity is teased constantly, as he cruises through the towns and cities of the Middle West, by the numbers of homes that cannot imaginably be maintained on less than five thousand dollars a year. The economic basis of these establishments invites speculation; in my own city I am ignorant of the means by which hundreds of such homes are conducted—homes that testify to the West's growing good taste in domestic architecture and shelter people whose ambitions are worthy of highest praise. There was a time not so remote when I could identify at sight every pleasure vehicle in town. A man who kept a horse and buggy was thought to be "putting on" a little; if he set up a carriage and two horses he was, unless he enjoyed public confidence in the highest degree, viewed with distrust and suspicion. When in the eighties an Indianapolis bank failed a cynical old citizen remarked of its president that "no wonder Blank busted, swelling 'round in a carriage with a nigger in uniform!" Nowadays thousands of citizens blithely disport themselves in automobiles that cost several times the value of that banker's equipage. I have confided my bewilderment to friends in other cities of approximately the size of my own and find the same ignorance of the economic foundation of this prosperity. The existence, in cities of one, two, and three hundred thousand people of so many whom we may call non-producers—professional men, managers, agents—offers a stimulating topic for a doctoral thesis. I am not complaining of this phenomenon—I merely wonder about it.

The West's great natural wealth and extraordinary development is nowhere more strikingly denoted than in the thousands of comfortable homes, in hundreds of places, set on forty or eighty foot lots that were tilled land or forest fifty or twenty years ago. Cruising through the West, one enters every city through new additions, frequently sliced out of old forests, with the maples, elms, or beeches carefully retained. Bungalows are inadvertently jotted down as though enthusiastic young architects were using the landscape for sketch-paper. I have inspected large settlements in which no two of these habitations are alike, though the difference may be only a matter of pulling the roof a little lower over the eyes of the veranda or some idiosyncrasy in the matter of the chimney. The trolley and the low-priced automobile are continually widening the urban arc, so that the acre lot or even a larger estate is within the reach of city dwellers who have a weakness for country air and home-grown vegetables. A hedge, a second barricade of hollyhocks, a flower-box on the veranda rail, and a splash of color when the crimson ramblers are in bloom—here the hunter of types keeps his note-book in hand and wishes that Henry Cuyler Bunner were alive to bring his fine perceptions and sympathies to bear upon these homes and their attractive inmates.

The young woman we see inspecting the mignonnette or admonishing the iceman to greater punctuality in his deliveries, would have charmed a lyric from Aldrich. The new additions are, we know, contrived for her special delight. She and her neighbors are not to be confounded with young wives in apartments with kitchenette attached who lean heavily upon the delicatessen-shop and find their sole intellectual stimulus in vaudeville or

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the dumb drama. It is inconceivable that any one should surprise the mistresses of these bungalows in a state of untidiness, that their babies should not be sound and encouraging specimens of the human race, or that the arrival of unexpected guests should not find their pantries fortified with delicious strawberries or transparent jellies of their own conserving. These young women and their equally young husbands are the product of the high schools, or perhaps they have been fellow students in a State university. With all the world before them where to choose and Providence their guide they have elected to attack life together and they go about it joyfully. Let no one imagine that they lead starved lives or lack social diversion. Do the housekeepers not gather on one another's verandas every summer afternoon to discuss the care of infants or wars and rumors of wars; and is there not tennis when their young lords come home? On occasions of supreme indulgence the neighborhood laundress watches the baby while they go somewhere to dance or to a play, lecture, or concert in town. They are all musical; indeed, the whole Middle West is melodious with the tinklings of what Mr. George Ade, with brutal impiety, styles "the upright agony box." Or, denied the piano, these habitations at least boast the tuneful disk and command at will the voices of Farrar and Caruso.

One of the dancing pavilions at Waterworks Park in Detroit.

A quarter purchased a string of six tickets, and one of these deposited in a box entitled the owner to take the floor with a partner.
—Page 273.

V

It is in summer that the Middle Western provinces most candidly present themselves, not only because the fields then publish their richness but for the ease with which the people may be observed. The study of types may then be pursued along the multitudinous avenues in which the "folks" disport themselves in search of pleasure. The smoothing-out processes to which schools, tailors, dressmakers, and "shine-'em" parlors contribute add to the perils of the type-hunter. Mr. Howells's remark of twenty years ago or more, that the polish slowly dims on footgear as one travels westward, has ceased to be true; types once familiar are so disguised or modified as to be un-

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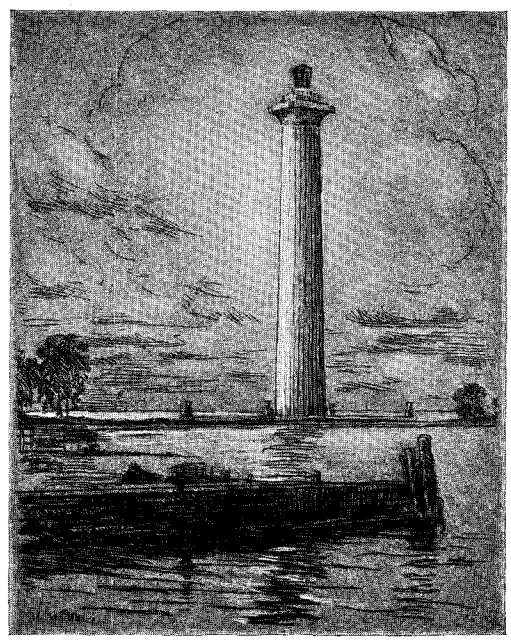
recognizable. Even the Western county-seat, long rich in "character," now flaunts the smartest apparel in its shop-windows, and when it reappears in Main Street upon the forms of the citizens one is convinced of the local prosperity and good taste. The keeper of the livery-stable, a stout gentleman, who knows every man, woman, and child in the county and aspires to the shrievalty, has bowed before the all-pervasive automobile. He has transformed his stable into a garage (with a plate-glass "front" surrounding the latest model) and hides his galluses (shamelessly exposed in the day of the horse) under a coat of modish cut, in deference to the sensibilities of lady patrons. The country lawyer is abandoning the trailing frock coat, once the sacred vestment of his profession, having found that the wrinkled tails evoked unfavorable comment from his sons and daughters when they came home from college. The village drunkard is no longer pointed out commiseratingly; local option and State-wide prohibition have destroyed his usefulness as an awful example, and his resourcefulness is taxed to the utmost that he may keep tryst with the skulking boot-legger.



From an etching.

Perry's monument at Put-in Bay.

This is a huge Doric column of concrete, erected at Put-in Bay in memory of Commodore Perry's victory. The cave used by Perry as a refuge for his men is still to be seen.

Every town used to have a usurer, a merchant who was "mean" (both of these were frequently pillars in the church), and a dishevelled photographer whose artistic ability was measured by the success of his efforts to make the baby laugh. He solaced himself with the flute or violin between "sittings," not wholly without reference to the charms of the milliner over the way. In the towns I have in mind there was always the young man who would have had a brilliant career but for his passion for gambling, the aleatory means of his destruction being an all-night poker game in the back room of his law-office opposite the court-house. He may appropriately be grouped with the man who had been ruined by "going security" for a friend, who was spoken of pityingly while the beneficiary of his misplaced confidence, having gained affluence, was execrated. The race is growing better and wiser, and by one means and another these types have been forced from the stage; or perhaps more properly it should be said that the stage and the picture-screen alone seem unaware that they have passed into oblivion.

The town band remains, however, and it is one of the mysteries of our civilization that virtuosi, capable of performing upon any instrument, exist in the smallest hamlet and meet every Saturday night for practice in the lodge-room over the grocery. I was both auditor and spectator of such a rehearsal one night last summer, in a small town in Illinois. From the garage across the street it was possible to hear and see the artists, and to be aware of the leader's zeal and his stern critical attitude toward the performers. He seized first the cornet and then the trombone (Hoosierese, sliphorn) to demonstrate the proper phrasing of a difficult passage. The universal Main Street is made festive on summer nights by the presence of the town's fairest daughters, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonder-

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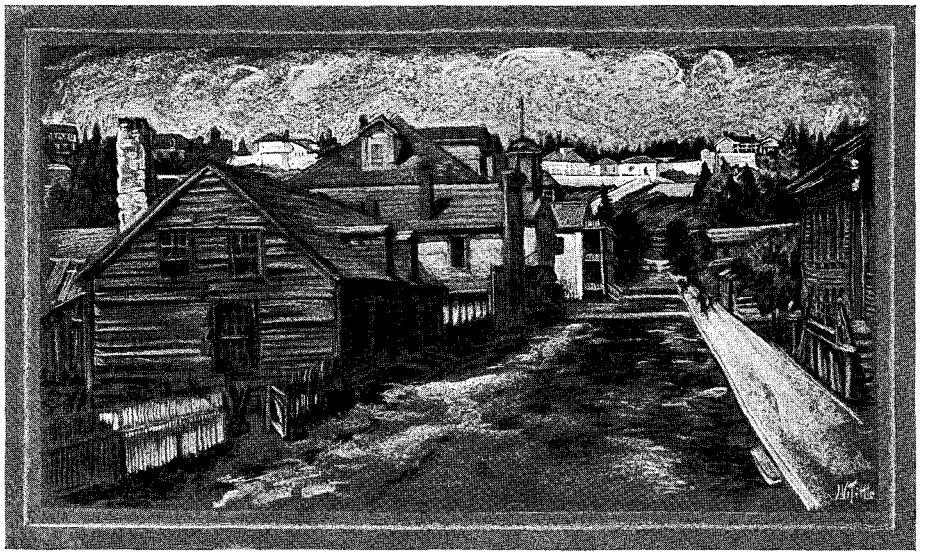

The old fort and oldest houses, Mackinac.

On the left foreground is the oldest house in Mackinac. The white house with double balconies half-way down the street on the left is the Astor House, formerly the old fur-trading post. The old fort can be seen on the hill in the distance.

ful, who know every one and gossip democratically with their friend the white-jacketed young man who lords it at the druggist's soda-fountain. Such a group gathered and commented derisively upon the experiments of the musicians. That the cornetist was in private life an assistant to the butcher touched their humor; the evocation of melody and the purveying of meat seemed to them irreconcilable. In every such town there is a male quartette that sings the old-time melodies at church entertainments and other gatherings. These vocalists add to the joy of living, and I should lament their passing. Their efforts are more particularly pleasing when, supplemented by guitar and banjo, they move through verdurous streets thrumming and singing as they go. Somewhere a lattice opens guardedly—how young the world is!

The adventurous boy who, even in times of peace, was scornful of formal education and ran away to enlist in the navy or otherwise sought to widen the cramped horizons of home—and every town has this boy—still reappears at intervals to report to his parents and submit to the admiration and envy of his old schoolmates in the Main Street bazaars. This type endures and will, very likely, persist while there are seas to cross and battles to be won. The trumpetings of war stir the blood of such youngsters, and last summer it was my fortune to know many of them, who were anxious to dare the skies or play with death in the waters under the earth. The West has no monopoly of courage or daring, but it was reassuring to find that the best blood of the great valley thrilled to the cry of the bugle. On a railway train I fell into talk with a young officer of the national army. Finding that I knew the president of the Western college that he had attended he sketched for me a career which, in view of his twenty-six years, was almost incredible. At eighteen he had enlisted in the navy in the hope of seeing the world, but had been assigned to duty as a hospital orderly. Newport had been one of his stations; there and at other places where he had served he spent his spare hours in study. When he was discharged he signed papers on a British merchant vessel. The ship was short-handed and he was enrolled as an able seaman, which, he said, was an unwarranted compliment, as he proved to the captain's satisfaction when he was sent to the wheel and nearly (as he put it) bowled over a lighthouse. His voyages had carried him to the Orient and the austral seas. After these wanderings he was realizing an early ambition to go to college when the war-drum sounded. He had taken the training at an officers' reserve camp and was on his way to his

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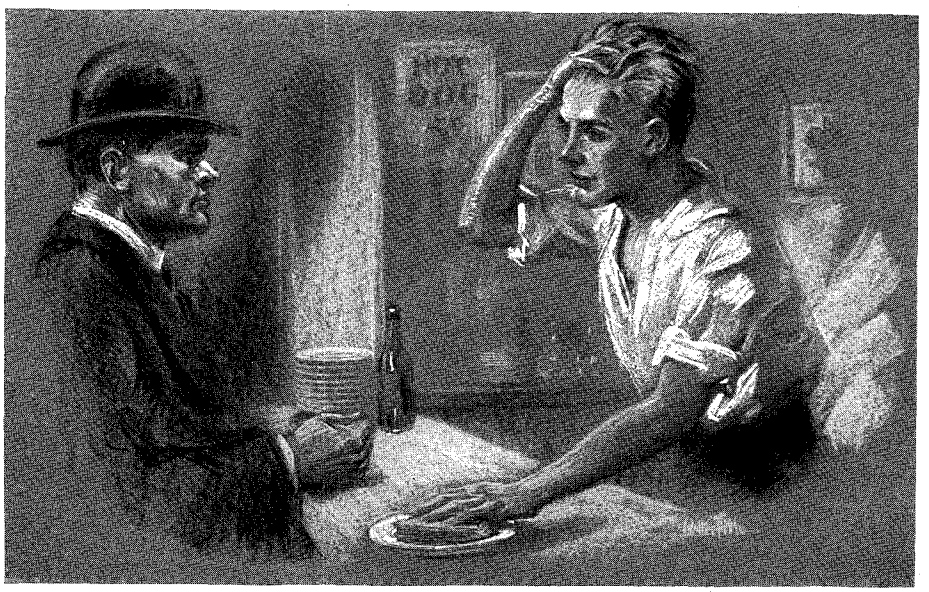
first assignment. The town he mentioned as his home is hardly more than a whistling-point for locomotives, and I wondered later, as I flashed through it, just what stirring of the spirit had made its peace intolerable and sent him roaming. At a club dinner I met another man, born not far from the town that produced my sailor-soldier, who had fought with the regions always wears a sombrero and lives upon the back of a bronco. However, in parts of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois where there has been a minimum of intermixture since the original settlements, one is fairly safe in the choice of types. I shall say that in this particular territory the typical young woman is brown-haired, blue or brown of eye, of



Not once was his aplomb shaken, not even when a stocky gentleman fiercely demanded a whole pie!—Page 275.

Canadian troops from the beginning of the war until discharged because of wounds received on the French front. His pocketful of medals—he carried them boyishly, like so many marbles, in his trousers pocket!—included the *croix de guerre*, and he had been decorated at Buckingham Palace by King George. He was a wanderer from boyhood, his father told me, visiting every part of the world that promised adventure and, incidentally, was twice wounded in the Boer War.

The evolution of a type is not, with Mother Nature, a hasty business, and in attempting to answer an inquiry for a definition of the typical mid-Western girl, I am disposed to spare myself humiliating refutations by declaring that there is no such thing. In the Rocky Mountain States and in California, we know, if the motion-picture purveyors may be trusted, that the typical young woman of those medium height, with a slender, mobile face that is reminiscent of Celtic influences. Much Scotch-Irish blood flowed into the Ohio valley in the early immigration, and the type survives. In the streets and in public gatherings in Wisconsin and Minnesota the German and Scandinavian infusion is clearly manifest. On the lake docks and in lumber camps the big fellows of the North in their mackinac coats and close-fitting knit caps impart a heroic note to the landscape. In January of last year, having gone to St. Paul to witness the winter carnival, I was struck by the great number of tall, fair men who, in their gay holiday attire, satisfied the most exacting ideal of the children of the vikings. They trod the snow with kingly majesty, and to see their performances on skis is to be persuaded that the sagas do not exaggerate the daring of their ancestors.

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"What was that?" said Olaf, standing
On the quarter deck.
"Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck."
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered "that was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O king!"

The search for characteristic traits is likely to be more fruitful of tangible results than the attempt to fix physical types, and the Western girl who steps from the high schools to the State universities that so hospitably open their doors to her may not be *the* type, but she is indubitably *a* type, well defined. The lore of the ages has been preserved and handed down for her special benefit and she absorbs and assimilates it with ease and grace. Man is no enigma to her; she begins her analysis of the male in high school, and the university offers a post-graduate course in the species. Young men are not more serious over the affairs of their Greek-letter societies than these young women in the management of their sororities, which seem, after school-days, to call for constant reunions. It is not surprising that the Western woman has so valiantly fought for and won recognition of her rights as a citizen. A girl who has matched her wits against boys in the high school and again in a State university, and very likely has surpassed them in scholarship, must be forgiven for assuming that the civil rights accorded them cannot fairly be withheld from her. The many thousands of young women who have taken degrees in these universities have played havoc with the Victorian tradition of womanhood. They constitute an independent, self-assured body, zealous in social and civic service, and not infrequently looking forward to careers.

The State university is truly a well-spring of democracy; this may not be said too emphatically. There is evidence of the pleasantest comradeship between men and women students, and one is impressed in classrooms by the prevailing good cheer and earnestness. Mild flirtations are not regarded as detrimental to the attainment of sound or even distinguished scholarship. The university's social life may be narrow, but it is ampler than that of the farm or "home town." Against the argument that these institutions tend to the promotion of provincial insularity, it may be said that there is a compensating benefit in the mingling of students drawn largely from a single commonwealth. A gentleman whose education was gained in one of the older Eastern universities and in Europe remarked to me that as his son expected to succeed him in the law he was sending him to the university of his own State, for the reason that he would meet there young men whose acquaintance would later be of material assistance to him in his profession.

VI

THE value of the Great Lakes as a social and recreational medium is hardly less than their importance as commercial highways. The saltless seas are lined with summer colonies and in all the lake cities piers and beaches are a boon to the many who seek relief from the heat which we of the West always speak of defensively as essential to the perfecting of the corn that is our pride. Chicago's joke that it is the best of summer resorts is not without some foundation; certainly one may find there every variety of amusement except salt-water bathing. The salt's stimulus is not missed apparently by the vast number of citizens—estimated at two hundred thousand daily during the fiercest heat—who disport themselves on the shore. The new municipal pier is a prodigious structure, and I know of no place in America where the student of mankind may more profitably plant himself for an evening of contemplation.

What struck me in a series of observations of the people at play, extending round the lakes from Chicago to Cleveland, was the general good order and decorum. At Detroit I was introduced to two dancing pavilions on the riverside, where the prevailing sobriety was most depressing in view of my promise to the illustrator that somewhere in our pilgrimage I should tax his powers with scenes of depravity and violence. A quarter purchased a string of six tickets, and one of these deposited in a box entitled the owner to take the floor with a partner. As soon as a dance and its several encores was over the floor cleared instantly and one was required to relinquish another

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ticket. There and in a similar dance-hall in a large Cleveland amusement park fully one-third of the patrons were young women who danced together throughout the evening, and often children tripped into the picture. Chaperonage was afforded by vigilant parents comfortably established in the balcony. The Cleveland resort, accessible to any one for a small fee, interested me particularly because the people were so well apparelled, so "good-looking," and the atmosphere was so charged with the spirit of neighborliness. The favorite dances there were the waltz (old style), the fox-trot, and the schottische. I confess that this recrudescence of the schottische in Cleveland, an aspiring city that satisfies so many of the cravings of the aspiring soul—the home of three-cent car fares and a noble art museum—greatly astonished me. But for the fact that warning of each number was flashed on the wall I should not have trusted my judgment that what I beheld was, indeed, the schottische. Frankly I do not care for the schottische, and it may have been that my tone or manner betokened resentment at its revival; at any rate a policeman whom I interviewed outside the pavilion eyed me with suspicion when I expressed surprise that the schottische was so frequently announced. When I asked why the one-step was ignored utterly he replied contemptuously that no doubt I could find places around Cleveland where that kind of rough stuff was permitted but "it don't go *here!*" I did not undertake to defend the one-step to so stern a moralist, though it was in his eye that he wished me to do so that he might reproach me for my worldliness. I do not believe he meant to be unjust or harsh or even that he appraised me at once as a seeker of the rough stuff he abhorred; I had merely provided him with an excuse for proclaiming the moral standards of the city of Cleveland, which are high. I made note of the persistence of the Puritan influence in the Western Reserve and hastily withdrew in the direction of the trolley.

Innumerable small lakes lie within the far-flung arms of the major lakes adding variety and charm to a broad landscape, and offering summer refuge to a host of vacationists. Northern Indiana is plentifully sprinkled with lakes and ponds; in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota there are thousands of them. I am moved to ask—is a river more companionable than a lake? I had always felt that a river had the best of the argument, as more neighborly and human, and I am still disposed to favor those streams of Maine that are played upon by the tides; but an acquaintance with a great number of these inland saucerfuls of blue water has made me their advocate. Happy is the town that has a lake for its back yard! The lakes of Minneapolis (there are ten within the municipal limits) are the distinguishing feature of that city. They seem to have been planted just where they are for the sole purpose of adorning it, and they have been protected and utilized with rare prevision and judgment. To those who would chum with a river, St. Paul offers the Mississippi, where the battlements of the University Club project over a bluff from which the Father of Waters may be admired at leisure, and St. Paul will, if you insist, land you in one of the most delightful of country clubs on the shore of White Bear Lake. I must add that the country club has in the Twin Cities attained a rare state of perfection. That any one should wing far afield from either town in summer seems absurd, so blest are both in opportunities for outdoor enjoyment.

Just how far the wide-spread passion for knitting interfered last summer with more vigorous sports among our young women I am unable to say, but the loss to links and courts in the western provinces must have been enormous. The Minikahda Club of Minneapolis was illuminated one day by a girls' luncheon. These radiant young beings entered the dining-room knitting—knitting as gravely as though they were weaving the destinies of nations—and maybe they were! The small confusions and perplexities of seating the party of thirty were increased by the dropping of balls of yarn—and stitches! The round table seemed to be looped with yarn, as though the war overseas were tightening its cords about those young women, whose brothers and cousins and sweethearts were destined to the battle line.

Longfellow celebrated in song "The Four Lakes of Madison," which he apostrophized as "lovely handmaids." I

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treasure the memory of an approach round one of these lakes to Wisconsin's capitol (one of the few American state-houses that doesn't look like an appropriation!) through a mist that imparted to the dome an enthralling illusion of detachment from the main body of the building. The first star twinkled above it; perhaps it was Wisconsin's star that had wandered out of the galaxy to symbolize for an hour the State's sovereignty!

Whatever one may miss on piers and in amusement parks in the way of types may be sought with certainty on the excursion steamers that ply the lakes—veritable arks in which humanity in countless varieties may be observed. The voyager is satisfied that the banana and peanut and the innocuous "pop" are the ambrosia and nectar of our democracy. Before the boat leaves the dock the deck is littered; one's note-book bristles with memoranda of the untidiness and disorder. On a craft plying the waters of Erie I found all the conditions of a happy outing and types that it is always a joy to meet. The village "cut-up," dashingly perched on the rail; the girl who is never so happy as when organizing and playing games; the young man who yearns to join her group but is prevented by unconquerable shyness; the child that, carefully planted in the most crowded and inaccessible part of the deck, develops a thirst that results in the constant agitation of half the ship as his needs are satisfied. There is, inevitably, a woman of superior breeding who has taken passage on the boat by mistake, believing it to be first-class, which it so undeniably is not; and if you wear a sympathetic countenance she will confide to you her indignation. The crunching of the peanut-shell, the poignant agony of the child that has loved the banana not wisely but too well, are an affront to this lady. She announces haughtily that she's sure the boat is overcrowded, which it undoubtedly is, and that she means to report this trifling with human life to the authorities. That any one should covet the cloistral calm of a private yacht when the plain folks are so interesting and amusing is only another proof of the constant struggle of the aristocratic ideal to fasten itself upon our continent.

Below there was a dining-saloon, but its seclusion was not to be preferred to an assault upon a counter presided over by one of the most remarkable young men I have ever seen. He was tall and of a slenderness, with a wonderful mane of fair hair brushed straight back from his pale brow. As he tossed sandwiches and slabs of pie to the importunate he jerked his hair into place with a magnificent fling of the head. In moments when the appeals of starving supplicants became insistent, and he was confused by the pressure for attention, he would rake his hair with his fingers, and then, wholly composed, swing round and resume the filling of orders. The young man from the check-room went to his assistance, but I felt that he resented this as an impertinence, a reflection upon his prowess. He needed no assistance; before that clamorous company he was the pattern of urbanity. His locks were his strength and his consolation; not once was his aplomb shaken, not even when a stocky gentleman fiercely demanded a whole pie!

While Perry's monument, a noble seamark at Put-in Bay, is a reminder that the lakes have played their part in American history, it is at Mackinac that one experiences a sense of antiquity. The white-walled fort is a link between the oldest and the newest, and the imagination quickens at the thought of the first adventurous white man who ever braved the uncharted waters; while the eye follows the interminable line of ore barges bound for the steel-mills on the southern curve of Michigan or on the shores of Erie. Commerce in these waters began with the fur traders travelling in canoes; then came sailing vessels carrying supplies to the new camps and settlements and returning with lumber or produce; but to-day sails are rare and the long leviathans, fascinating in their apparent unwieldiness and undeniable ugliness, are the dominant medium of transportation.

One night, a few years ago, on the breezy terrace of one of the handsomest villas in the lake region, I talked with the head of a great industry whose products are known round the world. His house, furnished with every comfort and luxury, was gay with music and the laughter of young folk. Through the straits crawled the ships, bearing lumber, grain, and ore, signalling their passing in raucous blasts

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to the lookout at St. Ignace. My host spoke with characteristic simplicity and deep feeling of the poverty of his youth (he came to America an immigrant) and of all that America had meant to him. He was near the end of his days and I have thought often of that evening, of his seignorial dignity and courtesy, of the portrait he so unconsciously drew of himself against a background adorned with the rich reward of his laborious years. And as he talked it seemed that the power of the West, the prodigious energies of its forests and fields and hills, its enormous potentialities of opportunity, became something concrete and tangible, that flowed in an irresistible tide through the heart of the nation.

[Mr. Nicholson's fourth article, "The Farmer of the Middle West," will appear in the April number.]

A HYMN

By Robert Grant

O SPIRIT of creation
To whom our fathers prayed,
Look down upon this nation
Whose sons go unafraid
Across the mine-strewn water
To grapple with a foe
That makes relentless slaughter
And agonizes woe.

Protect them, O protect them,
Our darlings blithe and brave,
But should some fate elect them
To fill a soldier's grave,
Give us the grace to borrow
The gladness they express
To dignify our sorrow,
Redeem our loneliness.

We thank Thee for the vision
Enabling us to see
That peace which brought derision
Was ruin to the free.
At last our bonds are broken,
At last the drum beats roll;
Ay! by this myriad token
Our country finds her soul.

For now the heathen rages,
And vaunting in his pride
Would blot Thee from his pages
To rule by fratricide.
O give them might to slay him,
O give us faith to win,
And utterly repay him
With knowledge of his sin.

Our flag will wear new glory
Before our boys return,
Its crimson stripes be gory,
Its stars like planets burn,
And many will be sleeping
Upon a foreign shore;
Yet still within thy keeping,
Jehovah! God of War.

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A TRAVELLER IN WAR-TIME

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

[SECOND PAPER]

I

FOR the student of history who is able to place himself within the stream of evolution the really important events of to-day are not taking place on the battle lines, but behind them. The key-note of the new era has been struck in Russia. And as I wrote these words, after the Italian retreat, a second revolution seemed imminent. For three years one has thought inevitably of 1789, and of the ensuing world conflict out of which issued the beginnings of democracy. History does not repeat itself, yet evolution is fairly consistent. While our attention has been focussed on the military drama enacted before our eyes or recorded in the newspapers, another drama, unpremeditated but of vastly greater significance, is unfolding itself behind the stage. Never in the history of the world were generals and admirals, statesmen and politicians so sensitive to or concerned about public opinion as they are to-day.

From a military point of view the situation of the Allies at the present writing is far from reassuring. Germany and her associates have the advantage of interior lines, of a single dominating and purposeful leadership, while our five big nations, democracies or semidemocracies, are stretched in a huge ring with precarious connections on land, with the submarine alert on the sea. Much of their territory is occupied. They did not seek the war; they still lack co-ordination and leadership in waging it. In some of these countries, at least, politicians and statesmen are so absorbed by administrative duties, by national rather than international problems, by the effort to sustain themselves, that they have little time for allied strategy. Governments rise and fall, familiar names and reputations are juggled about like numbered balls in a shaker, come to the top to be submerged again in a new *émeute*. There are conferences and conferences without end. Meanwhile a social ferment is at work, in Russia conspicuously, in Italy a little less so, in Germany and Austria undoubtedly, in France and England, and even in our own country—once of the most radical in the world, now become the most conservative!

What form will the social revolution take? Will it be unbridled, unguided; will it run through a long period of anarchy before the fermentation begun shall have been completed, or shall it be handled, in all the nations concerned, by leaders who understand and sympathize with the evolutionary trend, who are capable of controlling it, of taking the necessary international steps of co-operation in order that it may become secure and mutually beneficial to all? This is an age of co-operation, and in this at least, if not in other matters, the United States of America is in an ideal position to assume the leadership.

To a certain extent, one is not prepared to say how far, the military and social crises are interdependent. And undoubtedly the military problem rests on the suppression of the submarine. If Germany continues to destroy shipping on the seas, if we are not able to supply our new armies and the Allied nations with food and other things, the increasing social ferment will paralyze the military operations of the Entente. The result of a German victory under such circumstances is impossible to predict; but the chances are certainly not worth running. In a sense, therefore, in a great sense, the situation is "up" to us in more ways than one, not only to supply wise democratic leadership but to contribute material aid and brains in suppressing the submarine, and to build ships enough to keep Britain,

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France, and Italy from starving. We are looked upon by all the Allies, and I believe justly, as being a disinterested nation, free from the age-long jealousies of Europe. And we can do much in bringing together and making more purposeful the various elements represented by the nations to whose aid we have come.

I had not intended in these early papers to comment, but to confine myself to such of my experiences abroad as might prove interesting and somewhat illuminating. So much I cannot refrain from saying.

II

It is a pleasure to praise where praise is due, and too much cannot be said of the personnel of our naval service. It is something of which I can speak from intimate personal experience. In these days, in that part of London near the Admiralty, you may chance to run across a tall, erect, and broad-shouldered man in blue uniform, with three stars on his collar, striding rapidly along the sidewalk, and sometimes, in his haste, cutting across a street. People smile at him—costermongers, clerks, and shoppers—and whisper among themselves, "There goes the American admiral!" and he invariably smiles back at them, especially at the children. He is an admiral, every inch a seaman, commanding a devoted loyalty from his staff and from the young men who are scouring the seas with our destroyers. In France as well as in England the name of Sims is a household word, and if he chose he might be fêted every day of the week. He does not choose. He spends long hours instead in the quarters devoted to his administration in Grosvenor Gardens, or in travelling in France and Ireland supervising the growing forces under his command.

It may not be out of place to relate a characteristic story of Admiral Sims, whose career in our service, whose notable contributions to naval gunnery are too well known to need repetition. Several years ago, on a memorable trip to England, he was designated by the admiral of the fleet to be present at a banquet given our sailors in the Guildhall. Of course the lord mayor called upon him for a speech, but Commander Sims insisted that a bluejacket should make the address. "What, a bluejacket!" exclaimed the lord mayor in astonishment. "Do bluejackets make speeches in your country?" "Certainly they do," said Sims. "Now there's a fine-looking man over there, a quartermaster on my ship. Let's call on him and see what he has to say." The quartermaster, duly summoned, rose with aplomb and delivered himself of a speech that made the hall ring, that formed the subject of a puzzled and amazed comment by the newspapers of the British capital. Nor was it ever divulged that Commander Sims had foreseen the occasion while still in mid-ocean and had picked out at that time the impressive quartermaster to make a reputation for oratory for the enlisted force.

As a matter of fact, it is no exaggeration to add that there were and are other non-commissioned officers and enlisted men in the service who could have acquitted themselves equally well. One has only to attend some of their theatrical performances to be assured of it. But to the European mind our bluejacket is still something of an anomaly. He is a credit to our public schools, a fruit of our system of universal education. And he belongs to a service in which are reconciled, paradoxically, democracy and discipline. One moment you may hear a bluejacket talking to an officer as man to man, and the next you will see him salute and obey an order implicitly.

On a wet and smoky night I went from the London streets into the brightness and warmth of that refuge for American soldiers and sailors, the "Eagle Hut," as the Y. M. C. A. is called. The place was full, as usual, but my glance was at once attracted by three strapping, intelligent-looking men in sailor blouses playing pool in a corner. "I simply can't get used to the fact that people like that are ordinary sailors," said the lady in charge to me as we leaned against the soda-fountain. "They're a continual pride and delight to us Americans here—always so willing to help when there's anything to be done, and so interesting to talk to." When I suggested that her ideas of the navy must have been derived from "Pinafore" she laughed. "I can't imagine using a cat-o'-nine-tails on them!" she exclaimed—and

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neither could I. I heard many similar comments. They are indubitably American, these sailors, youngsters with the stamp of our environment on their features, keen and self-reliant. I am not speaking now only of those who have enlisted since the war, but of those others, largely from the small towns and villages of our Middle West, who in the past dozen years or so have been recruited by an interesting and scientific system which is the result of the genius of our naval recruiting officers. In the files at Washington may be seen, carefully tabulated, the several reasons for their enlisting. Some have "friends in the service"; others wish to "perfect themselves in a trade," to "complete their education" or "see the world"—our adventurous spirit. And they are seeing it.

They are also engaged in the most exciting and adventurous sport—save one—ever devised or developed—that of hunting down in all weathers over the wide spaces of the Atlantic those modern sea-monsters that prey upon the Allied shipping. The exception made is for warfare in the air. For the superdreadnought is reposing behind the nets, the battle-cruiser ignominiously laying mines; and for the present at least, until some wizard shall invent a more effective method of annihilation, victory over Germany depends primarily on the airplane and the destroyer.

At three o'clock one morning I stood on the crowded deck of an Irish mail-boat watching the full moon riding over Holyhead Mountain and shimmering on the Irish Sea. A few hours later, in the early light, I saw the green hills of Killarney against a washed and clearing sky, the mud-flats beside the railway shining like purple enamel. All the forenoon, in the train, I travelled through a country bathed in translucent colors, a country of white sheep dotted over green pastures, of banked hedges and perfect trees, of shadowy blue hills in the high distance. It reminded me of nothing so much as a stained-glass window depicting some delectable land of plenty and peace. And it was Ireland! When at length I arrived at the station of the port for which I was bound, and which the censor does not permit me to name, I caught sight of the figure of our Admiral on the platform; and the fact that I *was* in Ireland and not in Emmanuel's Land was brought home to me by the jolting drive we took on an "outside car," the admiral perched precariously over one wheel and I over the other. Winding up the hill by narrow roads, we reached the gates of Admiralty House.

The house sits, as it were, in the emperor's seat of the amphitheatre of the town, overlooking the panorama of a perfect harbor. A ring of emerald hills is broken by a little gap to seaward, and in the centre is a miniature emerald isle. The ships lying at anchor seemed like children's boats in a pond. To the right, where a river empties in, were scattered groups of queer, rakish craft, each with four slanting pipes and a tiny flag floating from her halyards; a flag—as the binoculars revealed—of crimson bars and stars on a field of blue. These were our American destroyers. And in the midst of them, swinging to the tide, were the big "mother ships" we have sent over to nurse them when, after many days and nights of hazardous work at sea, they have brought their flock of transports and merchantmen safely to port. This "mothering" by repair-ships—which are merely huge machine-shops afloat—this trick of keeping destroyers tuned up and constantly ready for service has inspired much favorable comment from our allies in the British service. It is an instance of our national adaptability, learned from an experience on long coasts where navy-yards are not too handy. Few landsmen understand how delicate an instrument the destroyer is.

A service so hazardous, demanding as it does such qualities as the ability to make instantaneous decisions and powers of mental and physical endurance, a service so irresistibly attractive to the young and adventurous, produces a type of officer quite unmistakable. The day I arrived in London from France, seeking a characteristically English meal, I went to Simpson's in the Strand, where I found myself seated by the side of two very junior officers of the British navy. It appeared that they were celebrating what was left of a precious leave. At a neighboring table they spied two of our of-

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ficers, almost equally youthful. "Let's have 'em over," suggested one of the Britishers; and they were "had" over: he raised his glass. "Here's how—as you say in America!" he exclaimed. "You destroyer chaps are certainly top hole." And then he added, with a blush: "I say, I hope you don't think I'm cheeking you!"

I saw them afloat, I saw them coming ashore in that Irish port, these young destroyer captains, after five wakeful nights at sea, weatherbitten, clear-eyed, trained down to the last ounce. One, with whom I had played golf on the New England hills, carried his clubs in his hand and invited me to have a game with him. Another, who apologized for not being dressed at noon on Sunday—he had made the harbor at three that morning!—was taking his racquet out of its case, preparing to spend the afternoon on the hospitable courts of Admiralty House with a fellow captain and two British officers. He was ashamed of his late rising, but when it was suggested that some sleep was necessary he explained that, on the trip just ended, it wasn't only the submarines that kept him awake. "When these craft get jumping about in a seaway you can't sleep even if you want to." He who has had experience with them knows the truth of this remark. Incidentally, though he did not mention it, this young captain was one of three who had been recommended by the British admiral to his government for the Distinguished Service Order. The captain's report, which I read, is terse, and needs to be visualized. There is simply a statement of the latitude and longitude, the time of day, the fact that the wave of a periscope was sighted at 1,500 yards by the quartermaster first class on duty; general quarters rung, the executive officer signals full speed ahead, the commanding officer takes charge and manœuvres for position—and then something happens which the censor may be fussy about mentioning. At any rate, oil and other things rise to the surface of the sea, and the Germans are minus another submarine. The chief machinist's mate, however, comes in for special mention. It seems that he ignored the ladder and literally fell down the hatch, dislocating his shoulder but getting the throttle wide open within five seconds!

In this town, facing the sea, is a street lined with quaint houses painted in yellows and browns and greens, and under each house the kind of a shop that brings back to the middle-aged delectable memories of extreme youth and nickels to spend. Up and down that street on a bright Saturday afternoon may be seen our Middle-Western jackies chumming with the British sailors and Tommies, or flirting with the Irish girls, or gazing through the little panes of the show-windows, whose enterprising proprietors have imported from the States a popular brand of chewing-gum to make them feel more at home. In one of these shops, where I went to choose a picture post-card, I caught sight of an artistic display of a delicacy I had thought long obsolete—the everlasting gum-drop. But when I produced a shilling the shopkeeper shook his head. "Sure, every day the sailors are wanting to buy them off me, but it's for ornament I'm keeping them," he said. "There's no more to be had till the war will be over. It's eight years they're there now, and you wouldn't get a tooth in them, sir!" So I wandered out again, joined the admiral, and inspected the Bluejackets' Club by the water's edge. Nothing one sees, perhaps, is so eloquent of the change that has taken place in the life and fabric of our navy. If you are an enlisted man, here in this commodious group of buildings you can get a good shore meal and entertain your friends among the Allies, you may sleep in a real bed, instead of a hammock, you may play pool, or see a moving-picture show, or witness a vaudeville worthy of professionals, like that recently given in honor of the visit of the admiral of our Atlantic fleet. A band of thirty pieces furnished the music, and in the opinion of the jackies one feature alone was lacking to make the entertainment a complete success—the new drop-curtain had failed to arrive from London. I happened to be present when this curtain was first unrolled, and beheld spread out before me a most realistic presentation of "little old New York," seen from the North River, towering against blue American skies. And though I have never been overfond of New York, that

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curtain in that place gave me a sensation!

Such is the life of our officers and sailors in these strange times that have descended upon us. Five days of vigilance, of hardship and danger—in short, of war—and then three days of relaxation and enjoyment in clubs, on golf-courses and tennis-courts, barring the time it takes to clean ship and paint. There need be no fear that the war will be neglected. It is eminently safe to declare that our service will be true to its traditions.

III

"DOGGED does it" ought to be added to "Dieu et mon droit" and other devices of England. On a day when I was lunching with Mr. Lloyd George in the dining-room at 10 Downing Street that looks out over the Horse Guards' Parade, the present premier of Britain, with a characteristic gesture, flung out his hand toward the portrait of a young man in the panel over the mantel. "Look at him," he exclaimed; "he ate his meals and drank his port in this room during that other great war a hundred years ago, and never worried about how it would end." The portrait was of the younger Pitt. And the remark was eloquent of the old England as well as of the new. For it is a new England one sees. Mr. Lloyd George is prime minister of a transformed Britain, a Britain modernized and democratized. Like the Englishman who, when he first witnessed a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," cried out, "How very unlike the home life of our dear Queen!" the American who lunches in Downing Street is inclined to exclaim: "How different from Lord North and Palmerston!" We have, I fear, been too long accustomed to interpret Britain in terms of these two ministers and of what they represented to us of the rule of a hereditary and haughty aristocracy. Three out of the five men who form the war cabinet of the empire are of what would once have been termed an "humble origin." One was, if I am not mistaken, born in Nova Scotia; General Smuts, unofficially associated with this council, not many years ago was in arms against Britain in South Africa, and the prime minister himself is the son of a Welsh tailor. A situation that should mollify the most exacting and implacable of our anti-British democrats!

I listened to many speeches and explanations of the prejudice that existed in the mind of the dyed-in-the-wool American against England, and the reason most frequently given was the "school-book" reason; our histories kept the feeling alive. Now, there is no doubt that the histories out of which we were taught made what psychologists would call "action patterns," or "complexes," in our brains, just as the school-books have made similar complexes in the brains of German children and prepared them for this war. But, after all, there was a certain animus behind the histories. Boiled down, the sentiment was one against the rule of a hereditary aristocracy, and our forefathers had it long before the separation took place. The Middle-Western farmer, as a rule, knows as little about the French people as he does of the subjects of the Ottoman Empire; and yet he has no prejudice against France, because France is a republic. The French are lovable, and worthy of all the sympathy and affection we can give them. But Britain is still nominally a monarchy, and our patriot thinks of its people very much as the cowboy used to regard citizens of New York. They all lived on Fifth Avenue. For the cowboy, the residents of the dreary side streets simply did not exist. We have been wont to think of all the British as aristocrats, while they have returned the compliment by visualizing all Americans as plutocrats—despite the fact that one-tenth of our population is said to own nine-tenths of all our wealth!

But the war will change that, is already changing it. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* We have been soaked in the same common law, literature, and traditions of liberty—or of chaos, as one likes. Whether we all be of British origin or not, it is the mind that makes the true patriot; and there is no American so dead as not to feel a thrill when he first sets foot on British soil. Our school-teachers felt it when they began to travel some twenty years ago, and the thousands of our soldiers who pass through on their way to France are feeling it to-day, and writing home about it. Our soldiers and sailors

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are being cared for and entertained in England just as they would be cared for and entertained at home. So are their officers. Not long ago one of the finest town houses in London was donated by the owner for an American officers' club, the funds were raised by contributions from British officers, and the club was inaugurated by the King and Queen —and Admiral Sims. Hospitality and good-will have gone much farther than this. Any one who knows London will understand the sacredness of those private squares, surrounded by proprietary residences, where every tree and every blade of grass has been jealously guarded from intrusion for a century or more. And of all these squares that of St. James's is perhaps the most exclusive, and yet it is precisely in St. James's there is to be built the first of those hotels designed primarily for the benefit of American officers, where they can get a good room for five shillings a night and breakfast at a reasonable price. One has only to sample the war-time prices of certain hostelries to appreciate the value of this.

On the first of four unforgetable days during which I was a guest behind the British lines in France the officer who was my guide stopped the motor in the street of an old village, beside a courtyard surrounded by ancient barns.

"There are some of your Americans," he remarked.

I had recognized them, not by their uniforms but by their type. Despite their costumes, which were negligible, they were eloquent of college campuses in every one of our eight and forty States, lean, thin-hipped, alert. The persistent rains had ceased, a dazzling sunlight made that beautiful countryside as bright as a colored picture post-card, but a riotous cold gale was blowing; yet all wore cotton trousers that left their knees as bare as Highlanders' kilts. Above these some had on sweaters, others brown khaki tunics, from which I gathered that they belonged to the officers' training corps. They were drawn up on two lines facing each other with fixed bayonets, a grim look on their faces that would certainly have put any Hun to flight. Between the files stood an unmistakable Kipling sergeant with a crimson face and a bristling little chestnut mustache, talking like a machine gun.

"Now, then, not too lidylike!—there's a Bosch in front of you! *Run* 'im through! *Now*, then!"

The lines surged forward, out went the bayonets, first the long thrust and then the short, and then a man's gun was seized and by a swift backward twist of the arm he was made helpless.

"Do you feel it?" asked the officer, as he turned to me. I did. "Up and down your spine," he added, and I nodded. "Those chaps will do," he said. He had been through that terrible battle of the Somme, and he knew. So had the sergeant.

Presently came a resting-spell. One of the squad approached me, whom I recognized as a young man I had met in the Harvard Union.

"If you write about this," he said, "just tell our people that we're going to take that sergeant home with us when the war's over. He's too good to lose."

IV

It is trite to observe that democracies are organized—if, indeed, they are organized at all—not for war but for peace. And nowhere is this fact more apparent than in Britain. Even while the war is in progress has that internal democratic process of evolution been going on, presaging profound changes in the social fabric. And these changes must be dealt with by statesmen, must be guided with one hand while the war is being prosecuted with the other. The task is colossal. In no previous war have the British given more striking proof of their inherent quality of doggedness. Greatness, as Confucius said, does not consist in never falling, but in rising every time you fall. The British speak with appalling frankness of their blunders. They are fighting, indeed, for the privilege of making blunders—since out of blunders arise new truths and discoveries not contemplated in German philosophy. When you go across the channel to Flanders and northeastern France with the story of that first winter of the war in your mind, you ask yourself once more how it was possible for that

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heroic little army, with a thin line and no reserves, to balk the prepared Hun with his overwhelming preponderance of men and artillery. "They were clean through us three times," said one of the few officers who lived to tell the tale. "They couldn't believe we didn't have a second line." They saved the channel ports, and meanwhile at home, in spite of democracy, a nation was mobilized; blunders were taken to heart, and to-day the British front and the supply system behind it are the last word of scientific military organization. They have said little about it all. They have filled their communications with praises of their colonial troops; and while these deserve the highest praise, as a matter of fact there are no better and no fitter soldiers in the world to-day than those serving in the purely British regiments. To-day, with ammunition and artillery practically unlimited, with troops in the best of health and spirits, the German has been put on the defensive. He is losing his morale. So far as the British and French armies are concerned, Germany is beaten—if that were all there were to the war. Unfortunately it is not. There are other things to be reckoned with.

America must now contribute what Britain and France, with all their energies and resources and determination, have hitherto been unable to contribute. It must not be men, money, and material alone, but some quality that America has had in herself during her century and a half of independent self-realization. Mr. Chesterton, in writing about the American Revolution, observes that the real case for the colonists is that they felt that they could be something which England would not help them to be. It is, in fact, the only case for separation. What may be called the English tradition of democracy, which we inherit, grows through conflicts and differences, through experiments and failures and successes, toward an intellectualized unity,—experiments by states, experiments by individuals, a widely spread development, and new contributions to the whole.

Democracy has arrived at the stage when it is ceasing to be national and selfish.

It must be said of England, in her treatment of her colonies subsequent to our Revolution, that she took this greatest of all her national blunders to heart. As a result, Canada and Australia and New Zealand have sent their sons across the seas to fight for an empire that refrains from coercion; while, thanks to the policy of the British Liberals—which was the expression of the sentiment of the British nation—we have the spectacle to-day, fighting under the Union Jack, of a Botha and a Smuts.

And how about Ireland? England has blundered there, and she admits it freely. They exist in England who cry out for the coercion of Ireland, and who at times have almost had their way. But to do this, of course, would be a surrender to the German contentions, an acknowledgment of the wisdom of the German methods against which she is protesting with all her might. Democracy, apparently, must blunder on until that question, too, is solved.

V

MANY of those picturesque features of the older England, that stir us by their beauty and by the sense of stability and permanence they have conveyed, will no doubt disappear or be transformed. I am thinking of the great estates, some of which date from Norman times; I am thinking of the aristocracy, which we Americans repudiated in order to set up a plutocracy instead. Let us hope that what is fine in it will be preserved, for there is much. By the theory of the British constitution—that unwritten but very real document—in return for honors, emoluments, and titles, the burden of government has been thrown on a class. Nor can it be said that they have been untrue to their responsibility. That class developed a tradition and held fast to it; and they had a foreign policy that guided England through centuries of greatness. Democracy too must have a foreign policy, a tradition of service; a trained if not a hereditary group to guide it through troubled waters. Even in an intelligent community there must be leadership. And, if the world will no longer tolerate the old theories, a tribute may at least be paid to those who from convic-

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tion upheld them; who ruled, perhaps in affluence, yet were also willing to toil and, if need be, to die for the privilege.

One Saturday afternoon, after watching for a while the boys playing fives and football and romping over the green lawns at Eton, on my way to the head master's rooms I paused in one of the ancient quads. My eye had been caught by a long column of names posted there, printed in heavy black letters. *Etona non immemora!* Every week many new names are added to those columns. On the walls of the chapel and in other quads and passages may be found tablets and inscriptions in memory of those who have died for England and the empire in bygone wars. I am told that the proportion of Etonians of killed to wounded is greater than that of any other public school—which is saying a great deal. They go back across the channel and back again until their names appear on the last and highest honor list of the school and nation.

In one of the hospitals I visited lay a wounded giant who once had been a truckman in a little town in Kent. Incidentally, in common with his neighbors, he had taken no interest in the war, which had seemed as remote to them as though they had lived in North Dakota. One day a Zeppelin dropped a bomb on that village, whereupon all the able-bodied males enlisted to a man, and he with them. A subaltern in his company was an Eton boy. "We just couldn't think of 'im as an orficer, sir; in the camps 'e used to play with us like a child. And then we went over there. And one night when we was wet to the skin and the Boschs was droppin' shells all around us we got the word. It was him leaped up on the parapet first of all, shouting back at us to come on. He tumbled right back in my arms, 'e did, as I was a climbin' up after 'im."

As you travel about in these days you become conscious, among the people you meet, of a certain bewilderment. A static world and a static order are dissolving; and in England that order was so static as to make the present spectacle the more surprising. Signs of the disintegration of the old social strata were not lacking, indeed, in the earlier years of the twentieth century, when labor members and north-country radicals began to invade parliament; but the cataclysm of this war has accelerated the process. In the muddy trenches of Flanders and France a new comradeship has sprung up between officers and Tommies, while time-honored precedent has been broken by the necessity of giving thousands of commissions to men of merit who do not belong to the "officer caste." At the Haymarket Theatre I saw a fashionable audience wildly applaud a play in which the local tailor becomes a major-general and returns home to marry the daughter of the lord of the manor whose clothes he used to cut before the war.

"The age of the great adventure," were the words used by Mr. H. G. Wells to describe this epoch as we discussed it. And a large proportion of the descendants of those who have governed England for centuries are apparently imbued with the spirit of this adventure, even though it may spell the end of their exclusive rule. As significant of the social mingling of elements which in the past never exchanged ideas or points of view I shall describe a week-end party at a large country house of Liberal complexion, on the Thames. I have reason to believe it fairly typical. The owner of this estate holds an important position in the Foreign Office, and the hostess has, by her wit and intelligent grasp of affairs, made an enviable place for herself. On her right, at luncheon on Sunday, was a labor leader, the head of one of the most powerful unions in Britain, and next him sat a member of one of the oldest of England's titled families. The two were on terms of Christian names. The group included two or three women, a sculptor and an educator, another Foreign Office official who has made a reputation since the beginning of the war, and finally an employer of labor, the chairman of the biggest shipbuilding company in England.

That a company presenting such a variety of interests should have been brought together in the frescoed dining-room of that particular house is noteworthy. The thing could happen nowhere save in the England of to-day. At first the talk was general, ranging over a number of subjects from that of the per-

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sonality of certain politicians to the conduct of the war and the disturbing problem raised by the "conscientious objector"; little by little, however, the rest of us became silent, to listen to a debate which had begun between the labor leader and the ship-builder on the "labor question." It is not my purpose here to record what they said. Needless to add that they did not wholly agree, but they were much nearer to agreement than one would have thought possible. What was interesting was the open-mindedness with which, on both sides, the argument was conducted, and the fact that it could seriously take place then and there. For the subject of it had long been the supreme problem in the lives of both these men, their feelings concerning it must at times have been tinged with bitterness, yet they spoke with courtesy and restraint, and though each maintained his contentions he was quick to acknowledge a point made by the other. As one listened one was led to hope that a happier day is perhaps at hand when such things as "complexes" and convictions will disappear.

The types of these two were in striking contrast. The labor leader was stocky, chestnut-colored, vital, possessing the bulldog quality of the British self-made man combined with a natural wit, sharpened in the arena, that often started the company into appreciative laughter. The ship-builder, on the other hand, was one of those spare and hard Englishmen whom no amount of business cares will induce to neglect the exercise of his body, the obligation at all times to keep "fit"; square-rigged, as it were, with a lean face and a wide mustache accentuating a square chin. Occasionally a gleam of humor, a ray of idealism, lighted his practical gray eyes. Each of these two had managed rather marvellously to triumph over early training by self-education: the labor leader, who had had his first lessons in life from injustices and hard knocks; and the ship-builder, who had overcome the handicap of the public-school tradition and of Manchester economics. If the solution of the British labor problem rests with such men as these it will be worked out. But there inevitably came to mind the rumors of the red fire of syndicalism running under the social mould, and one speculated whether the competitive, capitalistic system that lay at the base of their argument might not already be doomed by the onward rush of the tide!

"Yes, titles and fortunes must go," remarked our hostess with a smile as she rose from the table and led the way out on the sunny, stone-flagged terrace. Below us was a wide parterre whose flower-beds, laid out by a celebrated landscape-gardener in the days of the Stuarts, were filled with vegetables. The day was like our New England Indian summer—though the trees were still heavy with leaves—and a gossamer-blue veil of haze stained the hills between which the shining river ran. If the social revolution, or evolution, takes place, one wonders what will become of this long-cherished beauty.

I venture to dwell upon one more experience of that week-end party. The Friday evening of my arrival I was met at the station, not by a limousine with a chauffeur and footman, but by a young woman with a taxicab—one of the many reminders that a war is going on. London had been reeking in a green-yellow fog, but here the mist was white, and through it I caught glimpses of the silhouettes of stately trees in a park, and presently saw the great house with its clock-tower looming up before me. A fire was crackling in the hall, and before it my hostess was conversing amusedly with a well-known sculptor—a sculptor typical of these renaissance times, large, full-blooded, with vigorous opinions on all sorts of matters.

"A lecturer is coming down from London to talk to the wounded in the amusement-hall of the hospital," our hostess informed us. "And you both must come and speak too."

The three of us got into the only motor of which the establishment now boasts, a little runabout using a minimum of "petrol," and she guided us rapidly by devious roads through the fog until a blur of light proclaimed the presence of a building, one of some score or more built on the golf-course by the British Government. I have not space here to describe that hospital, which is one of the best in England; but it must be observed that its excellence and the happiness of its inmates

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are almost wholly due to the efforts of the lady who now conducted us across the stage of the amusement-hall, where all the convalescents who could walk or who could be rolled thither in chairs were gathered. The lecturer had not arrived. But the lady of the manor seated herself at the speaker's table, singling out the Scotch wits in the audience—for whom she was more than a match—while the sculptor and I looked on and grinned and resisted her blandishments to make speeches. When at last the lecturer came he sat down informally on the table with one foot hanging in the air and grinned, too, at her bantering but complimentary introduction. It was then I discovered for the first time that he was one of the best educational experts of that interesting branch of the British Government, the Department of Reconstruction, whose business it is to teach the convalescents the elements of social and political science. This was not to be a lecture, he told them, but a debate in which every man must take a part. And his first startling question was this:

"Why should Mr. Lloyd George, instead of getting five thousand pounds a year for his services as prime minister, receive any more than a common laborer?"

The question was a poser. The speaker folded his hands and beamed down at them; he seemed fairly to radiate benignity.

"Now we mustn't be afraid of him, just because he seems to be intelligent," declared our hostess. This sally was greeted with spasmodic laughter. Her eyes flitted from bench to bench, yet met nothing save averted glances. "Jock! Where are you, Jock? Why don't you speak up?—you've never been downed before."

More laughter, and craning of necks for the Jocks. This appeared to be her generic name for the wits. But the wits remained obdurately modest. The prolonged silence did not seem in the least painful to the lecturer, who thrust his hand in his pocket and continued to beam. He had learned how to wait. And at last his patience was rewarded. A middle-aged soldier with a very serious manner arose hesitatingly, with encouraging noises from his comrades.

"It's not Mr. Lloyd George I'm worrying about, sir," he said, "all I wants is enough for the missus and me. I had trouble enough to get that before the war."

Cries of "Hear! Hear!"

"Why did you have trouble?" inquired the lecturer mildly.

"The wages was too low."

"And why were the wages too low?"

"You've got me there. I hadn't thought."

"But isn't it your business as a voter to think?" asked the lecturer. "That's why the government is sending me here, to start you to thinking, to remind you that it is you soldiers who will have to take charge of this country and run it after the war is over. And you won't be able to do that unless you think, and think straight."

"We've never been taught to think," was the illuminating reply.

"And if we do think we've never been educated to express ourselves, same as you!" shouted another man, in whom excitement had overcome timidity.

"I'm here to help you educate yourselves," said the lecturer. "But first let's hear any ideas you may have on the question I asked you."

There turned out to be plenty of ideas, after all. An opinion was ventured that Mr. Lloyd George served the nation, not for money but from public spirit: a conservative insisted that ability should be rewarded, and rewarded well; whereupon ensued one of the most enlightening debates to which I have ever listened—enlightening not only in the intelligence revealed, but also as a revelation of the complexes and obsessions that pervade many of the minds of those in whose power lies the ultimate control of democracies. One, for instance, declared that "if every man went to church proper of a Sunday and minded his own business the country would get along well enough." He was evidently of the opinion that there was too much thinking and not enough of what he would have termed "religion." Gradually that audience split up into liberals and conservatives; and the liberals noticeably were the younger men who had had the advantages of better board schools, who had formed fewer complexes and had had less time in which to get

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them set. Of these, a Canadian made a plea for the American system of universal education, whereupon a combative "stand-patter" declared that every man wasn't fit to be educated, that the American plan only made for discontent. "Look at them," he exclaimed, "they're never satisfied to stay in their places." This provoked laughter, but it was too much for the sculptor—and for me. We both broke our vows and made speeches in favor of equality of mental opportunity, while the lecturer looked on and smiled. Mr. Lloyd George and his salary were forgotten. By some subtle art of the chairman the debate had been guided to the very point where he had from the first intended to guide it—to the burning question of our day—education as the true foundation of democracy! Perhaps, after all, this may be our American contribution to the world's advance.

As we walked homeward through the fog I talked to him of Professor Dewey's work and its results, while he explained to me the methods of the Reconstruction Department. "Out of every audience like that we get a group and form a class," he said. "They're always a bit backward at first, just as they were tonight, but they grow very keen. We have a great many classes already started, and we see to it that they are provided with text-books and teachers. Oh, no, it's not propaganda," he added, in answer to my query; "all we do is to try to give them facts in such a way as to make them able to draw their own conclusions and join any political party they choose—just so they join one intelligently."

I must add that before Sunday was over he had organized his class and arranged for their future instruction.

[Mr. Churchill's third article in April number.]

THE STAYING POWER OF GERMANY

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

Author of "Latter-Day Problems," "Credit of the Nations," etc.

WHEN an intoxicated professional pugilist one Sunday broke up the peaceful services of a congregation by an exhibition of profanity and inconceivable brutality, it was a question whether the laymen present would be able to eject him by force. Many were hurt in the mêlée; but he finally lost his wind, and a carefully premeditated blow reached his solar plexus. In similar vein, all of us have been pondering the question as to when and how the Teutonic bully among nations must succumb to the resentful efforts of those he has insulted, invaded, plundered, and murdered. How long will his power enable him to stay in the unholy struggle which he has forced on the world?

I

To continue the most destructive and expensive war in all history after it has run on well into the fourth year, Germany must, as the primary element in her staying power, escape economic exhaustion. In other words, she must be able to obtain, chiefly from production within her own borders, the tangible economic goods ready for present consumption sufficient to feed and clothe her armies and navies, to provide them with supplies and munitions on a colossal scale, and supposedly enough to feed, clothe, and shelter

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in warmth her civilian population on the minimum basis of subsistence. But even then she may be willing to sacrifice her civilians, if necessary, to maintain the army. Except for products which she has been able in the past to obtain by trade with neutrals, such as Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, Germany has had to rely on her own productive power. The needs of the army and its supply of munitions of course come first; so that the civilian population can receive at the best only that portion of the total production not devoted to military uses. Is that sufficient?

From our own experience in only the first stages of war we know what a very large proportion of productive power must be diverted to military and naval uses. Other needs cannot all be satisfied as before. So great is this diversion in Germany that the demands of war now leave for civilians little more than the simple necessities of life—and to many scarcely these. As the war demands increase, this residue out of a diminishing total production is steadily growing less. Since the farming lands of Rumania, Poland, and the Balkans have come under the control of Germany, it is quite likely that the supply of food may be sufficient to prevent absolute starvation; but, in practice, prices of food are so high that the poorer classes are really struggling to get even the minimum of subsistence. Country districts, of course, fare better than the cities; and in munitions works laborers receive higher wages. Moreover, the willingness to sacrifice the herds in view of the possible early ending of the war has increased the ration of meat. In addition, although Germany imported foodstuffs before the war and paid for them by exports of finished goods, now that most exports and imports are cut off, it has been possible for her both to reduce consumption and to increase her production of food. Therefore, speaking generally, the possibility of starving the Teutonic allies, especially in view of large potential supplies from Russia, may be dismissed.

In the minimum of subsistence, not only as a necessity for cooking and washing but also as affecting the matter of clothing and warm shelter, a sufficient supply of coal is a primary necessity; and yet that supply, especially in winter, has become seriously insufficient. In spite of the large coal areas of Germany, the shortage in labor, together with the lessened efficiency of the railways due to hard usage without proper repairs, has made it impossible to mine and distribute sufficient coal to meet the necessary wants of civilians. A year ago the limit of suffering from cold in Berlin seemed to have been reached; but this winter, in spite of thorough organization, the minimum of coal is not forthcoming. Housing without heat does not meet the requirements even for a low level of existence, especially since the lack of wool, cotton, and leather makes new clothing and shoes very difficult to obtain. As a consequence there is intense suffering.

The upshot of the whole matter as regards economic conditions is this: the needs of war have practically taken over all of the excess of the output of the country above the minimum necessities of the people, taken as a whole. But, if the total productive power diminishes, while the military wants increase, the civilian quota must go still lower. With what result? In ruthless war the grim ruling classes of Germany, in order to save the absolutist dynasty, would not hesitate to sacrifice hecatombs of civilians at home by cold and disease as well as masses of soldiers at the front by shot and shell. The economic staying power of Germany is in itself not exhausted even if the civilians cease to obtain the minimum of existence. It is a question of the will to sacrifice. The reduction of the means of subsistence is of importance mainly as it affects the psychological situation and the desire to get peace by lowering the national ambitions. But, with Russian supplies at hand, economic exhaustion becomes more remote. The crippled condition of railway transportation and the generally disorganized system of distribution of food and supplies in Russia will obviously prevent Germany from obtaining generous aid from that source until German organization has had time to make itself felt. Nevertheless, Germany may get some immediate relief in Russia from her economic pressure.

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II

In an early stage of the war, however, it was assumed that the expenses of this phenomenal struggle were so colossal that funds could not be found in amount sufficient to meet them, and that financial exhaustion would soon put an end to the fighting. The popular way of expressing this view was that there was not enough money in the world to carry on such a war for twelve months. But, of course, it is not money that is destroyed in war; it is tangible goods in the form of war supplies. Indeed, there is far more money outstanding to-day than before the war. In Germany, for instance, her only circulation in 1914, besides gold and silver, was about $470,000,000 of Reichsbank notes; but now, while all the gold has been interned, the notes of the Reichsbank and the *Darlehnkassen* (loan bureaus) together amount to more than $4,000,000,000. Such an increase of inconvertible paper money is an evidence of weakness rather than of strength. There is, indeed, in the matter of financial exhaustion something of more importance than the issue of money.

To get the untold sums for a war prolonged beyond her expectations, Germany counted first of all—and, since the Russian breakdown, undoubtedly still counts—on some form of indemnities to be levied on her defeated enemies. It is safe to say, however, that these have been barred by the course of events in the war. Hence her only recourse is to tax or borrow. Having elected to tax little, she has relied mainly on loans; but these funds must come from internal resources. To get purchasing power to pay for war supplies Germany must obtain it from the wealth of her own subjects. That is, since she is expected to offer customary means of payment, she must create purchasing power in the forms of money or credit—chiefly credit; but it must be remembered that these forms are only liens on the present and future wealth of the empire and that they must inevitably equal all her vast expenditures. Can Germany do this? Or has she already reached financial exhaustion?

The amount of the funded debt only, which is thus carried over to the future, is as follows:

Loan	Date	Number of Subscribers	Amount Realized (Millions)
First.....	Sept., 1914	1,177,235	$1,115
Second...	Mar., 1915	2,694,063	2,265
Third....	Sept., 1915	3,966,418	3,025
Fourth...	Mar., 1916	5,279,645	2,678
Fifth.....	Sept., 1916	3,809,976	2,675
Sixth.....	Mar., 1917	3,063,347	3,280
Seventh..	Sept., 1917	.....	3,108
Total war loans.....			$18,146

But Count von Rödern is reported to have said, in February, 1917, that Germany had already spent $25,000,000,000. The imperial credits voted by July, 1917, have been $23,500,000,000. If to the funded debt given above there be added the outstanding imperial treasury notes and other floating debt, the imperial debt at the end of the third year must be at least equal to the credits voted.

The people, however, must carry other burdens. The indebtedness of the several German states before the war was $3,854,000,000, or more than the English public debt at that time. These debts have been growing mightily during the war and must now be well over $6,000,000,000. The increase in the war debts of municipalities also has been startling. The small town of Ohligs, near the Rhine, for instance—of 30,000 people—has incurred a war debt of $625,000; while eight Saxon cities at the end of 1916 had expanded their debt by $64,000,000.

The financial burden on the people of Germany as a whole at the end of the third year of war may be summarized as follows:

Imperial war debt.....	$23,500,000,000
Pre-war debt.....	1,200,000,000
Debts of states (estimated).....	6,000,000,000
Municipal debts (estimated).....	2,000,000,000
Total burden.....	$32,700,000,000
Annual charge at 5 per cent...	1,635,000,000
Charge, if funded at 3 per cent	981,000,000
Imperial budget before the war	880,000,000

The total debt is thus about 43 per cent of the total wealth of the empire, which was estimated by Helfferich before the war at $75,000,000,000. Merely the annual charge of about $1,000,000,000

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would be much more than the peace budget of the empire. The debt service plus the ordinary budget expenses would in effect consume the net annual income of the whole German people, which before the war, when foreign trade existed and industry was unimpaired, was placed by Helfferich at $2,000,000,000. The meaning of this is plain. In order to accumulate new capital in the future, or to reduce even by a little the enormous principal of the war debt, the Germans must give up their old scale of consumption, and by becoming even more thrifty than in the past try very largely to increase the national net income.

The amazing rise in the annual interest charge seems to have been naïvely recognized by the fiscal authorities. Little attention seems to have been drawn to their disclosure of possible bankruptcy in offering the sixth and seventh imperial loans, in which a part of the principal of the new loans is set aside to cover the interest charge. It is an ominous hint of bankruptcy when any establishment finds it necessary to borrow in order to pay interest charges. An industrial concern which cannot meet the interest on its bonds out of earnings is very sick. But if this is the situation at the end of the third year of the war, what will it be after another year's expenditure has raised the burden of debt well above $40,000,000,000? Is it any wonder that Germany is anxious for peace? In such a situation can it be said that Germany has become financially exhausted?

III

When we think of Germany as possibly nearing bankruptcy we are looking through spectacles colored by our own conceptions of property uses. We assume that loans are voluntary and that the individual is free to do as he pleases with his own. In reality, Germans are under a state of martial law. Ordinary private property has practically disappeared. As a result the whole German output of goods has been thrown into the common pot. There is in operation state communism on a nation-wide scale. A despotic military power, in one way or another, can take all that there is. It can take first; and later give, as a means of payment, anything it may will to offer. It is held to no responsibility for redemption of its promises in gold. Having placed her loans at home, Germany can enforce her will upon her own subjects regardless of all property rights. As contrasted with the outer world she is in much the same situation as a bankrupt railroad which can maintain destructive competition because it is freed from the duty of meeting its fixed charges.

Loans are the means by which the government goes through the form of taking over wealth and property. Private persons, business houses, banks, corporations, towns and cities cannot avoid subscribing to the loans when offered. They pay for the securities by forms of credit based on their own possessions. It is a conventional way of transferring their own wealth to the government. When the war swallows this up, another loan is put out. So it goes on. The enormous total of war loans, together with sums raised by taxation, thus roughly measures the total amount of private wealth turned over to the state and destroyed without return. The issue of bank-notes, *Darlehnkassenscheine*, treasury notes, and bonds are simply intermediate devices—or a gateway through which wealth passes—by which private goods enter the hands of the government. These forms of payment can be multiplied indefinitely. But when must the process come to an end?

The only limit to these credits and the continuance of borrowing is the industrial capacity of German subjects to turn out goods as needed ready for present consumption. When the stock of present goods fails to come forward, the object of borrowing disappears. Only then has financial exhaustion come—on the heels, and as a consequence, of economic exhaustion. The possibility of borrowing and of obtaining purchasing power over goods depends on there being goods to buy. Germany can go on as long as by credit operations she can transmute her possibilities of production in future years into present means of payment. So long as she has not used up all her surplus production above the necessities of life and can obtain the essentials for her fighting men, she can keep going in a financial sense through the operations of credit. Financial mobilization in Ger-

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many is as perfect as could be expected; all economic resources are made the most of; and financial exhaustion, within her own boundaries, can come only along with the underlying economic exhaustion. In the ordinary business sense, Germany is already insolvent; she could not liquidate her obligations even now. But that is not the test to be applied in her case, with her existing political reorganization and in the present state of war.

IV

It must now be obvious that the practical and final test of Germany's staying power is in her man-power. It is a question of having enough men on the firing line to equal or surpass those of the Allies, in conjunction with guns and munitions. If complete economic and financial exhaustion is not present as yet—and even made remote by a peace with Russia—the end can come only when her armies are hereafter reduced by casualties. By withdrawing her armies from the Russian front and even recovering prisoners of war she has been able considerably to enlarge her man-power in the West. Every possible man has been brought to the colors. It is now a test of men, guns, and generalship; but our allies are in far better condition to meet heavy attacks than two years ago.

V

In spite of the facts as already presented—cold, stubborn facts—the staying forces of the war are undoubtedly to be estimated by the influence of them upon the psychological situation. Can Germany go on to the theoretical end as presented above without breaking down before that end is reached? In other words, may not psychological conditions become more powerful than economic, financial, or military ones?

It must be admitted, however, that the German ruling classes are exceptionally skilled in manipulating the German mind, in coloring its prejudices, stirring its hates, exciting its hopes, stimulating its courage, and in knowing what springs of action to touch to make it respond to its policies. Thus the staying power of Germany largely depends upon the psychological will to sacrifice. In no other country has the government such a tight grip on the mental processes and opinions of its people. Here is her characteristic strength. There being little private political initiative, there is great potential unity of purpose and action in military and diplomatic policy.

We may as well dismiss the fiction that the people will not follow the Kaiser. For so long a time have they been trained to the support of absolutism, so long has the process of stamping out individual thinking gone on, so long have they been induced to believe what they are told by the ruling classes, so long have they been taught that every consideration of private interest should give way to the demands of a supreme state—that the materials for antagonism and revolution are absent. If rebellion were tried the grim discipline of the army can be relied on by the rulers to put it down in ruthless slaughter.

Nevertheless, long before economic, financial, and military power have been exhausted, may not the will to sacrifice have been modified? Before economic exhaustion approaches will not suffering affect the common will? Lack of necessaries makes a discontented proletariat. The psychology of the bully must be taken into account. The Germans are not good sportsmen. They are poor losers. Those who have lived in Germany will recall that in playing tennis the German, when the set was going against him, often left the court in high dudgeon without seeing the contest through to the end. With such a nature it can never be known when it may not suddenly break down under punishment, especially if it sees no chance of ultimate victory.

Moreover, *au fond*, the German masses are essentially materialistic. They hallow the government because they have been taught that it created the extraordinary material progress of the last thirty years. The longer the war goes on, however, the greater will be the debt, and the longer in future years must they be deprived of the former comforts of life by enforced saving. Have they not sacrificed enough? There are constant evidences of discontent in Germany; but these have been submerged thus far by military or diplomatic successes.

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Moreover, the gigantic debt, unalleviated by indemnities, the depreciation of the German paper mark in Amsterdam and Copenhagen of over fifty per cent, have made German bankers and financiers dread the future. They must have much influence as time goes on. The financial quite as much as the territorial outcome is to-day the thing for which Germany is fighting and manœuvring. The captured territory now held is undoubtedly to be used to ameliorate the financial burdens of the war. Without question Germany would like to see a way to end the war now by which her financial burdens would be reduced.

Without doubt, a passionate ambition for commercial and material success has been the prompting influence behind the constant governmental support of banking and industrial development for many decades. As soon as Germany waxed strong industrially she could enforce her plans for expansion and conquest. Only then did the dream of *Mitteleuropa* become a possibility. The sting of defeat which would be more bitter than anything else would be the forced relinquishment of her economic and commercial hopes. Such a defeat, however, is inevitably coming, even without a military decision in the field, if the war is much longer continued. The burden of the debt charge, increasing enormously with every year of war, will act as a steadily lengthening ball and chain to retard her commercial progress, to say nothing of the hatred she is gathering against her in the countries with which she would like to trade. As much as anything else this influence will urge her to seek an early peace, and to make unsuspected concessions. Since the commercial classes were as much responsible for the war as the militarists, there is more chance of peace coming from the selfish fears of those above than from the rebellious outbreaks of those below.

But, after all, the psychological effect of the frightful losses of life must be most counted on to affect the will to sacrifice. Already there is a question whether further great offensives and new aggregations of debt are worth the possibility of better terms of peace in another year or two than could be obtained to-day. Still, as we all know, not much reliance can be placed on the quality of German humanity. The will to sacrifice is only too likely to be strengthened by appeals to the lower instincts of savagery and revenge.

If, however, all these psychological considerations fail to have their due effect, then there can be but one result. In the last resort the staying power of Germany must be measured finally by her man-power. The war must go on until Pétain, and Haig, and Pershing have won an end by attrition. Sooner or later, under constant hammering, the international bully must lose his wind.

EXIT

By George T. Marsh

As on his life's last act the curtain falls,
Through fevered dreams parade the pageant years.
Again he thrills to the re-echoing cheers
Of those the magic of his art enthralls.
Now, the enchanted galleries and stalls
He lures o'er hills of laughter, or—when veers
His vagrant fancy—by hushed lanes of tears
To that dark realm where sad Ophelia calls.
Then breathes he in lost Arden's leafy aisles
The perfume faint of Rosalind's blown hair
Until, the dream of all most sweet, he smiles
And climbs where roses cluster dewy wet—
Ere his loosed spirit wings the upper air—
To kiss th' impassioned lips of Juliet.

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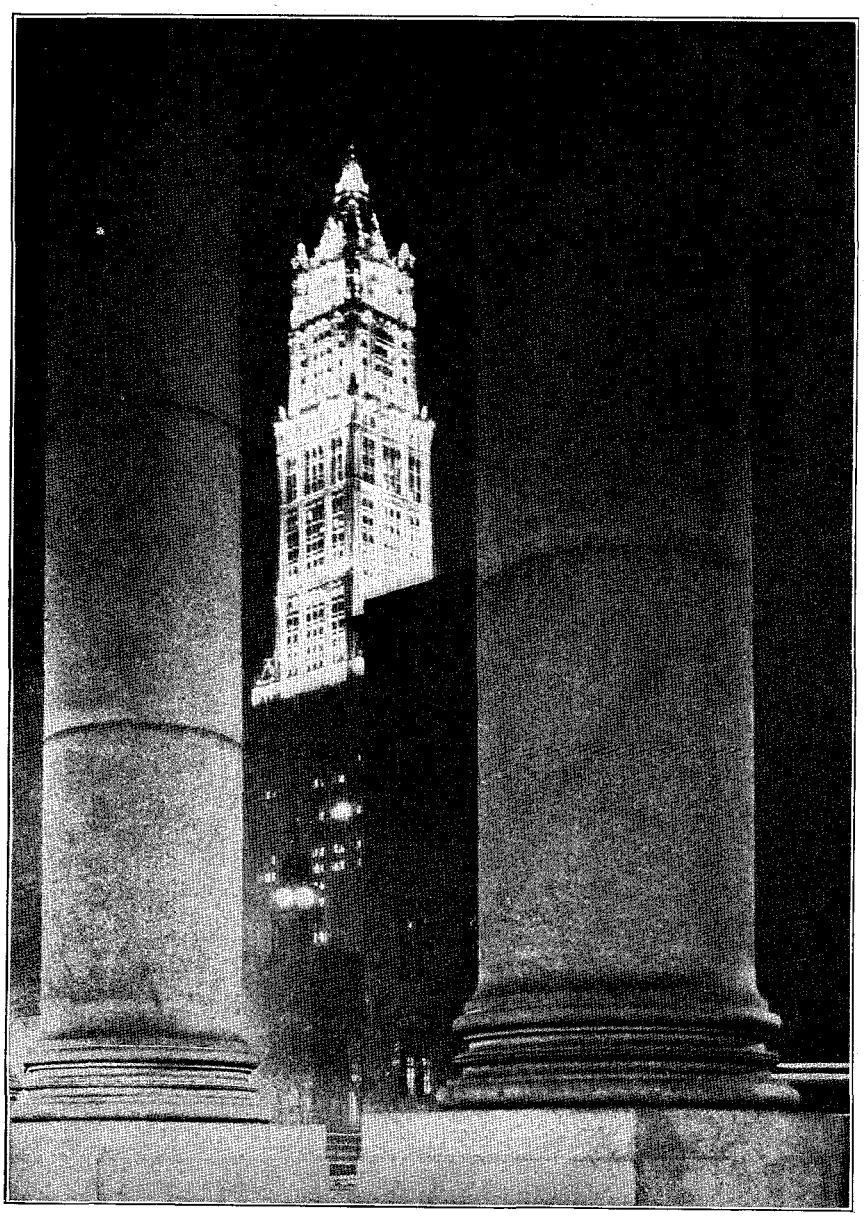
SOME NIGHT VIEWS OF NEW YORK

EIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS—MOST OF THEM TAKEN IN RAIN AND SNOW

By J. B. Carrington



The tower of the Woolworth Building.

Looking through the columns of the Municipal Building, the clock of the old City Hall tower showing in the foreground.

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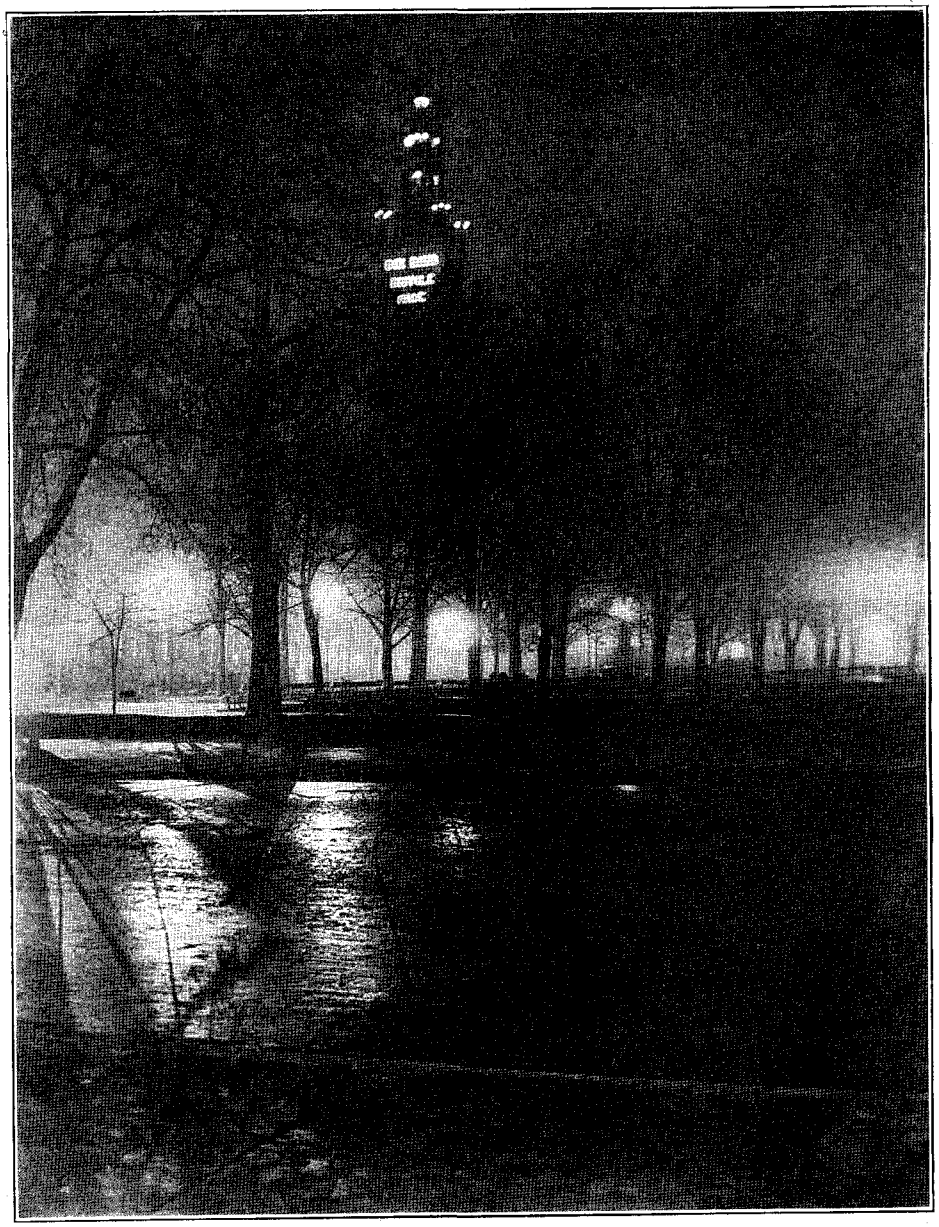

Madison Square and the Garden tower on a rainy night.

Taken during the week of the six-day bicycle race. The bare trees and the two figures on the bench emphasize the essential loneliness of this square in the heart of the city on such a night.

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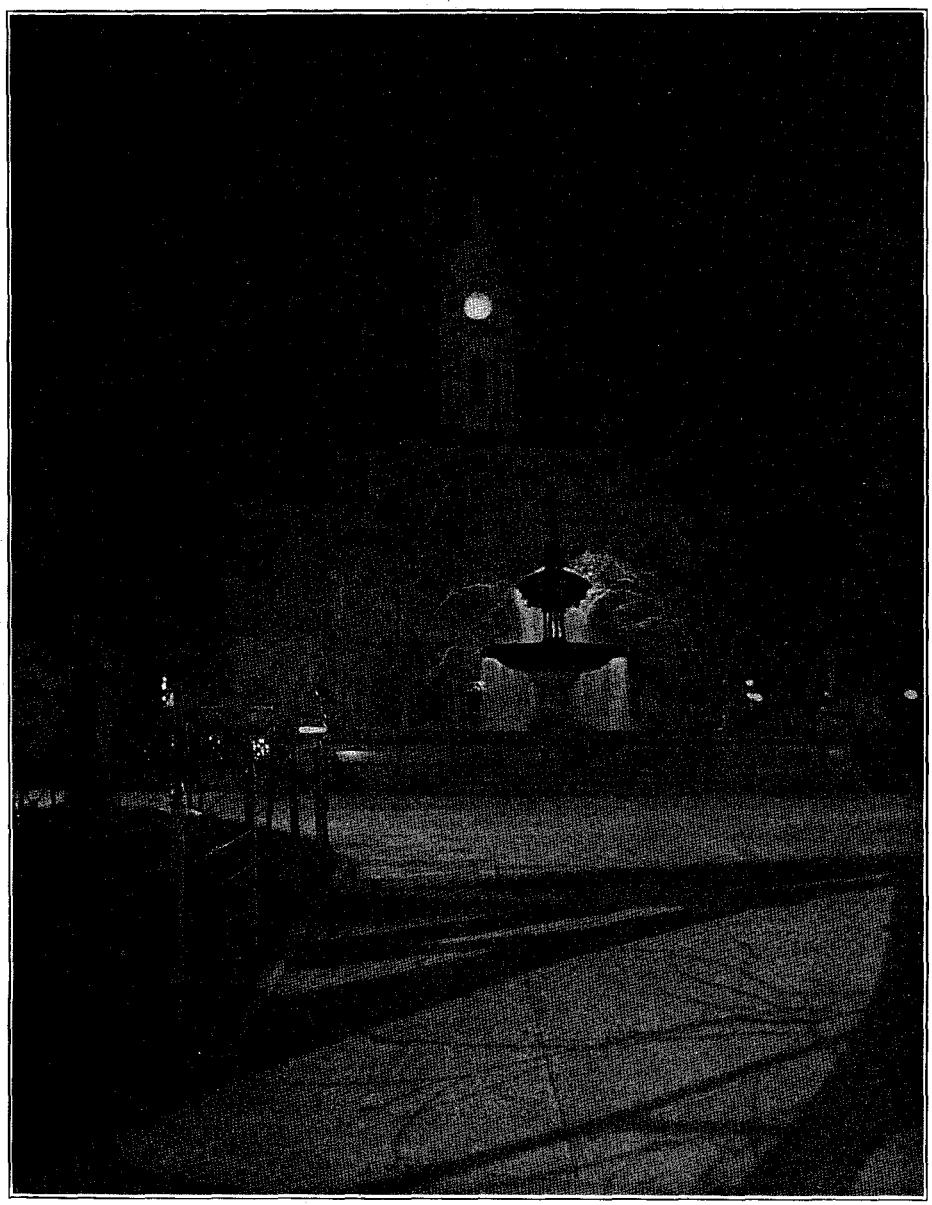

The City Hall and the fountain.

The dignified and simple lines of this fine old monument of our early architecture are peculiarly reminiscent of an older time after dark. One can imagine the ghosts of the city fathers of the past wandering about finding refuge in the deep shadows cast by the electric lights.

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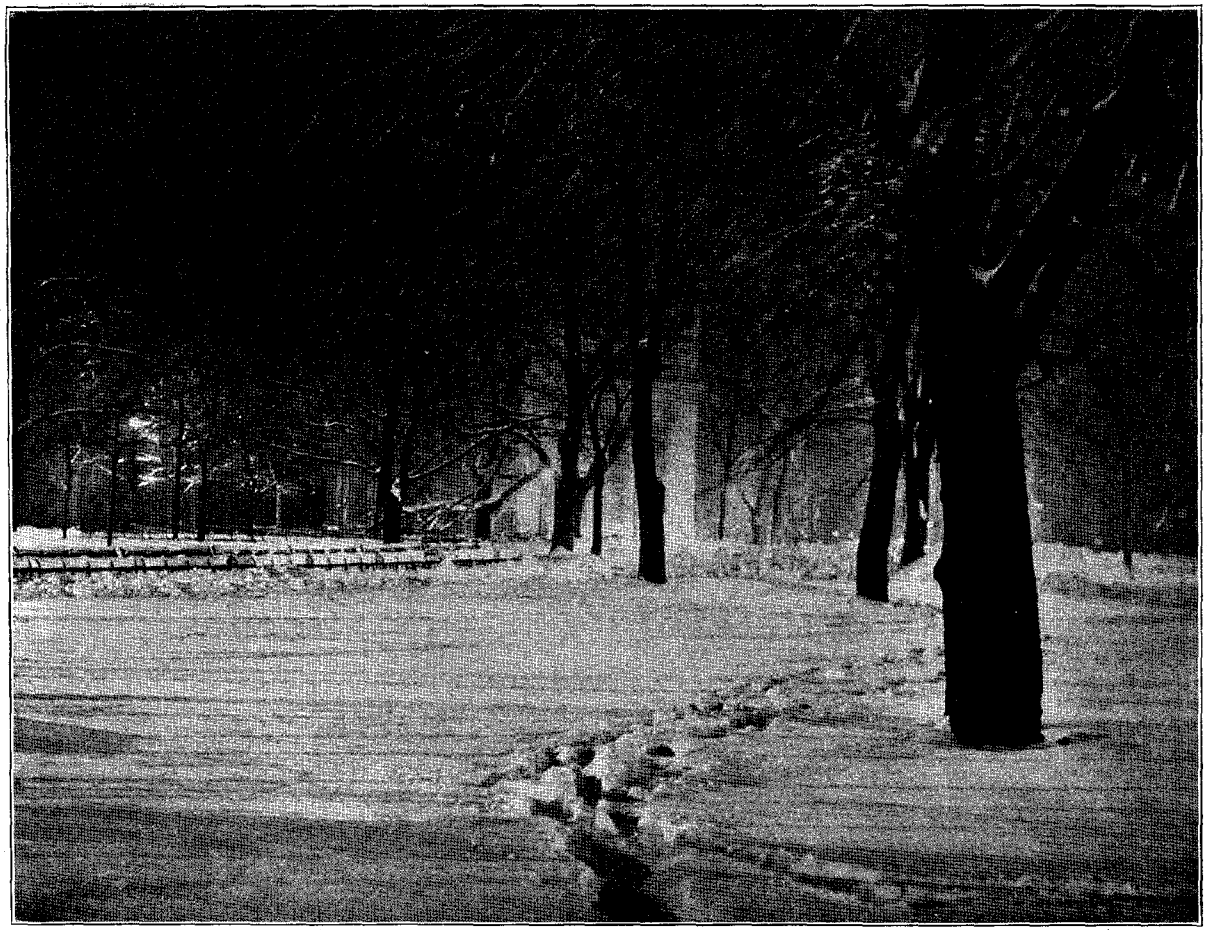

Across the park at Washington Square, looking toward the arch.

None of our squares more poignantly suggests the contrasts of city life, the changing aspects of an old neighborhood. The path in the foreground was broken in the newly *fallen snow for its value* as a line and its contrasting shadows that lead the eye into the picture.

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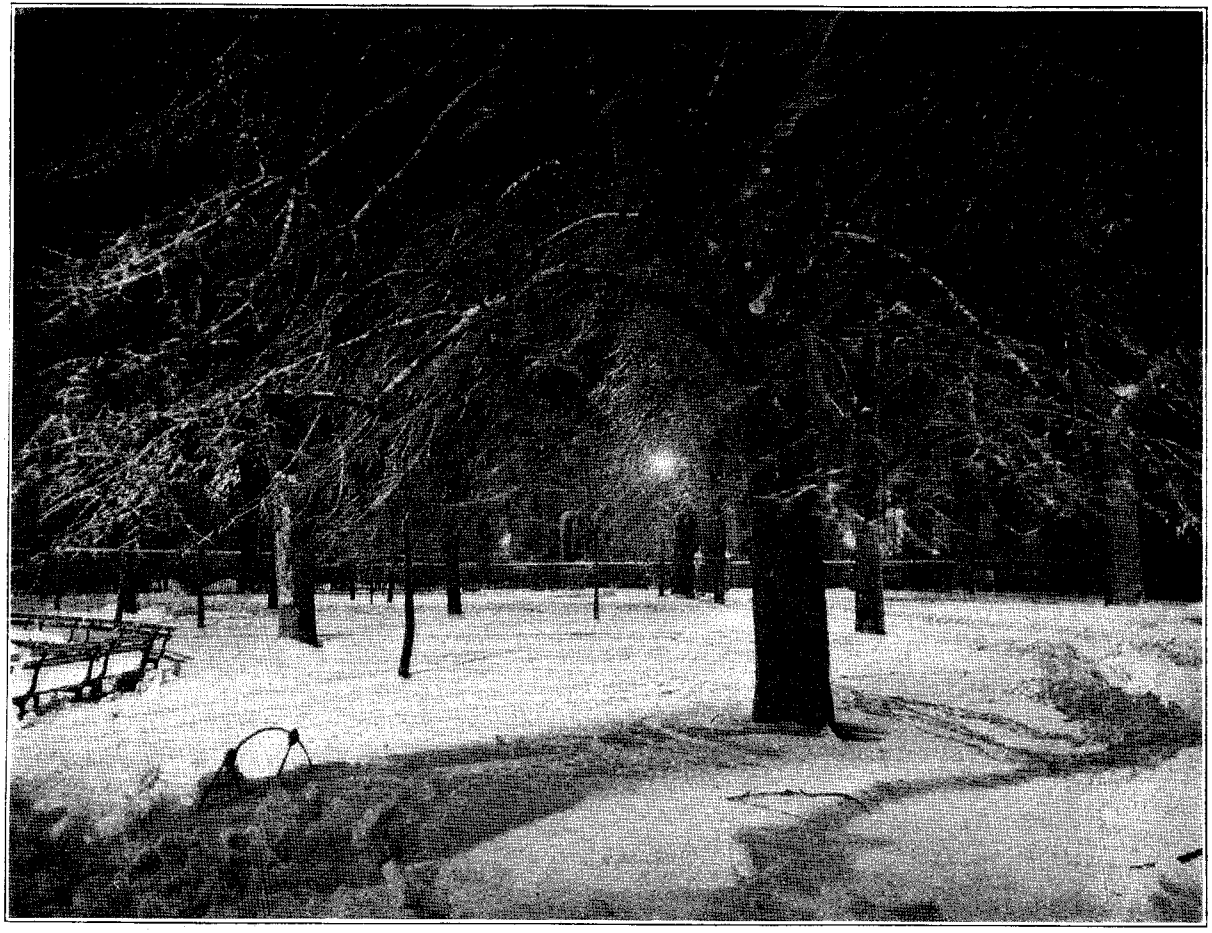

In Stuyvesant Square.

This square belongs to what New Yorkers know as "the East Side." The main thoroughfare that passes it is Second Avenue. On the north of the square rises the great bulk of the Lying-in Hospital, on the west the silhouette of St. George's Church.

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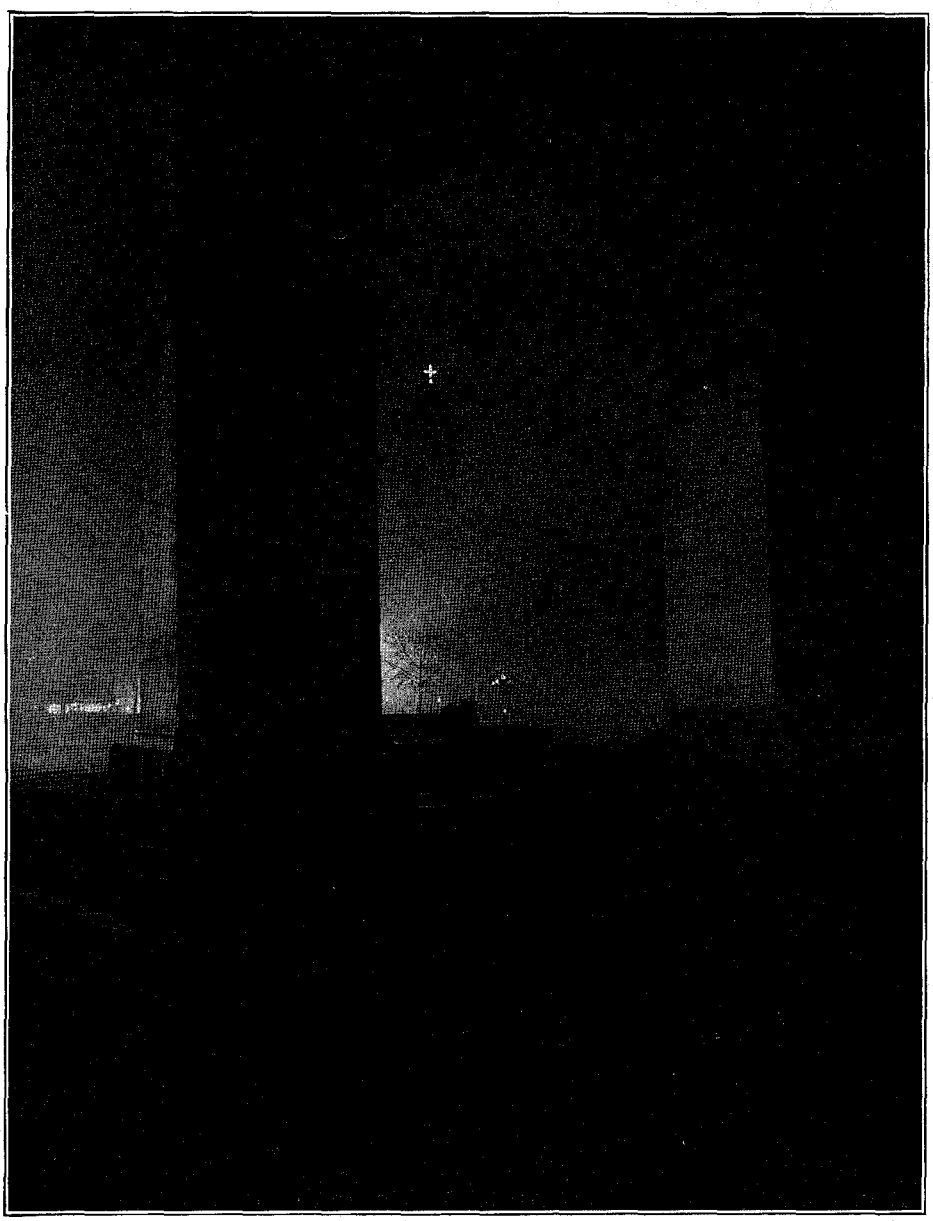

The Cross in the sky.

Looking through the Washington Arch at the tower of the Judson Memorial Church. This beautiful arch leads two ways—northward into the city's most famous thoroughfare, Fifth Avenue; southward into a reign of tenements, factories, and small business houses. The Cross shines out at night an ever-present symbol of hope to thousands.

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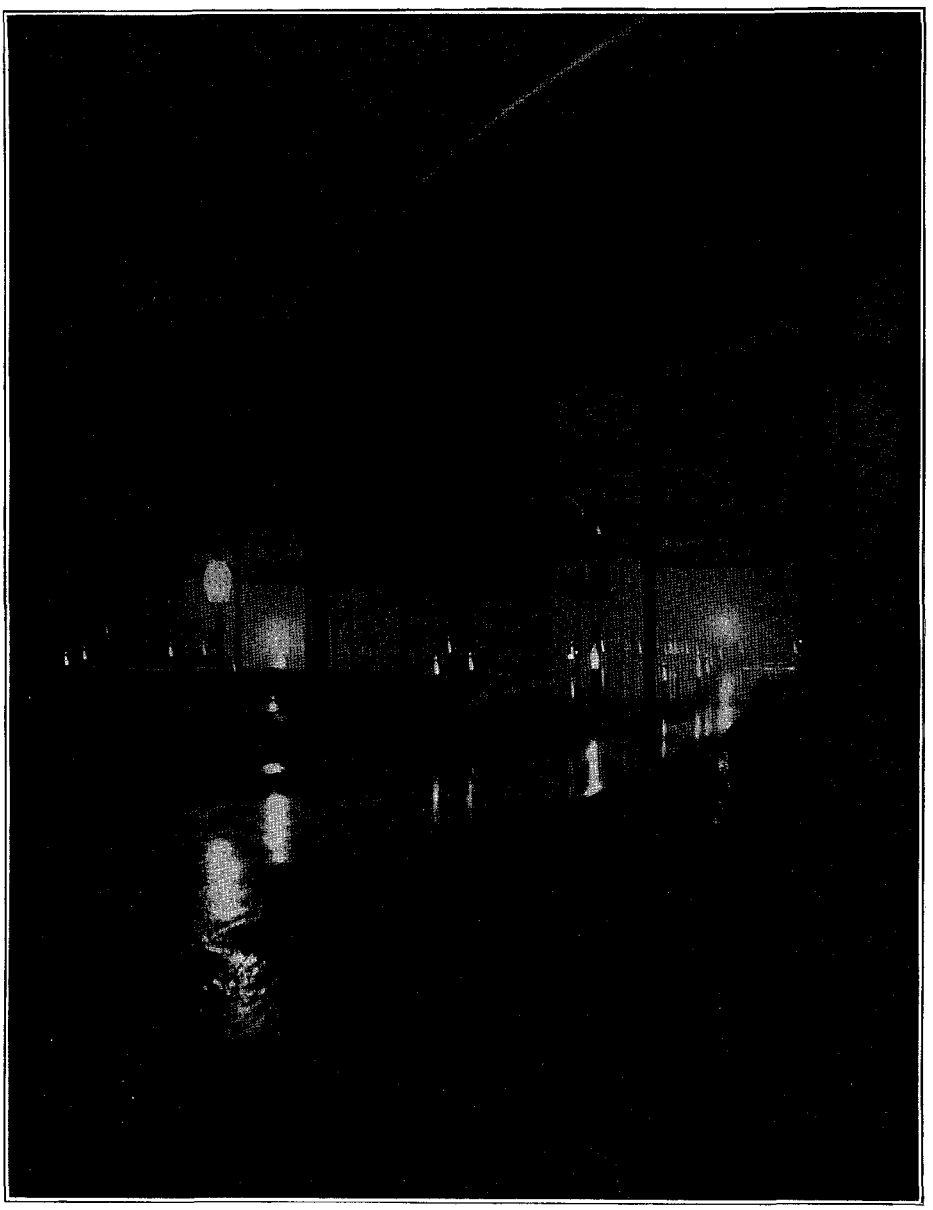

The curve on the Elevated Railroad at 110th Street.

The elevated curves round the upper end of Central Park, giving views over the trees and of the silhouette of the great mass of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. This picture was made with the wind blowing more than fifty miles an hour, the walks running literally with rivers of water. The long lines of reflected lights, the black mass of ground, and the curve of the road high above made an especial appeal to one's sense of the picturesque.

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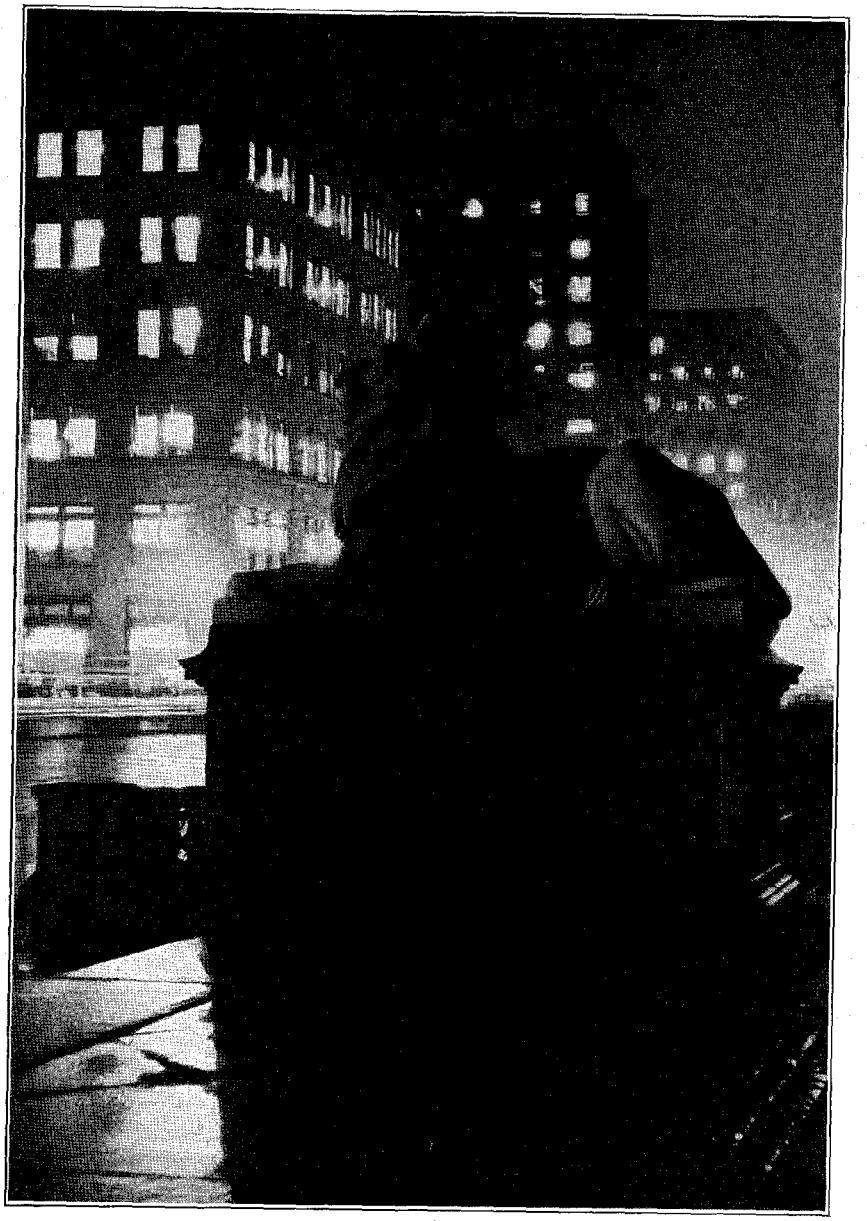

One of the watching lions at the library.

The lions that guard the approach to the library have been the occasion of much humorous discussion among sculptors and laymen and naturalists. At night the lions, with the help of a little imagination, are not without a suggestion of dignity and silent power.

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THE GRAY ANGEL

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

HER predilection for things French came from childish recollections of school-days in Paris and a hasty removal thence by her father at the revolution of '48; of later travels as a little maiden, by diligence, to Pau and the then undiscovered Pyrenees, to a Montpellier and a Nice as yet unspoiled. Unto her seventy-eighth year, her French accent had remained unruffled, her soul in love with French gloves and dresses; and her face had the pale, lineless, slightly aquiline perfection of a French marquise—it may, perhaps, be doubted whether any French marquise ever looked the part so perfectly.

How it came about that she had settled down in a southern French town, in the summer of 1914, only her roving spirit knew. She had been a widow ten years, which she had passed in the quest of perfection; all her life she had been haunted by that instinct, half-smothered in ministering to her husband, children, and establishments in London and the country. Now, in loneliness the intrinsic independence of her soul was able to assert itself, and from hotel to hotel she had wandered in England, Wales, Switzerland, France, till now she had found what seemingly arrested her. Was it the age of that oldest of Western cities, that little mother of Western civilization, which captured her fancy? Or did a curious perversity turn her from more obvious abodes, or was she kept there by the charm of a certain church which she would enter every day to steep herself in mellow darkness, the scent of incense, the drone of incantations, and quiet communion with a God higher indeed than she had been brought up to, high-church though she had always been? She had a pretty little apartment, where for very little—the bulk of her small wealth was habitually at the service of others—she could manage with one maid and no "fuss." She had some "nice" French friends there, too. But more probably it was simply the war which kept her there, waiting, like so many other people, for it to be over before it seemed worth while to move and re-establish herself. The immensity and wickedness of this strange event held her, as it were, suspended, body and spirit, high up on the hill which had seen the ancient peoples, the Romans, Gauls, Saracens, and all, and still looked out toward the flat Camargue. Here in her three rooms, with a little kitchen, the maid Augustine, a parrot, and the Paris *Daily Mail*, she dwelt as it were marooned by a world event which seemed to stun her. Not that she worried, exactly. The notion of defeat or of real danger to her country and to France never entered her head. She only grieved quietly over the dreadful things that were being done, and every now and then would glow with admiration at the beautiful way the King and Queen were behaving. It was no good to "fuss," and one must make the best of things, just as the "dear little Queen" was doing; for each Queen in turn, and she had seen three reign in her time, was always that to her. Her ancestors had been uprooted from their lands, her pedigree diverted, in the Stuart wars, and a reverence for royalty was burned into her blood.

Quite early in the business she had begun to knit, moving her slim fingers not too fast, gazing at the gray wool through glasses specially rimless and invisible, perched on the bridge of her firm, well-shaped nose, and now and then speaking to her parrot. The bird could say, "Scratch a poll, Poll," already, and "Hullo!" those keys to the English language. The maid Augustine, having completed some small duty, would often come and stand, her head on one side, gazing down with a sort of inquiring compassion in her wise, young, clear-brown eyes. It seemed to one as straight and sturdy as a young tree both wonderful and sad that madame should be seventy-

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seven, and so frail—madame who had no lines in her face and such beautiful gray hair; madame who had so strong a will-power, too, and knitted such soft comforters "*pour nos braves chers poilus.*" And suddenly she would say: "*Madame n'est pas fatiguée?*" And madame would answer: "No. Speak English, Augustine—Polly will pick up your French! Come here!" And, reaching up a pale hand, she would set straight a stray fluff of the girl's dark-brown hair or improve the set of her fichu.

Those two got on extremely well, for though madame was—oh! but very particular, she was always "*très gentille et toujours grande dame.*" And that love of form so deep in the French soul promoted the girl's admiration for one whom she could see would in no circumstances lose her dignity. Besides, madame was full of dainty household devices, and could not bear waste; and these, though exacting, were qualities which appealed to Augustine. With her French passion for "the family" she used to wonder how in days like these madame could endure to be far away from her son and daughter and the grandchildren, whose photographs hung on the walls; and the long letters her mistress was always writing in a beautiful, fine hand, beginning, "My darling Sybil," "My darling Reggie," and ending always "Your devoted mother," seemed to a warm and simple heart but meagre substitutes for flesh-and-blood realities. But as madame would inform her—they were so busy doing things for the dear soldiers, and working for the war; they could not come to her—that would never do. And to go to them would give so much trouble, when the railways were so wanted for the troops; and she had their lovely letters, which she kept—as Augustine observed—every one, in a lavender-scented sachet, and frequently took out to read. Another point of sympathy between those two was their passion for military music and seeing soldiers pass. Augustine's brother and father were at the front, and madame's dead brother had been a soldier in the Crimean war—"long before you were born, Augustine, when the French and English fought the Russians: I was in France then, too, a little girl, and we lived at Nice; it was so lovely, you can't think—the flowers! And my poor brother was so cold in the siege of Sebastopol." Somehow, that time and that war were more real to her than this.

In December, when the hospitals were already full, her French friends first took her to the one which they attended. She went in, her face very calm, with that curious inward composure which never deserted it, carrying in front of her with both hands a black silk bag, wherein she had concealed an astonishing collection of treasures for the poor men! A bottle of acidulated drops, packets of cigarettes, two of her own mufflers, a pocket set of drafts, some English riddles translated by herself into French (very curious), some ancient copies of an illustrated paper, boxes of chocolate, a ball of string to make "cat's cradles" (such an amusing game), her own packs of Patience cards, some photograph frames, post-cards of Arles, and—most singular—a kettle-holder. At the head of each bed she would sit down and rummage in the bag, speaking in her slow but quite good French, to explain the use of the acidulated drops, or to give a lesson in cat's cradles. And the poilus would listen with their polite, ironic patience, and be left smiling, and curiously fascinated, as if they had been visited by a creature from another world. She would move on to other beds, quite unconscious of the effect she had produced on them and of their remarks: "*Cette vieille dame, comme elle est bonne!*" or "*Espèce d'ange aux cheveux gris.*" "*L'ange anglaise aux cheveux gris*" became in fact her name within those walls. And the habit of filling that black silk bag and going there to distribute its contents soon grew to be with her a ruling passion which neither weather nor her own aches and pains, not inconsiderable, must interfere with. The things she brought became more marvellous every week. But, however much she carried coals to Newcastle, or tobacco pouches to those who did not smoke, or homeopathic globules to such as crunched up the whole bottleful for the sake of the sugar, as soon as her back was turned, no one ever smiled now with anything but real pleasure at the sight of her calm and truly sweet smile and the scent of soap on her pale hands. "*Cher fils, je croyais que ceci vous donnerait un*

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petit plaisir. Voyez-vous comme c'est utile, n'est ce pas?" Each newcomer to the wards was warned by his comrades that the English angel with the gray hair was to be taken without a smile, exactly as if she were his grandmother.

In the walk to the hospital Augustine would accompany her, carrying the bag and perhaps a large peasant's umbrella to cover them both, for the winter was hard and snowy and carriages cost money, which must now be kept entirely for the almost daily replenishment of the bag and other calls of war. The girl, to her chagrin, was always left in a safe place, for it would never do to take her in and put fancies into her head, and perhaps excite the dear soldiers with a view of anything so taking. And when the visit was over they would set forth home, walking very slowly in the high, narrow streets, Augustine pouting a little and shooting swift glances at anything in uniform, and madame making firm her lips against a fatigue which sometimes almost overcame her before she could get home and up the stairs. And the parrot would greet them indiscreetly with new phrases —"Keep smiling!" and "Kiss Augustine!" which he sometimes varied with "Kiss a poll, Poll!" or "Scratch Augustine!" to madame's regret. Tea would revive her somewhat, and then she would knit, for as time went on and the war seemed to get farther and farther from that end which, in common with so many, she had expected before now, it seemed dreadful not to be always doing something to help the poor dear soldiers; and for dinner, to Augustine's horror, she now had nothing but a little soup, or an egg beaten up with milk and brandy. It saved such a lot of time and expense—she was sure people ate too much; and afterward she would read the *Daily Mail*, often putting it down to sigh, and press her lips together, and think, "One must look on the bright side of things," and wonder a little where it was. And Augustine, finishing her work in the tiny kitchen, would sigh too, and think of red trousers and peaked caps, not yet out of date in that Southern region, and of her own heart saying "Kiss Augustine!" and she would peer out between the shutters at the stars sparkling over the Camargue, or look down where the ground fell away beyond an old, old wall and nobody walked in the winter night; and muse on her nineteenth birthday coming, and sigh with the thought that she would be old before any one had loved her; and of how madame was looking *"très fatiguée."*

Indeed, madame was not only looking *"très fatiguée"* in these days. The world's vitality and her own were at full January ebb. But to think of oneself was quite impossible, of course; it would be all right presently, and one must not fuss, or mention in one's letters to the dear children that one felt at all poorly. As for a doctor—that would be sinful waste, and besides, what use were they except to tell you what you knew? And she was terribly vexed when Augustine found her in a faint one morning, and she found Augustine in tears, with her hair all over her face. She rated the girl soundly but feebly for making such a fuss over "a little thing like that," and with extremely trembling fingers pushed the brown hair back and told her to wash her face, while the parrot said reflectively: "Scratch a poll—Hullo!" The girl who had seen her own grandmother die not long before, and remembered how *"fatiguée"* she had been during her last days, was really frightened. Coming back after she had washed her face, she found her mistress writing on a number of little envelopes the same words: *"En bonne Amitié."* She looked up at the girl standing so ominously idle, and said:

"Take this hundred-franc note, Augustine, and go and get it changed into single francs—the ironmonger will do it if you say it's for me. I am going to take a rest. I shan't buy anything for the bag for a whole week. I shall just take francs instead."

"Oh, madame! You must not go out: *vous êtes trop fatiguée.*"

"Nonsense! How do you suppose our dear little Queen in England would get on with all she has to do, if she were to give in to little things? We must none of us give up in these days. Help me to put on my things; I am going to church, and then I shall take a long rest before we go to the hospital."

"Oh, madame! Must you go to

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church? It is not your kind of church. You do not pray there, do you?"

"Of course I pray there. I am very fond of the dear old church. God is in every church, Augustine; you ought to know that at your age."

"But madame has her own religion?"

"Now, don't be silly. What does that matter? Help me into my cloth coat—not the fur—it's too heavy—and then go and get that money changed."

"But madame should see a doctor. If madame faints again I shall die with fright. Madame has no color—but no color at all; it must be that there is something wrong."

Madame rose, and taking the girl's ear between thumb and finger pinched it gently.

"You are a very silly girl. What would our poor soldiers do if all the nurses were like you?"

Reaching the church she sat down gladly, turning her face up toward her favorite picture, a Virgin standing with her Baby in her arms. It was only faintly colored now; but there were those who said that an Arlésienne must have sat for it. Why it pleased her so she never quite knew, unless it were by its cool, unrestored devotion, and the faint smiling in the eyes. Religion with her was a strange yet very real thing. Conscious that she was not clever, she never even began to try and understand what she believed. Probably she believed nothing more than that if she tried to be good she would go to God—whatever and wherever God might be—some day when she was too tired to live any more; and rarely indeed did she forget to try to be good. As she sat there she thought, or perhaps prayed, whichever it should be called: "Let me forget that I have a body, and remember all the poor soldiers who have them."

It struck cold that morning in the church—the wind was bitter from the northeast; some poor women in black were kneeling, and four candles burned in the gloom of a side aisle—thin, steady little spires of gold. There was no sound at all. A smile came on her lips. She was forgetting that she had a body, and remembering all those young faces in the wards, the faces too of her own children far away, the faces of all she loved. They were real and she was not—she was nothing but the devotion she felt for them; yes, for all the poor souls on land and sea, fighting and working and dying. Her lips moved; she was saying below her breath, "I love them all"; then, feeling a shiver run down her spine, she compressed those lips and closed her eyes, letting her mind alone murmur her chosen prayer: "O God, who makes the birds sing and the stars shine and gives us little children, strengthen my heart so that I may forget my own aches and wants and think of those of other people."

On reaching home again she took gelseminum, her favorite remedy against that shivering, which, however hard she tried to forget her own body, would keep coming; then, covering herself with her fur coat, she lay down, closing her eyes. She was seemingly asleep, so that Augustine, returning with the hundred single francs, placed them noiselessly beside the little pile of envelopes, and after looking at the white, motionless face of her mistress and shaking her own bonny head, withdrew. When she had gone, two tears came out of those closed eyes and clung on the pale cheeks below. The seeming sleeper was thinking of her children, away over there in England, her children and their children. Almost unbearably she was longing for a sight of them, not seen for so long now, recalling each face, each voice, each different way they had of saying, "Mother darling," or "Granny, look what I've got!" and thinking that if only the war would end how she would pack at once and go to them, that is, if they would not come to her for a nice long holiday in this beautiful place. She thought of spring too, and how lovely it would be to see the trees come out again, and almond blossom against a blue sky. The war seemed so long, and winter too. But she must not complain; others had much greater sorrows than she—the poor widowed women kneeling in the church; the poor boys freezing in the trenches. God in his great mercy could not allow it to last much longer. It would not be like him! Though she felt that it would be impossible to eat, she meant to force herself to make a good lunch so as to be able to go

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down as usual, and give her little presents. They would miss them so if she didn't. Her eyes, opening, rested almost gloatingly on the piles of francs and envelopes. And she began to think how she could reduce still further her personal expenditure. It was so dreadful to spend anything on oneself—an old woman like her. Doctor, indeed! If Augustine fussed any more she would send her away and do for herself! And the parrot, leaving his cage, which he could always do, perched just behind her and said: "Hullo! Kiss me, too!"

That afternoon in the wards every one noticed what a beautiful color she had. "*L'ange anglaise aux cheveux gris*" had never been more popular. One poilu, holding up his envelope, remarked to his neighbor: "*Elle verse des gouttes d' ciel, notr' 'tite gran'mè.*" To them, grateful even for those mysterious joys "cat's cradles," francs were the true drops from heaven.

She had not meant to give them all to-day, but it seemed dreadful, when she saw how pleased they were, to leave any out, and so the whole ninety-seven had their franc each. The three over would buy Augustine a little brooch to make up to the silly child for her fright in the morning. The buying of this brooch took a long time at the jeweller's in the *rue des Romains*, and she had only just fixed on an amethyst before feeling deadly ill with a dreadful pain through her lungs. She went out with her tiny package quickly, not wanting any fuss, and began to mount toward home. There were only three hundred yards to go, and with each step she said to herself: "Nonsense! What would the Queen think of you! Remember the poor soldiers with only one leg! You have got all your legs! And the poor men who walk from the battlefield with bullets through the lungs. What is your pain to theirs! Nonsense!" But the pain, like none she had ever felt —a pain that seemed to have sharp double edges like a knife, kept passing through and through her, her legs had no strength at all, and seemed to move simply because her will said: "If you don't, I'll leave you behind. So there!" She felt as if perspiration were flowing down, yet her face was as dry as a dead leaf when she put up her hand to it. Her brain stammered; seemed to fly loose; came to sudden standstills. Her eyes searched painfully each gray-shuttered window for her own house, though she knew quite well that she had not reached it yet. From sheer pain she stood still, a wry little smile on her lips, thinking how poor Polly would say: "Keep smiling!" Then she moved on, holding out her hand, whether because she thought God would put his into it or only to pull on some imaginary rope to help her. So, foot by foot, she crept till she reached her door. A most peculiar floating sensation had come over her. The pain ceased, and as if she had passed through no doors, mounted no stairs—she was up in her room, lying on her sofa, with strange images about her, painfully conscious that she was not in proper control of her thoughts, and that Augustine must be thinking her ridiculous. Making a great effort, she said:

"I forbid you to send for a doctor, Augustine. I shall be all right in a day or two, if I eat plenty of francs. And you must put on this little brooch—I bought it for you from an angel in the street. Put my fur coat on Polly—he's shivering; dry your mouth, there's a good girl. Tell my son he mustn't think of leaving the poor War Office; I shall come and see him after the war. It will be over to-morrow, and then we will all go and have tea together in a wood. Granny will come to you, my darlings."

And when the terrified girl had rushed out she thought: "There now, she's gone to get God; and I mustn't disturb him with all he has to see to. I shall get up and do for myself." When they came back with the doctor they found her half-dressed, trying to feed a perch with a spoon in the empty cage, and saying, "Kiss Granny, Polly. God is coming; kiss Granny!" while the parrot sat away over on the mantelpiece, with his head on one side, deeply interested.

When she had been properly undressed and made to lie down on the sofa, for she insisted so that she would not go to bed that they dared not oppose her, the doctor made his diagnosis. It was double pneumonia, of that sudden sort which declares for life or death in forty-eight hours.

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At her age a desperate case. Her children must be wired to at once. She had sunk back, seemingly unconscious; and Augustine, approaching the drawer where she knew the letters were kept, slipped out the lavender sachet and gave it to the doctor. When he had left the room to extract the addresses and send those telegrams, the girl sat down by the foot of the couch, leaning her elbows on her knees and her face on her hands, staring at that motionless form, while the tears streamed down her broad cheeks. For many minutes neither of them stirred, and the only sound was the restless stropping of the parrot's beak against a wire of his cage. Then her mistress's lips moved, and the girl bent forward. A whispering came forth, caught and suspended by breathless pausing:

"Mind, Augustine—no one is to tell my children—I can't have them disturbed—over a little thing—like this—and in my purse you'll find another—hundred-franc note. I shall want some more francs for the day after to-morrow. Be a good girl and don't fuss, and kiss poor Polly, and mind—I won't have a doctor—taking him away from his work. Give me my gelseminum and my prayer-book. And go to bed just as usual—we must all—keep smiling—like the dear soldiers——" The whispering ceased, then began again at once in rapid delirious incoherence. And the girl sat trembling, covering now her ears from those uncanny sounds, now her eyes from the flush and the twitching of that face, usually so pale and still. She could not follow—with her little English—the swerving, intricate flights of that old spirit mazed by fever—the memories released, the longings disclosed, the half-uttered prayers, the curious little half-conscious efforts to regain form and dignity. She could only pray to the Virgin. When relieved by the daughter of Madame's French friend, who spoke good English, she murmured desperately: "*Oh! mademoiselle, madame est très, très fatiguée—la pauvre tête—faut-il enlever les cheveux? Elle fait ça toujours pour elle-même.*" For, to the girl, with her reverence for the fastidious dignity which never left her mistress, it seemed sacrilege to divest her of her crown of fine gray hair. Yet, when it was done and the old face crowned only by the thin white hair of nature, there was that dignity still surmounting the wandering talk and the moaning from her parched lips, which every now and then smiled and pouted in a kiss, as if remembering the maxims of the parrot. So the night passed, with all that could be done for her, whose most collected phrase, frequently uttered in the doctor's face, was: "Mind, Augustine, I won't have a doctor—I can manage for myself quite well." Once for a few minutes her spirit seemed to recover its coherence, and she was heard to whisper: "God has given me this so that I may know what the poor soldiers suffer. Oh! they've forgotten to cover Polly's cage." But high fever soon passes from the very old; and early morning brought a deathlike exhaustion, with utter silence, save for the licking of the flames at the olive-wood logs, and the sound as they slipped or settled down, calcined. The firelight crept fantastically about the walls covered with tapestry of French-gray silk, crept round the screen-head of the couch, and betrayed the ivory pallor of that mask-like face, which covered now such tenuous threads of life. Augustine, who had come on guard when the fever died away, sat in the armchair before those flames, trying hard to watch, but dropping off into the healthy sleep of youth. And out in the clear, hard, shivering Southern cold, the old clocks chimed the hours into the winter dark, where, remote from man's restless spirit, the old town brooded above plain and river under the morning stars. And the girl dreamed—dreamed of a sweetheart under the acacias by her home, of his pinning their white flowers into her hair; and she woke with a little laugh. Light was already coming through the shutter chinks, the fire was but red embers and white ash. She gathered it stealthily together, put on fresh logs, and stole over to the couch. Oh! how white! how still! Was her mistress dead? The icy clutch of that thought jerked her hands up to her full breast, and a cry mounted in her throat. The eyes opened. The white lips parted, as if to smile; a voice whispered: "Now, don't be silly!" The girl's cry changed into a little sob, and bending down she

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put her lips to the ringed hand that lay outside the quilt. The hand moved faintly as if responding, the voice whispered: "The emerald ring is for you, Augustine. Is it morning? Uncover Polly's cage, and open his door."

Madame spoke no more that morning. A telegram had come. Her son and daughter would arrive next morning early. They waited for a moment of consciousness to tell her; but the day went by, and in spite of oxygen and brandy it did not come. She was sinking fast; her only movements were a tiny compression now and then of the lips, a half-opening of the eyes, and once a smile when the parrot spoke. The rally came at eight o'clock. Mademoiselle was sitting by the couch when the voice came fairly strong: "Give my love to my dear soldiers, and take them their francs out of my purse, please. Augustine, take care of Polly. I want to see if the emerald ring fits you. Take it off, please"; and, when it had been put on the little finger of the sobbing girl: "There, you see, it does. That's very nice. Your sweetheart will like that when you have one. What do you say, mademoiselle? My son and daughter are coming? All that way?" The lips smiled a moment, and then tears forced their way into her eyes. "My darlings! How good of them! Oh! what a cold journey they'll have! Get my room ready, Augustine, with a good fire! What are you crying for? Remember what Polly says: 'Keep smiling!' Think how bad it is for the poor soldiers if we women go crying! The Queen never cries, and she has ever so much to make her!"

No one could tell whether she knew that she was dying, except perhaps for those words, "Take care of Polly," and the gift of the ring.

She did not even seem anxious as to whether she would live to see her children. Her smile moved mademoiselle to whisper to Augustine: "*Elle a la sourire divine.*"

"*Ah! mademoiselle, comme elle est brave, la pauvre dame! C'est qu'elle pense toujours aux autres.*" And the girl's tears dropped on the emerald ring.

Night fell—the long night; would she wake again? Both watched with her, ready at the faintest movement to administer oxygen and brandy. She was still breathing, but very faintly, when at six o'clock they heard the express come in, and presently the carriage stop before the house. Mademoiselle stole down to let them in.

Still in their travelling coats her son and daughter knelt down beside the couch, watching in the dim candle-light for a sign and cherishing her cold hands. Daylight came; they put the shutters back and blew out the candles. Augustine, huddled in the far corner, cried gently to herself. Mademoiselle had withdrawn. The two still knelt, tears running down their cheeks. The face of their mother was so transparent, so exhausted; the least little twitching of just-opened lips showed that she breathed. A tiny sigh escaped; her eyelids fluttered. The son, leaning forward, said:

"Sweetheart, we're here."

The eyes opened then; something more than a simple human spirit seemed to look through—it gazed for a long, long minute; then the lips parted. They bent to catch the sound.

"My darlings—don't cry; smile!" And the eyes closed again. On her face a smile so touching that it rent the heart flickered and went out. Breath had ceased to pass the faded lips.

In the long silence the French girl's helpless sobbing rose; the parrot stirred uneasily in his still-covered cage. And the son and daughter knelt, pressing their faces hard against the couch.

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PRUSSIAN FRIGHTFULNESS AND THE SAVAGE MIND

By Louis H. Gray

GERMANY, dominated by Prussia, is the slave of a hybrid race, the bondmaid of a people which has usurped not merely the lands but the very name of an alien folk. The theft has succeeded well, so well that it has been forgotten by the world; and the Prussian boasts to-day that not only is he *a* German but that he is *the* German. In a sense he is right, for he is but seeking to repeat in the present war the ruthlessness and the mercilessness which he practised when first the Germans gained the mastery of the Prussians; and the world, honest in the main and wont to take men to be what they claim to be, has believed his vaunt. In a far truer sense he is wrong in his boast, and his historians must in their hearts know him to be false in it. He is not a German, he is a hybrid; and through his maleficent sway, through his strange mixture of tyranny and intrigue, he has so corrupted and perverted the sterling virtues of the true Teuton within the German Empire that for many a year the real representatives of the ancient Germans, whom a Tacitus could portray as models for the decadent days of Rome, are to be found only without its borders. Anglo-Saxon civilization is the heir of the spiritual and moral legacy of the Germany of olden days—liberty and fair play, justice, honor, and purity; German civilization has become Prussian and is no longer German.

The war has been ascribed to many causes, and most of them have indeed been very real factors, both economically and politically. But one reason for the conflict stands out above all the rest—the concept well termed Prussianism. This Prussianism it is which has given this war its distinctive characteristics. Morally the war is not remarkable because of its vast scope, nor is it noteworthy because of the racial elements struggling against each other. The world has seen these things before and has become the better through them; in all probability it will see the like again in its slow struggle upward. Neither is the war a mere struggle for liberty, dear though this be. In the last analysis we fight against a principle even more monstrous than enslavement, and this is the reason why, more than in any other war that history records, the moral force of righteousness strengthens our arms against the well-nigh overwhelming powers of wickedness.

Like some Satanic sacrament, the thing against which we battle has an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual evil. This sign is what the Prussian terms "frightfulness." He has given civilization abundant examples of what this means—murder of old men, of women, and of children; rape and pillage; arson and sacrilege; nameless mutilations; bombardments of defenseless towns and of harmless watering-places; sinking of passenger-ships and of vessels which carry the wounded or endeavor to aid the unhappy victims of his own sin; poison gas and liquid flame; attempts to disseminate germs of disease among man and beast; incitements to treason and plots against those whose bread and salt he still enjoyed—nothing too vile or too low to serve his purpose.

Much of this also the world has seen, especially in the Orient, as in the campaigns of ancient Assyria, and even in India until it came beneath the sway of Britain. But in the Orient these horrors are not part of a deliberate plan; with the Prussian they are duly considered in his latest manual of war. Perhaps we may agree with him when he protests that he is not a "barbarian" or (daring to contradict his master) a "Hun." A study of the life and customs of barbarians and of Huns will speedily and surely acquit them of the shame of being ranked with him; his protest is, in reality, an unwonted modesty!

If, then, this peculiarly Prussian conception of "frightfulness" is the unhal-

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lowed characteristic of this war; if it is this which has armed against him all the great peoples of the civilized world, and alienated from him the moral sympathy of all that is best and truest in the lesser nations; if his only followers are the unhappy Austrians—guilty and willing dupes of his guile; Hungarians and Bulgars—both in literal truth of Hunnish blood; and Turks—what is this "frightfulness"? What is its psychology and its cause? Why has it become a peculiar possession of the Prussian, and his unenviable characteristic?

The psychology of "frightfulness" is twofold. In its more obvious aspect it is a manifestation of a domineering personality, a perversion of mastership and determination—both qualities of value if rightly used. The howls and battle-garb of many true barbarians are intended to frighten their foes; it is perfectly proper to alarm one's enemy or to overawe a recalcitrant underling. Plainly, however, this is not frightfulness in the Prussian sense, and the explanation which we seek must be found elsewhere. Let us turn to primitive thought. Primitive man is wholly unable to conceive of differences of mental type; his very gods are but huge projections of himself, differing only in magnitude, not in kind. Moreover, his tribe are the only human beings who are really "men"; all other peoples are far beneath his exalted level, although—according to the savage conception of the foreigner—they may be very dangerous. From the one point of view, therefore, they should be brought under his domination; indeed, it will really be a kindness to the poor creatures to be permitted to share, as slaves, in his *Kultur*. From the second point of view the world, *i. e.*, his tribe, may as well be cleansed of their offensive presence and their possessions be seized by one who will make more worthy use of them, *i. e.*, by himself.

Nevertheless, the projection-concept persists—"As I am, so are you." Your mental processes are precisely the same as mine, though they are rather inferior, and quite perilous to me. Accordingly, what would terrify me would terrify you. If it does not do so, it ought to; and the fault lies not with my theory but with your own degraded and malignant mind—perhaps I am quite to blame for thinking you, even for an instant, on a level with my exalted self.

So primitive man reasons, and so the Prussian mind works. This is the explanation of Zeppelin raids. They would frighten the Prussian; therefore they ought to frighten the Briton. He is much puzzled because they do not do so, and his puzzlement is perfectly sincere. Admitting his premises, his logic is perfect, just as the logic of the savage always is. Perhaps nowhere is the primitiveness of the Prussian mind more clearly seen than in his blind devotion to mere logic, and nowhere does the Anglo-Saxon mind reveal its high development more plainly than in its emancipation from this slavery to a rigid form of thought.

Prussian "frightfulness," in plain words, is a revelation of fear; the Prussian is a bully, and, like all bullies, he is at heart an arrant coward. He began the war, in the last analysis, simply because he was a coward. He feared Russia, he feared Britain, he feared that he might not speedily gain the economic supremacy which he was slowly acquiring; so obsessed was he by fear that he feared his own people. Fear is the subjective factor in the psychology of "frightfulness," just as arrogance is its objective manifestation.

But why should the Prussian be so peculiarly a slave to fear? Germans are not cowards, save those that are under the Prussian yoke. Here, perhaps, lies the key to the entire riddle of the war.

When an Arab historian begins his record of his native town, he should, by strict rule, start with some account of the creation of the world. We need not go back quite so far, but we must catch a glimpse of the way in which Prussia was subdued, and see who were the peoples who once dwelt there, and who were the peoples who subdued them.

The conquerors were Germans or Teutons (the names are synonymous), a noble race in origin, but corrupted in Germany, as we shall see, by the worst that dying Rome could give. The conquered were Prussians, a primitive Balto-Slavic people, barbarians in the technical sense of the term. The fruit of the union of conquering German and conquered Prussian is still called Prussian; and thus we must constantly distinguish, in the light of his-

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tory and ethnology, between the true German, who is an honorable man, now found chiefly in Scandinavia and England, and the debased German in Germany; just as we must not confuse the true Prussian—a Balto-Slav by race—with the modern hybrid Germano-Balt who has usurped his name.

It is generally known that Prussia was conquered by the German Order of Teutonic Knights. Teutonic indeed they were, for none but Germans were deemed worthy to join their consecrated band; knights they were not, until they received, as by some Satanic jest, that white robe, marked with a Maltese cross in black, which to-day is the flag that the Prussian pirate hoists when he has stolen sufficiently close to his unsuspecting prey. "Hospitallers of Saint Mary of the Germans in Jerusalem," they dubbed themselves. The title was a lie. They were no true Crusaders, but only a few burghers from Bremen and Lübeck who built a hospital at Acre when the city was besieged by the hosts of the Saracens. They never fought for the redemption of the Holy Land; they never saw Jerusalem. Soon they found Europe more suited to their talents, and the poor barbarians of the Baltic coasts offered an easier conquest.

Thus, in the opening years of the thirteenth century, the work began. The robe of purity was soon stained with crime on crime; the Cross of Christ again and again was made a hissing and a byword among the Gentiles; and yet another sword pierced the heart of Our Lady of Sorrows as she beheld the deeds of those who had once been ministers to the sick and needy. The rape of Belgium may be full of horror, but the rape of the Baltic lands is almost as ghastly—not quite so hideous, we must admit, for the Prussian has been able to make some progress in these seven centuries.

The record of these crimes does not come from the pen of an alien and a foe, but from one of their own number, Peter of Dusburg, who completed his "Chronicle of Prussia" in 1326, and whose work his modern Prussian editor deems "the most important production of earlier Prussian history."* For Peter the conquest of Prussia was a holy war, waged for the divine glory against the "sons of Belial," the foes of God. He has no word of pity for them, no hint of a thought that, after all, they might have some rights to exist, some poor liberty to hold dear. As to the Teutonic Knights, however, their virtues are fully set forth and prefigured in Holy Writ. Their sufferings are fulfilled in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and it is they who imitate the life and doctrine of our Lord by taking up their cross and following him. Naturally, then, when they rout an army of the native Prussians and entrap it so completely that they butcher in one day more than five thousand, they cannot but return with joy, "praising the Saviour's mercy." The lands of their enemies are ravaged "by the righteous judgment of God," and Christ, "by the grace of his spirit," inspires a renegade Prussian to betray his trusting compatriots, whom the Germans murder to a man.

Nauseating and sacrilegious as this mixture of hypocrisy and blasphemy is, it is no whit worse than that which wells forth from the mouthpiece of Prussia to-day; indeed, one of the most amazing things in this war is the unspeakable perversion of the sacred name Immanuel, "God with us," a name of the Prince of Peace, into a motto to adorn the belts of those who sacked Louvain. The name of God is ever on the Kaiser's lips, and to us, "who are not on such easy terms with heaven," the horror of his blasphemy is such that we must laugh lest we go mad. Yet he and those like him are not blasphemous in their own sight; they are perfectly sincere; they fully believe what they say. It is beyond all doubt that the Kaiser is thoroughly convinced that he is the anointed of the

* With one exception, the materials for this study have been drawn exclusively from German sources. Peter of Dusburg is edited by M. Töppen in the *Scriptores rerum Prussicarum* (Leipzig, 1861–74), I, 1–219, who also edited the *De primordiis ordinis Theutonici* on the early history of the Teutonic Knights (*ib.*, I, 220–225). The same series contains the *Ermahnung des Carthäusers* (ed. T. Hirsch, *ib.*, IV, 448–465) and Andrew of Posen (ed. E. Strehlke, *ib.*, III, 428). The references to Lithuanian burial laments are to be found in Lasicius, *De diis Samagitarum* (ed. W. Mannhardt, Riga, 1868) and Dionysius Fabricius, *Livonicæ historiæ compendiosa series*, edited in the *Scriptores rerum Livonicarum* (Riga and Leipzig, 1853), II, 441–442. For the German as the devil, in modern Lithuanian folk-tales, see C. Jurkschat, *Litauische Märchen und Erzählungen* (Heidelberg, 1898), p. 51, and J. Bassanovich, in *Mitteilungen der litauischen litterarischen Gesellschaft*, II, 342 (Heidelberg, 1887). The hybridity of the modern Prussian has been demonstrated by the French anthropologist, A. de Quatrefages, in his *La Race prussienne* (Paris, 1871; English translation, London, 1872—the exception mentioned above); the psychological results of this mixture and its historical outworkings, with the parallelism between ancient and modern, seem hitherto to have received no study.

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Lord and that he honestly regards himself as divinely inspired.

But if this be not blasphemy what is it? Simply a survival of the savage mode of thought. Among primitive tribes morality, as civilization conceives it, has no relation to religion; often their very deities are to us decidedly immoral. These gods are concerned only with the welfare of the tribe which worships them. If they be honored with the proper rites, and if they be duly placated to turn their maleficence from their worshippers and to direct it against all other tribes, the tribe which adores them will prosper and gain much plunder. Such were the gods of the land which the Teutonic Knights conquered, and these gods still reign in the Prussian heart. In like manner, the divine right alleged by the German Emperor is nothing but a survival of the primitive theory of the kingship. Among savage peoples the king is often not merely divine but is himself a god dwelling on earth. The tribe depends on his strength and health, so much so that often he is solemnly slain that a new and more vigorous deity may take his place for the welfare of the people. We have some evidence to show that such a conception of the kingship was held among the pagan Prussians, and it has lingered on in the house of Hohenzollern, though all the civilized world has long outgrown it. The modern Prussian god is not God, but is merely a tribal deity of a barbarous race; and the modern priest-king of the Prussians—not only sovereign of the land but head of the Prussian church—is, from the scientific point of view, nothing but an antiquated survival of savage concepts which would be rather interesting were its consequences not so absolutely vile.

It has been observed that when the Germans in the neighborhood of Reims suffer any reverse they manifest their disapproval by an extra bombardment of the cathedral. As, by Prussian hypothesis, this cathedral is not erected to the honor of their tribal deity, we must not hastily accuse them of sacrilege; and all readers of lives of the saints will remember how pagan deities battle (happily in vain) against God. This German habit of "strafing" is no new thing. In 1239 a detachment of Teutonic Knights chanced upon a Prussian stronghold but were too few to reduce it. Being valorous men, however, they were unwilling to return empty-handed, and so, as Peter tells us, "they invaded the surrounding fields, devastating them with fire and rapine."

"Fire and rapine"—how often the phrase occurs in the old historian's pages, until it ceases to have any special meaning and is lost in the general blur of horror. We might almost as well read the story of Belgium's invasion and seek to distinguish between the iniquities committed at Dinant and Andenne.

However laudable loot and arson may be, their warmest advocates must admit that in the long run they are less remunerative than slavery. This truth has been recognized by the leading Prussian authorities in recent years. Alien children certainly should be compelled to work, and women—especially if young and not ill-favored—are of value in a number of ways. Men, unfortunately, are apt to be troublesome, so that it is perhaps best to kill them if they are recalcitrant; the same result may generally be obtained, where more convenient, by overwork and undernourishment. The Teutonic Knights, in their righteous enlightenment, also realized these facts and acted upon their knowledge. In 1255 the worthy commendator of Königsberg merely reduced the stronghold of Capostete to ashes, killed and captured many men there and in the vicinity, and devastated the whole territory with fire and rapine; but by the following year he had made some advancement, for he now slew a Prussian kinglet, with his two sons and many others, after which he "carried off his wife and all his household with women and children, together with other booty." The fate of such human "booty," augmented by many similar exploits, was scarcely one to be envied, and its offspring is at once the source and the cause of the peculiar "frightfulness" of modern Prussia. But of this more anon.

Treachery of the basest sort was common, and the traitor's help was as welcome to the German then as now. The renegade Steynow betrayed his suzerain to the Teutonic Knights, and the unhappy wretch was seized, dragged to Königsberg, and hanged. Another petty chief-

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tain of a Prussian tribe sought refuge from the invaders in the wilds, where he might live in peace; but while his fellow exiles were hunting he was discovered by his foes, whereat "they rejoiced greatly, and, haling him to a tree, they hanged him; and when he was hanged they pierced him with the sword." But one touch is needed to make the tale quite modern—the victim was not crucified, and no mention is made of some tortured beast to keep him company. Some doubt attaches to a third victim of treachery, the Prussian kinglet Pipin. Peter tells us that he was merely dragged at a horse's tail and hanged; but another document, almost of the same antiquity, declares that his belly was opened at the navel, and when this had been fastened to a tree he was forced to encircle it until he was disembowelled. This mode of punishing the heinous crime of non-submission to Germany is perhaps unknown to-day, although it is recorded among the pagan Prussians; but we may quickly return to familiar ground. Perhaps we may not fairly rehearse the exploits of the freebooter Martin, who stole the weapons of his sleeping foes and then slaughtered them in their beds, for freebooting is sternly reprobated by modern Prussianism—when practised by others than Prussians. But, at all events, no dubiety attaches to the meritorious act of Brother Volrad Mirabilis, who, after a brawl with some Prussian guests, invited them and a number of others to a castle, got them intoxicated, locked the door upon them, and, setting fire to the castle, burned them to death. In the light of such heroic exploits we can readily understand the joy with which, on another occasion, the Germans learned that "in all the army of the infidels there were no arms or anything else with which they might defend themselves," whereupon "they rushed upon them and killed them all without any defense." Similar exploits by the Prussians were, of course, "crafty" and inspired by "the enemy of all peace."

The unhappy "hostages" of Belgium and northern France have their precise counterparts in these ancient days. When the Prussians succeeded in killing two champions of the Knights, the Germans promptly took reprisal by hanging thirty captives, whom they held as hostages, in the sight of their fellow countrymen. This episode, however, was very inartistic when compared with the heroism of the Knights of Helisbergk. Escaping from the castle in which they were besieged, they sought refuge in Elbing, where they promptly tore out the eyes of twelve Prussian hostages and sent the blinded heathen to their kinsmen.

Such was the German mode of warfare seven hundred years ago. Of the Teuton portrayed by Cæsar, by Tacitus, and by Pomponius Mela, only the worst qualities had survived—love of war for war's sake, passion for freebooting, pride in laying waste all neighboring lands; it is the spirit which manifests itself to-day in the devastation of northern France. It is not a mere temporary impulse which leads the German to hack down fruit-trees and to destroy farmhouses; neither is it military necessity. It is simply and solely that his mind, essentially infantile and undeveloped, has never been able to outgrow the moral level of his savage forebears. His noblest trait, his passion for liberty, still lives, but not in Germany, for many centuries ago it was exiled from its native home and found a happier abode in England, the cradle of all true freedom.

This exile of liberty, however, was not due to German degeneracy from an old and noble type so much as to the legalistic spirit of the Roman Empire. The unimaginative systematization of the Roman mind appealed to the savage love of logic in the primitive barbarians of Germany. The brutality of the Romans, too—especially of Rome's foreign mercenaries—was something that they could comprehend and which they could respect. They could accept the Roman Code, which the truer and purer Teutons in England have steadfastly rejected to this day. England ranks liberty and justice above system; Germany, like a child, must have a fixed norm, hedged about with precept and with penalty, for otherwise she cannot conceive what there is to which she should render obedience. Here, as in so much else, she denies the divine to grovel before an idol made by man.

The Romanized German fought against other barbarians who could at least match his vileness, though they could scarcely surpass it. It is, however, possible that they were fortunate enough to teach him

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the noble arts of impaling infants, raping nuns, murdering priests, destroying churches and monasteries, and defiling sacred vestments and chalices. Did we not know that Germany always claims to have invented her own peculiar virtues, among which we may fairly reckon the desecration of the tombs of the dead in territories which she temporarily holds, we should be pained at the ingratitude with which she has ignored her debt to the pagan Prussians. Yet their degeneracy amply merits oblivion, though the impartial historian must record the darkness as well as the light. How low these pagans were in the eleventh century may be seen in the pages of Adam of Bremen, who describes them as "most humane men, who haste to help them that are imperilled by sea or attacked by pirates." In his lamentable (and almost culpable) ignorance of the rudiments of *Kultur*, Adam fails to condemn them for this mawkish and probably hypocritical sentimentality, which still characterizes the English and their allies; and he blames them merely for persecuting those who would preach to them the faith of Christ. On the other hand, Peter tells us that when the first bishop of Prussia, the Cistercian monk Christian, began his labors among them, "though they were unbelievers and honored divers gods, nevertheless they kept the peace with their Christian neighbors; neither did they hinder them in the worship of the living God, nor molest them in any way." The molestation, indeed, came from the Germans, whose policy of peaceful penetration, practised even then, roused the fear and the jealousy of the native Prussians, whose resistance gave a convenient pretext for beginning against them a war of conquest which was to last for a century and crush them forever.

These native Prussians, of whom we have so often spoken, belonged to an entirely different race. They were, by race, language, and religion closely akin to the Slavs; and their nearest modern representatives are the Lithuanians. Their religion has long since vanished, and the last person who spoke the native Prussian tongue died in 1677. In origin they were ultimately Asiatic, not European like the Teutons; and a few centuries before our era they seem to have reached the Baltic shores. "Warlike, free, unsubdued, savage, and cruel"—such is the earliest characterization of them that we have, written by Pomponius Mela in 40 or 44 A. D. If, as we have reason to suppose, they formed part of the Scyths of classic fame, we may readily believe that they possessed just these qualities. But exactly as the German was contaminated by the degenerate Roman, so the Baltic Prussian was mixed with the Esthonian, a Mongol in origin, and the kinsman of those glorious allies of the Kaiser, the Turk and the Bulgar. Thus history moves in a circle, and the Prussian reverts to kind.

Such were the ingredients of the witches' caldron—Romanized Teuton and Mongolized Slav. Satan himself could scarcely desire more. For almost a century the war was waged, carried on with a ruthlessness and a frightfulness which was to remain unparalleled, even in attempt, for seven hundred years. The Prussians were not merely conquered, they were crushed; and the Teutonic Knights were followed by German secular lords and a multitude of the baser sort. As we have seen, the invaders slew what men they could—save the traitors whom they bought and raised to worthy honor—and took the women and children as slaves.

Thus was born the hybrid and the mongrel that, for lack of a fitting appellation, we call the Prussian. Master and slave, brutal conqueror and crushed serf—this solves the riddle of the Prussian mind, and now we can understand his traits. Domineering to inferiors, servile to superiors; cruel to the foe, regardless of truth; contemptuous of honor, lustful of dominion; unscrupulous and crafty, yet stupid and narrow; ignorant of fair play, whining when beaten; seeking—too often with success—by arrogance and by intrigue to debauch the noble and the unsuspecting to their own abyss of moral perversion; allies of the base and enemies of the upright; the vices of master and slave, with the virtues of neither—such was the inevitable offspring of so unhallowed a union, though for a time the monstrosity was veiled from the civilized world by a tenuous mantle of refinement which came from France with Huguenot exiles, and, it may well be, from the shallow philanthropy and deism of Rousseau and Voltaire.

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But something more than slavery was the fruit of this wedlock. Fear was born in the Prussian mind, where fear had never dwelt before. Fear of the slave for his master, fear of the master for his slave, fear of one's own household, fear of his neighbor and fear of his kin, fear of his friend and fear of his foe, a fear that became an obsession, imagining enemies where there were none. Fear begat "frightfulness," and "frightfulness" begat fear, on and on in vicious circle, until hallucination and obsession became mania and madness.

Old foes of England fight on her side to-day—Boers and Irish, French and Scots; at last America has heard her mother's call, though too long the daughter's ears were stopped. Does Prussia win such love? What was the German rule in Prussia itself? "They seek goods and lands rather than the Christian creed," the pagan Prussians kept from knowledge of the true faith lest by their observance of it their masters might be deprived of some little gain, irreligion among the rulers and decay among the priesthood, perjury, immorality, murder, usury, treachery rife throughout the land—this was Prussia in 1427, as a Carthusian monk described it to the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, and as Andrew, Bishop of Posen, saw it in 1410. Two centuries later we catch a fleeting glimpse of the love that the rule of the hybrid had won. It is a pagan Lithuanian funeral. The dead man's body is bathed, clad in his humble finery, and laid to rest. He has food and drink for his journey to the other world, an axe in case of need, and a coin or two. But, however they whom he has left behind may mourn him, they envy him, for, happier than they, he has escaped at last from German domination. No longer is he a slave like them, and while they lament their "bitter bondage and the impious yoke of their lords," they can at least bid him a happy farewell: "Depart, poor wretch, from this state of affairs to a better world, where no longer shall the Germans rule thee, but thou shalt rule the Germans." Even to-day the hatred smoulders in Lithuania, where folk-tales tell how, whenever the devil takes human guise, he appropriately appears as a German.

Conceived in greed and born in crime, nurtured in cruelty and grown great in robbery, this hideous and incongruous hybrid of Roman and German, of Slav and Mongol, has flourished like the green bay-tree. But on its heart has ever been the worm whose name is Fear; and Fear, whereby it thought to rule the world, is become its Nemesis. The Prussian has sinned, deliberately, consciously, and scientifically. His sin has brought him worldly gain, and were it not for fear he would be well content. But sin is bought for a price, and that price is moral death—it is damnation both in this world and in the world to come, unless there be true repentance and all possible reparation. For worldly gain the Prussian has stunted his own soul. We have seen what he is ethnologically and historically. Ethically he is a moral imbecile, an arrested development, a savage in civilization's garb, and even the garb he has stolen. Like the savage, he is imitative, not inventive; like the savage, he is boastful and cunning. Among the nations he is precisely what the type of morally imbecile but intellectually educated criminal is among individuals. If this were all, we might forgive, though for the welfare of society the imbecile must be segregated from the sane. But the peculiar horror of his iniquity is that the imbecility is voluntary and self-induced. "There is a sin unto death"—so writes Saint John, the beloved disciple, who had leaned on the Master's bosom—"I do not say that he shall pray for it."

From the wider point of view this war is but an episode in the age-long struggle between good and evil, between God and the devil. The end was foreseen almost two thousand years ago by the seer on lonely Patmos. By reason of our human limitations we must battle with earthly weapons against the hosts of evil, and must labor for our salvation. It is meet and right so to do, else we could scarce retain our self-respect; but the Cross of Saint George, floating over the Holy City, redeemed at last from the unbeliever, is to us a sign and a symbol of what shall soon come to pass, if only we be constant and perform our share of the divine covenant. *Sursum corda*——

> "God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world."

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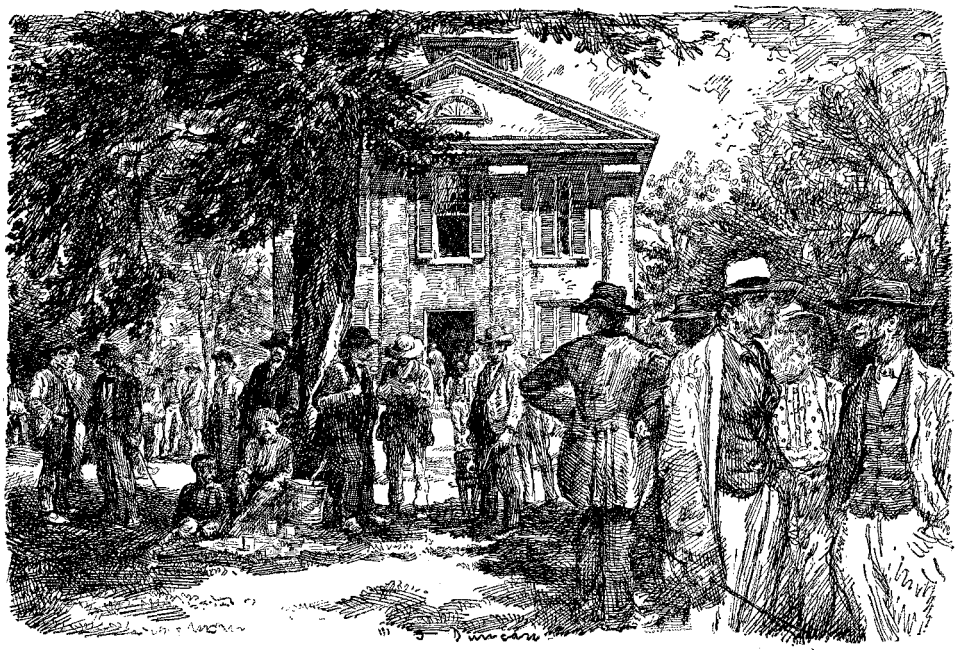

Circuit Court in session at a mountain county-seat.

THE WOMEN ON TROUBLESOME

By William Aspenwall Bradley

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

THERE are still places in the Kentucky Cumberlands like Kipling's "East of Suez." Not many years ago the little town of Hindman, in Knott County, at the forks of Troublesome, was one of these—noted for "the meanness of the manœuvres of the citizens." Such government as existed was often a government of outlaws for outlaws. Shortly after the town was started, some thirty years ago, Claib Jones, coming over from the Beaver Creek country, got himself elected jailer, turned the log jail into a fortress by cutting loopholes between the logs, and armed his "prisoners." Later, both this building and the court-house were burned in the course of the fierce feuds with which the town was torn, and the schoolmaster was more than once forced to sit up all night with his rifle across his knee to keep the school from sharing the same fate.

During the session of Circuit Court, which was held four times a year and lasted a week, the school was always closed, and the older boys, given shotguns, were sent out to patrol the streets thronged with long-haired desperadoes. During this prolonged reign of terror armed bands would frequently ride in and shoot up the town, while "good citizens" took to the hills, and women, grabbing their children, sought shelter under beds and houses.

"Whar d'ye think you've come?" asked a woman of a preacher who came to hold a service in a similar community. "This air the hell o' Kaintucky! They hain't nothin' but a whoop and a shout,

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and a shot, and a cuss-word along this here branch all night!"

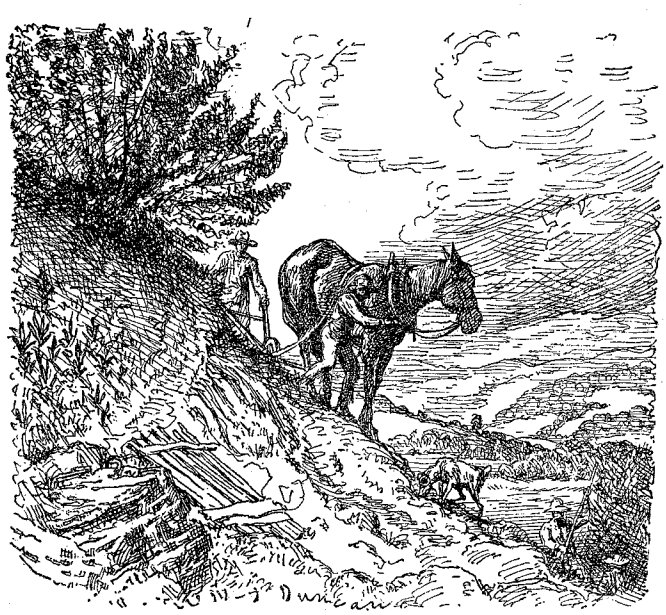
It was to a similar centre of excitement at the forks of Troublesome that two remarkable women from the "old settlements" came in the summer of 1900. One of them, Miss Katherine Pettit, of Lexington, had made her first visit to the mountains just five years before. Her motive at that time had been mere curiosity. It was in 1895, when the papers of the entire country were filled with sensational accounts of the French-Eversole feud at Hazard, in Perry County, and she was eager to see what sort of place it was, in her own supposedly civilized commonwealth, where the people seemed to spend most of their time trying to shoot one another from ambush. So she organized a party of women and rode up with them into that wild and remote region on horseback.

Whatever romantic notions they may have had concerning the haunts of these fierce "highlanders" were soon dispelled. They found Hazard a straggling village that lay along the edge of low cliffs above the mud-flats of the shallow Kentucky River, and the families of the feudsters—Americans of unimpeachable pedigree, descendants of pioneer woodsmen and Revolutionary soldiers speaking the language of Shakespeare and singing old ballads straight from the pages of Percy's "Reliques"—living for the most part in the crude pioneer conditions of a hundred years earlier.

They arrived just too late to see the smoke curling from the muzzles of the guns that laid low the last important leader of the Eversole faction and thus ended the feud. But the town was still in a state of intense excitement from the assassinations and the pitched battles in the streets, and the people, naturally shy, were inclined to look askance at strangers. At the "hotel" the landlady said she was sick and did not want to take them. But she finally agreed to let them have rooms if they would do their own cooking.

One morning, while they were thus busily engaged, a woman slipped into the kitchen and stood some time watching them make biscuit. Presently she ventured timidly to ask them a question. Receiving little attention, she turned to go, saying:

"Well, we allowed that you uns as knowed how had come to show us uns as don't, but you hain't."



"When I was jest a chunk of a boy . . . hoein' corn on the steep mountainside."—Page 317.

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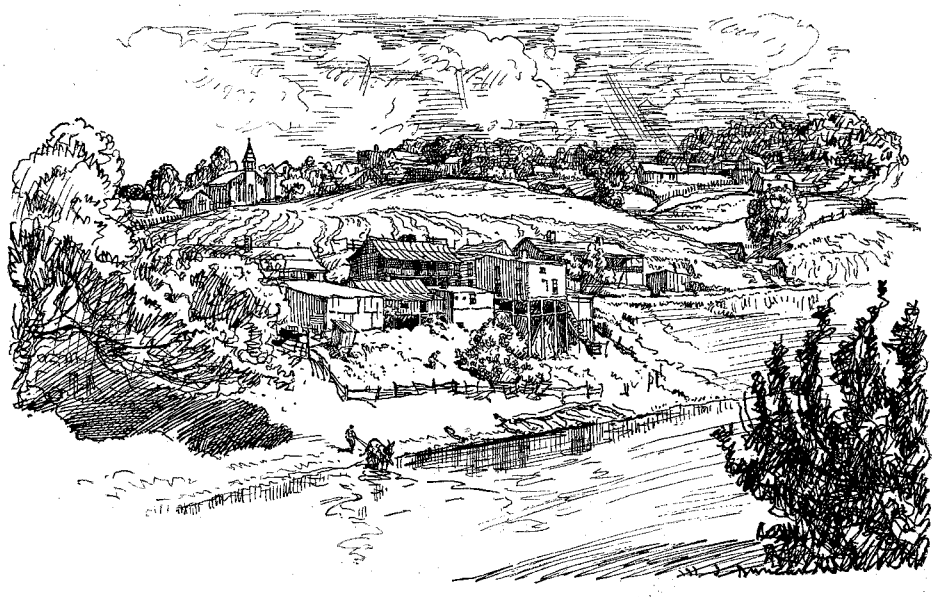
That was the call that came to these women of the rich and aristocratic "Blue Grass" on their "road to Damascus." It had never occurred to them before that they might do anything to alleviate the poverty and suffering that so appalled them. Now their idle curiosity which had brought them to the mountains was suddenly transformed into an intense desire to render some assistance. And one of them, at least—Miss Pettit—returned home with a strong resolve to bring aid from her own people in the "level country" to the mountain remnants of that old pioneer race from which they themselves were descended.



A mountain county-seat—Jackson, Breathitt County.
("Bloody Breathitt") on the north fork of the Kentucky River.

It was, however, not until 1899—four years later—that she was able to accomplish anything. Then she went back to Hazard, under the auspices of the Kentucky State Federation of Women's Clubs, with a staff of helpers,* to inaugurate the first experiment in rural settlement work ever made in this country—or anywhere else in the world, for that matter. It was so successful that the fame of "the women," or "the quare women," as they at once came to be called, rapidly spread abroad and attracted visitors from distant parts of the mountains.

Among these was a man eighty years old, who had walked all the way from Hindman, twenty-five miles beyond Hazard, in the remote back country. Uncle Solomon Everidge deserves to hold an honorable place in any account of the awakening of eastern Kentucky. In appearance he conformed to the old hunter and trapper type even then fast disappearing from the mountains. He wore homespun trousers and a white home-woven shirt of flax, and he was both bare-headed and barefooted—peculiarities of attire that he explained on the ground that "the Lord had given him plenty ha'r, so he didn't need no hat," while his heels were so hard he could crush chestnuts out of the burr without feeling it!

For the rest, his aspect was patriarchal and imposing. He was tall, straight, and still strong-looking. He had a massive head, with thick white hair and heavy eyebrows, under which his fine dark eyes shone out with an expression of remarkable intelligence and nobility.

"When I was jest a chunk of a boy

* Of whom the chief was Miss May Stone, of Louisville, then secretary of the Federation, and now one of the committee in charge of the Hindman school.

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livin' on Troublesome," he said, "and hoein' corn on the steep mountainside, I'd look up Troublesome and down Troublesome, and wonder if anybody'd ever come in and larn us anything. But nobody ever come in, and nobody ever went out, and we jest growed up and never knowed nothin'. I never had a chanst to larn anything myself, but I got chillern and grandchillern jest as bright as other folkses', and I want 'em to have a chanst."

Shut off from the rest of the world, amid its maze of mountain ranges and narrow, winding valleys.—Page 320.

It was to get them this chance that the old man had taken his long walk from "yon side the mountain."

"Times is a-gittin' wuss and wuss," he continued. "When I was a boy I was purty bad. The next gineration was wusser." Then, pointing to a baby whose mother, standing near by, was fanning it with a white turkey wing, he asked: "What will this gineration be unless you women come to Hindman and help us?"

When he returned he got those of his neighbors who could to write and make the same demand. All winter "the women" were bombarded by these letters. The appeal was irresistible. They yielded. And the following summer they set forth for Hindman.

II

It is a journey of nearly fifty miles from Jackson, Breathitt County (then the end of the railroad), to the forks of Troublesome, and the roads were terrible. Except where they crossed the steep divides by sharply ascending and descending trails, they lay right in the bed of the shallow streams, over black seams of coal in broad ledges of crumbling shale, and were strewn with mighty boulders. Between the steep mountain walls covered with waving corn-fields, and through the deep forests of oak, poplar, beech, and hemlock, "the women" travelled slowly in springless wagons that bumped heavily along and became mired from time to time in deep mud-holes or treacherous quicksands. The trip took two days, and they spent the night on the road in a house where a young girl held a smoking lamp for them while they undressed.

Circuit Court was in session when they arrived, and the court-house was crowded

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with men listening to a political speech. A boy ran in.

"The women who are aimin' to live in tents all summer are comin' over the hill!" he cried.

Then the preacher explained to the people who they were and why they were coming.

"That's the best news we've ever heard in Hindman!" shouted a mountaineer, throwing his broad black Stetson up into the air, and he received more applause than the political speaker.

"You gals ain't aimin' to live in them cloth houses, air ye?" a man inquired anxiously when he saw the tents "the women" had occupied the preceding summer at Hazard. "Hit don't look like hit would be safe, nohow, the way the bullets comes a-flyin' round here sometimes."

But they pitched their camp high above town on a steep hillside, and there nights, as they tried to sleep, the sound of shooting would reach them from the street below, mingled at times with that of shouting from the church.

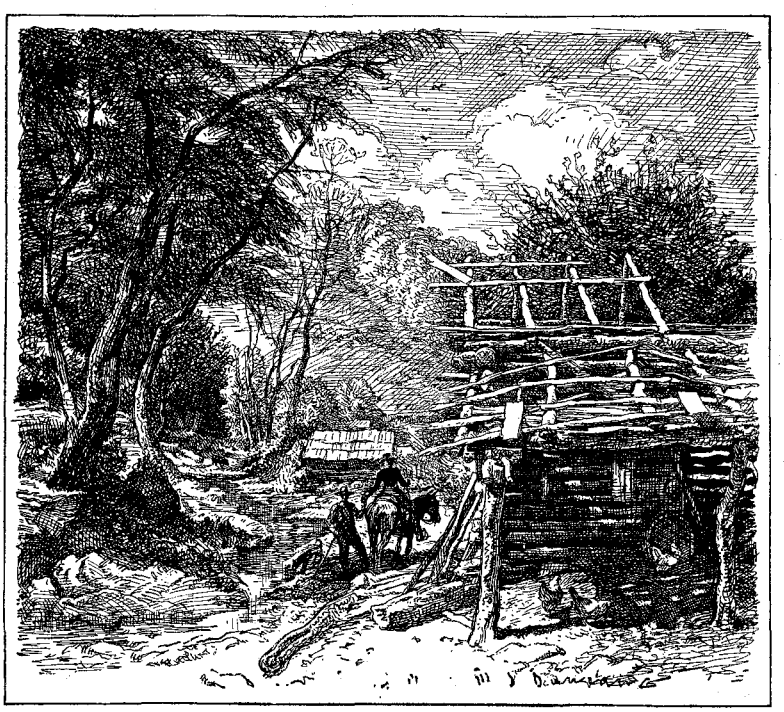
One morning a dozen young men climbed the hill to the camp. Some carried rifles, the rest revolvers in their shoulder holsters. Their spokesman stepped forward when he saw Miss Pettit standing in the entrance to a tent.

"Uncle Solomon says you women hope to have a peaceful summer," he said, somewhat sheepishly. "Well, we fellers allowed we'd see you had peace, if hit took steel bullets to git hit!"

Henceforth the dozen constituted a bodyguard for "the women" and accompanied them everywhere. Yet several of these chivalrous protectors were taken away before the end of the summer to an adjoining county to be tried for participation in Kuklux raids, and still more were obliged to spend a good share of their time in the town jail, where there was often fierce fighting among the youthful prisoners.

III

"THE women" soon found that the violence was only one side of the story, and by no means the darkest. In their



Cabins in the creek bottom.

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A straggling mountain village street.

trips through the country they found much neglect and suffering. Shut off from the rest of the world, amid its maze of mountain ranges and narrow, winding valleys, for more than a century, this primitive pioneer country, settled by men and women who, with rifle and frying-pan, followed in the footsteps of Boone and his companions, had never recovered from the ravages of the Civil War. Since then it had suffered still further from the ruthless exploitation of its natural resources by the outsider, so that the people, utterly impoverished and cut off from all contact with the currents of modern progress, had become socially and economically disorganized.

Owing in part to the rapid increase in numbers, but even more to the extinction of game and the exhaustion of the soil, the principal problem had become that of overcrowding. "The women," curious to know where all the children who found their way to the settlement camp came from, explored the country thoroughly. They soon discovered that every creek at all capable of growing corn (the one staple product) had a population far in excess of its power to support, and that many of these people, with all their pride of race, traditions of sterling patriotism, and remnants of an older civilization and culture, were crowded into one and two room cabins, sometimes without windows.*

Here and there, in odd volumes unearthed in humble homes, "the women" found evidences that some, at least, of

* On one "branch," three miles long, they visited thirteen houses, with a total of ninety-six people, of whom sixty-seven were children.

"Stringtown."

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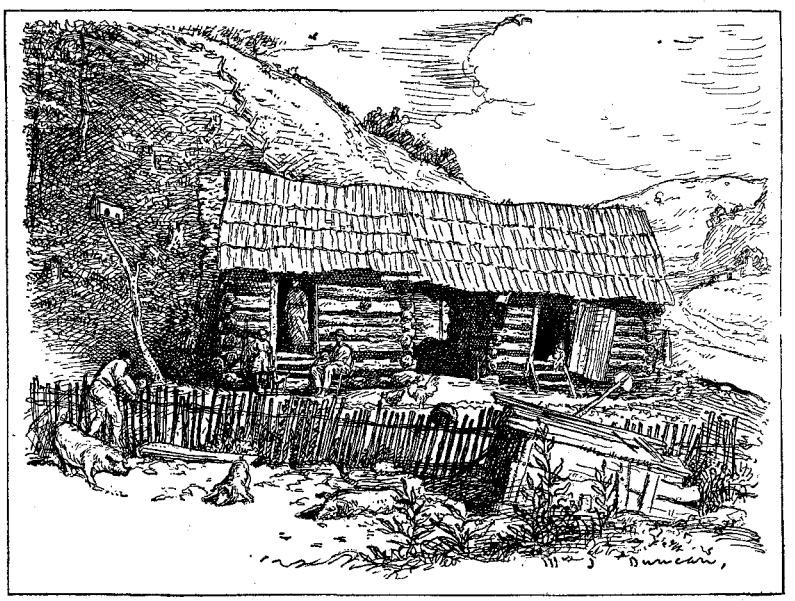
the early settlers had been men of a certain education and even crude literary culture. But in the course of time, although vague traditions of scholarship remained in an occasional family, every trace of "book learning" was lost, and few of the older people could either read or write. There was some improvement among the children in this respect. But in most of the country schools they visited the teachers were incompetent and the teaching was listless and perfunctory.

Narrow and dogmatic, interested only in "searching the mysteries of the Scriptures," or in violent controversies over subtle points of doctrine, most of the preachers were as unlettered and superstitious as their humblest auditors, though often possessing shrewd wit and native eloquence.

"The women" attended a "funeral meeting,"† held on the edge of a creek beneath the shade of a great beech, where the people stood about in groups or sat



Poorer and more primitive type of log house with "dog run" and without windows.

The moral and religious training of the young was almost entirely neglected. The preachers nearly all belonged to the Old Regular Baptist Church, a "primitive" sect, which regarded it as sinful to pay its preachers, to conduct Sunday-schools,* or to support missionary societies, yet tolerated sundry evil practices—such as the manufacture and sale of "moonshine"—among its own members and did little to improve the moral and social standards. There was little or no social life, because parents of the better class objected to having their children attend the "gatherings," which so often ended in drinking and shooting.

* One father actually threatened to shoot his children if they attended Sunday-school.

in rows on rude sapling benches. This was regarded as a great social event. The women came dressed in their best clothes. The men talked politics or swapped horses. The young people sauntered on the outskirts in couples or companies, while one boy went about through the crowd peddling the "moonshine" with which he had filled his saddle-pockets.

In the front row, facing the preacher, sat the "bereaved widder" and his second wife, whom he had married just four months after the death of the first. They were both under one torn umbrella, which she held while she fanned him with his hat.

† There is a distinction between a "funeral" and a "burying" in the mountains. The former is more in the nature of a memorial service, and may be held at any time after the death of the deceased.

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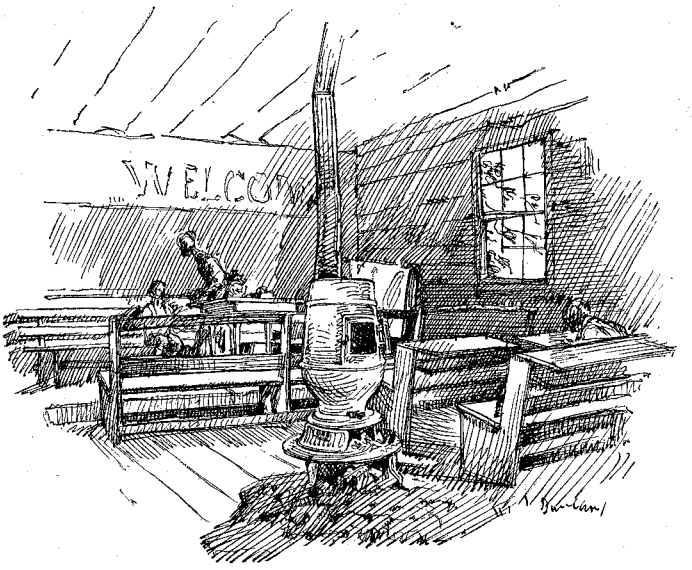
Sometimes he placed his elbows on his knees and held his head in his hands. Then he rested his head on her shoulder, while they both wept.

"My neighbors and my neighbors' children," the long-haired, patriarchal preacher, one of the most popular in the country, began in trembling tones and uncertain accents, "we have met upon a funeral occasion. May our meetin' be done in decency and good order, and now let us draw in the wanderin' and scatterin' parts of our minds. Let us be unstripped of self and cyarnality, people under the shadow of my voice."



Interior of a log schoolhouse in the back country.

For fully an hour he offered consolation to the bereaved, discoursed on the mysteries of immortality and the resurrection, and uttered dark warnings to his hearers on the consequences of their sinful courses. Once he stopped short, with an apology, to remove his coat. Then he searched through all his pockets for a big black silk handkerchief to mop his moist brow. Resuming, he promised to speak only a few minutes longer, but kept on for nearly another hour, losing himself in a flood of bizarre mystical metaphors:

"I believe religion can be tasted and felt," he shouted. "When the golden bowl overflowed, it emptied into the golden candlestick through the golden pipe, and did not rust. May God dig about our hearts with the maddock of his love and break up the fiery ground to take root downward and bring forth fruit upward."

Then, suddenly, coming abruptly to an end, he exclaimed:

"I lied to you before when I said I aimed to quit; but now I aim to set down and let Brother Blank preach!"

IV

The sad disintegration of mountain society rendered all the more striking to "the women" the splendid personal qualities of the mountain people—their scrupulous honesty, their instinctive courtesy, their proud hospitality to strangers, and, above all, their pathetic eagerness to "get education" for their children. Bad as Knott County was in those days, one could not say of it as of a certain notorious American municipality, that it was "corrupt and contented." These scions of a superb stock were victims of circumstances rather than of their own undisciplined passions, which were the result,

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not a cause, of their economic condition. They never, even at their worst moments, lost a sense of the destiny which had been denied them, of the heritage which, here in what had once been the wilderness, their fathers had somehow forfeited. Elements of intellectual unrest, of moral idealism, were still latent among them, and had already begun to assert themselves—to seek, through a few exceptional men and women, some way out of the miserable *impasse*. And it was upon these that "the women" counted to aid them in their struggle to rescue this flotsam and jetsam of a submerged race.

Lanky Lincoln may still be seen among the young men who teach school in the mountains.

It had formed no part of the original intention of Miss Stone and Miss Pettit to start a regular school in the mountains. A permanent home for settlement work, and a certain amount of industrial education, especially among the women, whose harsh lot and narrow outlook won them the especial sympathy of their own sex—this had been the height of their modest ambition. But they soon saw the necessity of establishing at some point an educational institution combining academic and industrial training with various forms of social service.

The second summer the citizens begged them to start such a school at Hindman. To their objection that they didn't know how to teach, the men said:

"You'll know how to get somebody who does!"

"But we have no money."

"Go out and tell the world about our needs," the citizens persisted. "Tell anything you want, but get us a school, and don't start it anywhere but here."

So they went out that winter and told of the needs of the mountain people of Hindman. In April they returned with enough money to buy the old school building. With this was included about an acre of land. An old rough plank cottage adjoining was rented as a residence for the workers. The people themselves raised seven hundred dollars, and with this sum an additional three acres was added to the school property.

Where everything needed has either to be created on the spot or else brought in . . . at incredible labor and expense.—Page 325.

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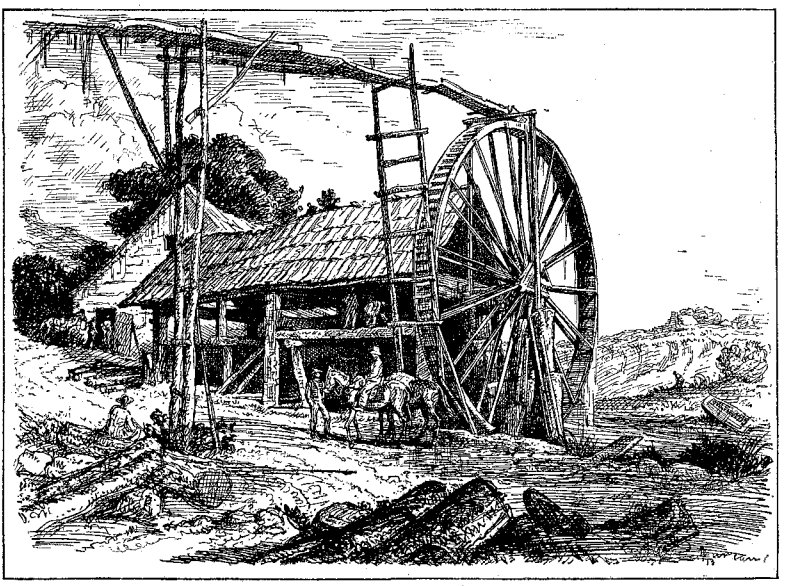
That was just fifteen years ago. Today the equipment consists of one hundred and twenty-five acres, a schoolhouse, a power-house, a hospital, a central building containing laundry, kitchen, dining-room, and girls' dormitory, and a number of other buildings, including the biggest and best barn in the mountains, with a silo. Instead of the mere handful of house students with which the work started, so that their children could attend the day-school, and one man actually traded his farm for a wagon and a pair of mules in order to make the move!

Barefoot boys and girls of all ages came walking in from miles around, begging to be allowed to work their way. A few were taken on this basis, but innumerable applications had to be refused, and ever since the school has



A type of mountain mill-wheel.

there are now more than a hundred in the school "home," and there is a staff of eighteen trained teachers and settlement workers.

The school* was a success from the very first. The news of the wonderful new opportunity that had come to the mountains spread like wildfire, and there was scarcely a corner in six counties it did not penetrate. Every rough mountain trail, every winding waterway, became a royal road to learning to these mountaineers, who had so long been deprived of their intellectual birthright. Whole families moved into Hindman from the remote back country, had a waiting-list as long as that of a fashionable boarding-school in New England!

V

Let it not be thought, however, that all this was achieved without great effort and even without great opposition. Mr. John Fox, Jr., who describes the school (though he does not give its name) in his fine novel, "The Heart of the Hills," calls his heroine of humanitarian romance "Saint Hilda," after the Saxon nun who led her band to the wild Yorkshire coast. For, as he says, "she had gone back to the physical life of the pioneers, she had encountered the customs and sentiments of mediæval days, and no abbess of those days, carrying light into dark places,

*Its official title is the Hindman Settlement School of Hindman, Kentucky, and it depends entirely upon voluntary subscriptions for its support. Miss May Stone and Miss Ruth Huntington are the present committee in charge, Miss Katherine Pettit having left to establish a similar school at Pine Mountain, in Harlan County, Kentucky.

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needed more courage and devotion to meet the hardships, sacrifice, and prejudice that she had overcome."

It is difficult to give any adequate idea of what it means to start a school in a primitive and undeveloped country which is still in the pioneer stage of civilization, and where everything needed has either to be created on the spot or else brought in from the outside at incredible labor and expense.* As the crowds of children from the back country clamored for admittance new buildings had to be erected as rapidly as possible. Day after day through the dead of winter the workers walked and rode up and down the deep ravines and over the heavily wooded mountains, to select and measure the

View of Hindman, in the valley of Troublesome, with the schoolhouse and settlement building that were burned.

* The fifty-mile trip from Jackson to Hindman took five days for a load of freight weighing fifteen hundred pounds, at the rate of one dollar a hundred.

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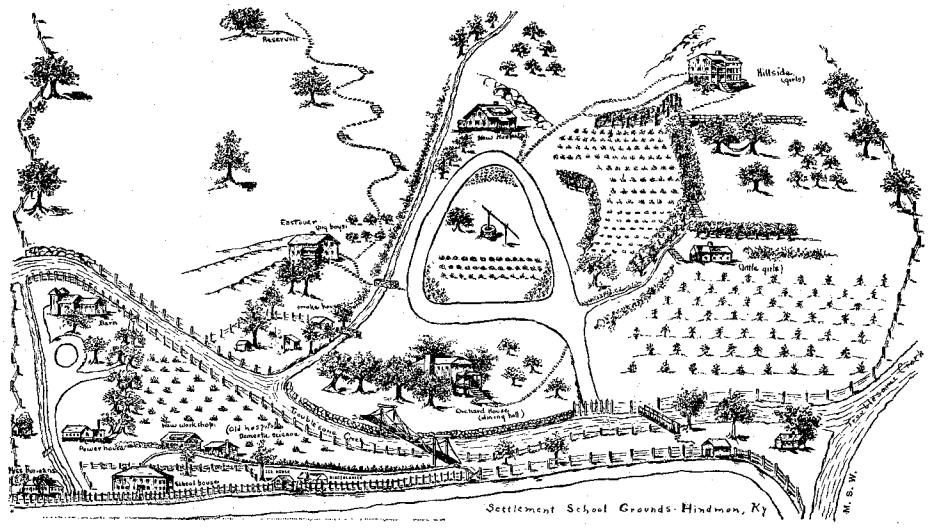
trees which must be cut before the sap began to rise, toward the end of January. While the men felled them and pitted the logs, "the women" themselves went back and forth, leading a team of mules, driving a yoke of oxen, or carrying a crosscut saw, broadaxe, or cant-hook on horseback from one force of workmen to another, because if they did not do these

had persisted against the school from its foundation, among the more ignorant and narrow-minded mountaineers, because it was a "women's school," and against its founders because they were "fotch-on" women and "furriners." For, as one man who had frequently asserted that "no woman is fit to teach school, anyway," now declared:



Settlement school grounds, Hindman, Kentucky.

things some man must stop his work, and that would mean delay.

Then when the logs had been hauled down from the hillsides and piled high in the school yard, a sawmill was brought in and the work of construction began. It went forward with a rush. Steam was got up every morning before dawn and the sawing began by daylight. Over fifty men and boys often worked until long after dark. So the logs went rapidly from saw to planer, from planer to wall. Sometimes, when the material was assembled, they had an old-fashioned "log-raising," when the fathers came to help the boys "lift the house" and the mothers cooked the dinner for all hands in great iron kettles hung out under the trees.

The skill shown by "the women" in the construction of these buildings gradually overcame much of the prejudice that

"If them women kin teach school as good as they kin build log houses, they're sure all right!"

But, above all, it was the disasters that from time to time threatened the settlement with total destruction that succeeded in winning the entire confidence and support of the community. Twice, when practically the entire settlement has been wiped out by fire, the citizens have rallied wonderfully to its aid, furnishing food and clothing out of their own scant stores for the workers and taking them into their own crowded homes. The second time, in particular, showed the hold "the women" had gained upon the hearts of the "highlanders." It was feared that the former would now discontinue the school or transfer it to another locality, a number of other counties having offered special inducements. So a mass-meeting was called in the court-house on two

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hours' notice, and in a few minutes those who, eight years before, had been able to contribute only seven hundred dollars to start the school, now raised six thousand dollars in cash and labor for the work of rebuilding.

Nor was this all. As soon as the meeting was adjourned, riders were despatched throughout the country to collect money from those who had not been able to attend. If they proved at all recalcitrant, they were reminded in forcible terms of the benefits they had received, directly or indirectly, from the coming of "the women," and were thus shamed into making a liberal contribution. At the same time a committee met to assess former citizens who had left the country. *Drafts on these were actually drawn up, signed with their names, and presented at the local bank, which honored them without a question. And it is said that not one refused to recognize the obligation thus involuntarily incurred.*

Hundreds of boys like this one are waiting for places in the Hindman school to-day.

VI

"Ten years ago, when I met you women," a mountain preacher wrote to Miss Pettit in 1912, "and you told me you had decided to have a school in Hindman, I thought to myself: 'A failure. What can those women do with eight stills in a circle of five miles of Hindman?' In five years you could not get whiskey in Hindman for anything, and no violence was used. People saw something better and took advantage of it."

Certainly no people ever responded more promptly to an opportunity thus offered them. Recently the Circuit Court judge, in his charge to the grand jury, said that while Knott County was formerly one of the most lawless in the State, it now sent fewer to the penitentiary than any other, and had not had a homicide in eight years. This remarkable change he attributed almost entirely to the influence of the school.

It has, indeed, accomplished much toward the moral and social betterment of the community. It has discouraged criminal disorder by fostering a better tone of public opinion. It has dealt a heavy blow to the liquor interests, chief fomentors of trouble in the Cumberlands. It has greatly diminished illiteracy, as well as increased the demand for higher education, so that Knott County—still one of the poorest financially and in other ways—to-day sends more students to college and university than any other in proportion to wealth and population. It has cultivated a new sense of responsibility in its professional men, a new sentiment of solidarity and co-operation in its citizens. It has waged a relentless war against unsanitary and disease-breeding conditions, so that if recently a determined effort has been begun by the Federal authorities to eradicate the terrible malady of trachoma from the mountains, this is largely due to the intelligent initiative of "the women" in drawing the attention of the outside world to the grave situation they discovered there.

Above all, it has done these things with sympathy and understanding and without sacrificing whatever was already of vital value in the spiritual life of the people. Thus it has kept alive among its students, by means of a school society, a love of the old ballad literature which has been preserved in the mountains more than a hundred years by pure oral tradition, so that nothing is more common to-day than to hear the girls going about their work in kitchen or laundry singing "Barbara Allen" or "Pretty Polly."

As for the women, whom Miss Stone and Miss Pettit had most of all hoped to help by coming into the mountains, their

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lot has been sensibly alleviated. New interests have been created, new opportunities opened for them, especially through the renewal of such "fireside industries" as basketry and weaving, which were beginning to disappear owing to the introduction of cheap manufactured articles from without. The school now finds a market outside the mountains for the product of these women's inherited skill, and it has in the last few years sold for their account thousands of dollars' worth of blankets, coverlets, linsey-woolsey and other homespun fabrics, and baskets.

The education of the girls as housekeepers is already beginning to have its marked effect upon the general standard of living. It does not take long for a traveller in the mountains nowadays to tell when he has had the good fortune to find a Hindman housewife in the home where he happens to spend the night. Nor is it the outsider alone that is thus appreciative. The mountain men themselves are acutely aware of the difference in their own comfort and well-being, and when some of the older girls have to stop school in the spring to help put in the corn, their fathers sometimes come to say that they will spare them from the fields long enough to attend the cooking-classes. Also, when a boy has been either to Hindman or Berea, he is likely to include, in his plans for the future, marriage to "one of them domestic-science" girls.

The very appearance of the town and of the surrounding country reflects the deep-seated changes that have been wrought there. Better homes have been built, better stores have been opened, and the roads in Knott County to-day are superior to those in any adjoining county. "The women" who, when they first came to the mountains, brought in panes of window-glass and sold them at cost to the people in the back country, also introduced the electric light, so that Hindman enjoyed this advantage long before many a mountain town now on the railroad.

VII

In spite of all that has already been done, an immense amount of work still remains to do. Indeed, so far but a mere beginning has been made in these mountains, where life, held so long under a strange spell of slumber, is now rapidly awakening.

"This whole country is a-lookin' to you women to educate the children some way!"

This is the greeting "the women" receive as they ride "hither and yon" through the mountains seeking new opportunities for human helpfulness. And no one who does not know the toil necessary to the mere maintenance of life in the Cumberlands, or the melancholy that lives deep in the hearts of the hill people, can possibly appreciate the pathos contained in this salutation or what the school itself means to the country.

Yet every week brings to the workers testimony as to the value placed upon it by the people themselves. Scarcely a day passes without some appeal. Perhaps it comes in a letter—occasionally four or five will arrive in as many days from one persistent boy. Perhaps a mother walks thirty miles in the winter through the deep mud, with "two gals that have sot under a shade tree an' larned the best they could by theirselves." Perhaps it is a father who has "brung all his young uns fifty miles for to see and larn." Or perhaps a grown boy, like Mr. Fox's hero, Jason Hawn, rides in from the farthest corner of Breathitt or Letcher or Leslie County, hitches his horse to a "flying limb," announces simply, as he did, "I've come over hyeh to stay with ye," and when he is told there is no place for him—for no matter how much they may build there is never room for all—says:

"Shucks! I can sleep out thar in that woodshed. I hain't axin' no favors. I got a leetle money, an' I can work like a man."

The school has hundreds of such boys and girls waiting for places in it to-day. The hardest thing for "the Women on Troublesome" is the necessity for turning away so many eager applicants. Yet surely there could be no greater inspiration for them in their self-appointed task than the touching faith of the mountain people in the school as the one hope of the country for its children!

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GETTING OUT OF MUFTI

By Edward C. Venable

Illustrations by Maud Tousey Fangel

"PAT" HAMILTON was so beautiful that even men said disagreeable things about her. After she was married and nearing the thirties, very keen-eyed people thought she lost her looks, "broke" rapidly, according to the blonde tradition. But it was a deterioration apparent to the few. To the many the face she showed on the street and across the dinner-table was quite the same as that which still lingered in the memories of some perfectly happy husbands and in the fireplaces of some sentimental bachelors, as, for example, Richard Eustace.

When the real book of the city of New York is written there will be one chapter in it devoted exclusively to the fireplaces, those hollow mockeries, those too, too whited sepulchres, those cold, empty, mocking shams that grin out at the home-seeker from so many thousand walls.

When Eustace had leased his apartment it was one of these tantalizing orifices that had most influenced him. He had viewed the bare, white walls, just from the hands of the painter, the gaunt, naked windows, the whole stark blankness of the place irradiated by the soft, flickering yellow of jumping flames. The place had looked well so illumined. There was a great deal of black oak woodwork about, and the windows had diamond panes and swung outward; in short, a vague Gothic "tendency," as it were, discernible. But this was light destined never to be upon those walls or elsewhere.

Often during the spring, which it will be remembered was late and very wet, he had sworn at his own stupidity, for he was of the class who called the deficit of Reality to Imagination, Stupidity; still oftener he had sworn at the knavery of his landlord in having so belied his dreams; but yet, not infrequently during that rainy, breathless spring, when his race hung trembling over the chasm of world war, that terrible, unforgettable season, there had been other times when he looked down at the charred, blackened sticks that represented probably his servant's latest effort, in a different and quite unimpassioned mood, and he would laugh and kick the ashes about.

This was when "Pat" Hamilton came in. For that was another light that was destined never to be. It had always appeared to him immensely tragic, but somehow that spring, that truly tragic spring, when looking down at the ludicrous mess on the hearthstones, the analogy faintly stirred in his consciousness, it stirred, not the old, comforting chord of self-pity, but a new, strange, jangling note that was like, queerly like, faint laughter. And so he would fall to kicking the ashes about.

There had been one moment in his life that he had always thereafter looked back upon as the apex or tipmost point. From that he might have stepped forth, he always felt, upon Faith, or Courage, or whatever substance men do so step forth upon, to illimitable heights. Instead, he had climbed slowly down again. They had been walking, he and she, at dusk in a side street, where a church stood at the corner; and a woman had passed them, dressed all in black, with a great mass of violets at her breast, walking fast, and had gone up the steps of the church and disappeared into a swift flash of light from beyond the swinging doors. Behind her in the dusk trailed the faint scent of the flowers. It choked him; he got dizzy and trembling.

"Patricia."

She was trembling, too. "Yes," she answered, and stammered a little.

He had meant to ask her to run away with him. It was all somehow mixed up with the scent of the flowers and the church and the outline of the woman's figure in the light. But he had not asked her; instead, had climbed safely down

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Drawn by Maud Tousey Fangel.

Very keen-eyed people thought she lost her looks. . . . But it was a deterioration apparent to the few.
—Page 329.

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again. The queer part of it was that she would have done it, and he knew she would have done it.

From that day to these tragic ones, when the fate of humanity was swaying in the balance and he was struggling with the charred logs, all had been stale, flat, and unprofitable. The sum total of them was that Patricia had married Ramsey Gordon, and he had made a little money and gotten a little fat.

Rather fatter, too, than rich, he frankly admitted. There was a pair of silver-backed brushes on his dressing-table bearing on the back of them his name and "Narragansett" and underneath a pair of crossed polo mallets. He had won them that summer in a match with Point Judith; and the date beneath the crossed mallets was the summer he had met "Pat" Hamilton. There were no such trophies after that. He looked down at himself ruefully as he lay at ease in the big chair before the hearth. It was very far from a straight line that met his eyes at such times. Could it be that "Pat" Hamilton had not broken his heart but had instead ruined his figure. Whereat that new, strange note jangled loudly, growing now almost familiar.

Indeed, so loud had it grown that it sounded not only in the silent depths of his self-reflections but tinkled sometimes audibly in his speech. And there Mrs. Ramsey Gordon's beautiful ears heard it. He was seated across from her at a dinner, and the chatter running from chair to chair was momentarily of a play, a charmingly sad little play which almost every one had felt it necessary to look at dimly. Eustace rudely smashed down the poor, fluttering little mite of pathos with a savage reference to a foreign despatch in the afternoon paper. It was like hurling a crag down upon a butterfly, and the butterfly, of course, fluttered away quite unharmed. But it alarmed "Pat" Hamilton. She had not supposed such heat was in the man, except for the one cause, for it would have given her less astonishment to learn that Gordon was unfaithful to her than that Eustace was, which may have been one reason why she married. She was so astonished that she sat unconsciously staring at him for a moment. And he caught her glance and smiled. He sat there, fat of soul and body, and under the eyes of the woman whose handiwork he thought he was, smiled fatuously because he fancied she approved him. Mrs. Gordon was *that* beautiful.

There was one other person at table who was looking at him too, and for very much the same reason. It was Ramsey Gordon. He came over to Eustace afterward while they were smoking.

"I suppose we will get in it now," he asked casually. "It doesn't look as though we could keep out of it very much longer."

"I suppose so," said Eustace.

"And if we do you'll go? You sounded so—rather—at dinner just now."

"I suppose so," said Eustace again. "How about you?"

Gordon shook his head. "Oh, 'Pat' would raise the devil."

What impressed Eustace about the reply was the perfect justice of "Pat's" claim, and he thought of it frequently even in the hurry and strain of the days immediately following. She had married Gordon and all the outer periphery of Gordon—the three houses, the manifold accessories. Was it fair to take away all of this, to cancel, as it were, all the subsidiary clauses of the contract and bind her fast to the central compact alone? He had always estimated fairly the quality of justice that was hers. If he had taken her up with him in that dark side street once upon a time he felt quite assured she would have stuck loyally by the bargain, though his "outer periphery" at the time extended scarcely further than the tip of his walking-stick. And yet—and this was why the matter had stuck so closely in his thoughts those days—there had been something—well, the year before he might have called it tragic, in that shake of the head and "Oh, 'Pat' would raise the devil." That night as he sat over Wilson's latest failure on the hearthstones he realized sharply he felt sorry for Gordon, which was the most revolutionary, the most completely upside-down, thing that had ever happened.

He could not, indeed, hold such a thought without a repellent sense of treachery. Wherein the betrayal lay was not, of course, easy to point out, but ev-

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Drawn by Maud Tousey Fangel.

"It's perfectly all right," she said. "Gordon brought me to the door."—Page 333.

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ery old instinct, each accustomed habit of feeling shivered at the presence among them of this strange newcomer. It was as if an ardent prohibitionist had suddenly discovered a burning thirst for whiskey. To pity Patricia's husband was certainly to blame Patricia, and yet he did not blame her. On the contrary, he thought she was exactly right. She was not magnanimous, not a "great soul," to be sure, but then she had never been. Instead, she was just and truthful and perfectly lovely. Even though she had not broken his heart and had fooled him into thinking so and in consequence pretty nearly ruined his figure, even though those wasted years of playing with cold, charred embers that would not burn were of her doing, nevertheless, he could still maintain that she was just and truthful and beautiful.

It had got warmer then. Fires were needful no longer, and with the brighter, warmer days had come an end to the tragic, nerve-wearing days of indecision. He had kept away from the Gordons. They were at Southampton. Gordon he saw sometimes in town, and he knew he need only telephone if he wished to go down for the night or the week-end. But he did not telephone and did not go down. Though he had never explicitly decided, he knew that he would not telephone before he went away. He would go away without seeing her.

But in all this he reckoned without her. It was on the afternoon before he went away that she came to see him. He was packing. He was selecting from among all the fopperies of a fairly successful bachelor's outfit just so much as would fill a hand-bag, just so much as would keep off the rain, keep out cold, prevent disease, separating just so much as a bagful of what was necessary from the accretions of a lifetime of what was superfluous. It was the first time in his lifetime he had ever been called upon to do such a thing. And all around him a great nation, for the first time in its existence, was struggling desperately to do the same thing. And suddenly looking up, without warning, for the sound of the door had scarcely disturbed him, he saw her standing looking at him amid the inextricable confusion of superfluity.

She was laughing a little like a child in a game. Behind her the blank face of Wilson, who had admitted her, stared an instant and then disappeared.

"It's perfectly all right," she said. "Gordon brought me to the door. He has gone around to the club to wait."

He came toward her, wading through the clothes that covered the floor.

"Wait a minute. I'll clean off that chair for you to sit down."

She watched him with the slightly contemptuous amusement of a woman in precincts that are strictly masculine. Then when the transfer had been made, en masse from the chair to the floor, she sat down.

He stood above, embarrassed, distraught. "Can I give you some tea?" he asked.

"Thanks, no." She glanced about at surroundings obviously not befitting tea. "But you can give me one thing—a reason why"—she waved her hand at the confusion—"you are doing all this without coming to see me."

He ran his fingers through his hair thoughtfully. "It would be a darn sight easier to give you tea."

"No doubt. But I happen to want the other first."

She was truthful, he reflected, as truthful as she was beautiful, and God knows she was beautiful. Her eyes met his as fairly and openly as a dog's. And he had always been truthful to her, though, to be sure, he had never very much to tell her except that she was lovely and that he loved her. And he still loved. His heart was not broken, and he pitied her husband, but he loved her, nevertheless.

"The reason is," he said, "that if I had come to see you there probably wouldn't have been all this."

She straightened angrily. "Why?" she asked.

"Look at Ramsey," he answered.

"Look at Ramsey," she repeated. "Look at Ramsey," and then paused in bewilderment.

"Yes, at Ramsey, your husband."

Then she broke out laughing. "Oh, Dick, you can't do that. I've always told you you overrated me, but you positively mustn't overrate him. Ramsey doesn't want to go."

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"That's it, that's it exactly," he answered. "That's why I feel sorry for him."

She took it in, this astounding discovery that had so baffled him, in the twinkling of an eye. "But do you *want* to go?" she insisted.

"'Pat,' honestly, except marry you, I've never wanted to do anything so much in my life. In fact, except you, it's the only thing I have ever really wanted in my life."

There was a silence. She was looking out over the roofs below the window and toward the blazing sunset. "Well," she said presently, "I am glad you have better luck this time."

Then again the silence fell and she sat watching the sunset.

"There is one thing more," she began. "You know, of course, you can say what you want—only I'll know if you are telling the truth. Do you still care?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I still care. I didn't know it until you came in here, but I do."

"I thought you didn't know it when you didn't call me up. That's why I came. It isn't quite fair, is it, that you should have both?"

"Both what?" he asked.

"Look at poor Ramsey," she went on. "He hasn't had either." Her lips quivered a little. "I am sorry for Ramsey, too," she whispered.

"Both what, 'Pat'?" he asked again. "I really don't know."

"Oh, I mean—me and this, too." She spread out her hands toward the confusion around them. "Yes, you have, too," she went on hurriedly as he started to speak. "You think you have only this, but it isn't true. You think I spoiled your life, I suppose, but it isn't so. You think probably I broke your heart, but I didn't. Instead, what you have I gave you. What are you now? A fairly successful man, but you are something else, too, because you can put it all aside and go away for this and be glad. That's what I did for you. I didn't teach you anything about law, but I taught you a lot of other things. I did that for you. I didn't do it for Ramsey. He couldn't go away like you do. I couldn't do it for him. You think I have forgotten things. That time in the street when the woman passed us going into church. If you had asked me then I'd have gone. But you had to ask, take, seize." She clinched her hands as she spoke till they grew white under the tan. Then she laughed. "Poor Ramsey. *I* took Ramsey."

Eustace sat without a word for himself. He had loved her for nearly ten years, but he had never said more to her than a score of stuttering phrases about the matter in his life, and now he was embarrassed, as though a stranger were rooting round among these old sacred things. But her mention of this, of the method of the capture of Ramsey, stirred an ancient wrong.

"That is one thing I have never forgiven, 'Pat,'" he said. "You had a right, you were right, I suppose, not to take me, but what I couldn't stand was the way you simply threw yourself at him."

He had the querulous tone of a disappointed child, and she laughed at him exactly as she might have laughed at a child.

"I threw you away first," she explained, "so it was perfectly fair." Then she rose and stood facing him, a little laughter still lingering in her eyes and the corners of her mouth. "But what I want you to understand, what you have got to say to me before I go is that you know that I haven't done you any harm, that instead I have done you good."

She stood commanding him, as if daring him to disobey her.

"That I have done you more good than anything that ever happened to you," she went on. "That the only reason you aren't a fat stock-broker or a dried-up lawyer was me, me, *me*."

She was standing with her back to the sunset and the light was shining on her golden hair under her little straw bonnet, and she looked like an angel out of heaven, she was so beautiful, an angel in a straw bonnet.

"It's you, all right, 'Pat,'" he said huskily.

"No, was me," she corrected. "It isn't me any longer. All I have been with you for a long time was just an empty space in your soul. Now this other thing has rushed in and will fill it, will more than fill it. And then I won't be anything, not even an emptiness." She broke off sharp-

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ly, to add with a smile: "I suppose at the very bottom I am a little bit jealous."

He smiled back confidentially. "And what's the name of your rival, 'Pat'?"

"Truly? Shall I?" She hesitated, then said slowly: "Call it—Belgium."

It was a very curious thing. He had loved her for a number of years and she had loved him perhaps once or twice in those years, and yet that one word marked a nearness of spirit that not one moment in all the years had reached. It was too sudden, too swift a jerk up from a level ten years long. It a little frightened each of them. They could never step back down again to the old accustomed easy going.

Fortunately, in the embarrassed silence came the sharp trill of the door-bell.

"That's Ramsey," she said. "I told him to come for me in twenty minutes."

And Gordon came in, looking about him at the confusion. "Whew! What a mess!" he said, stopping just inside the door with his hat on as though such disorder could have no ceremony about it, anyway. "So you are really off in the morning?" he asked.

"So I believe," said Eustace. "Sit down." And he pointed to a chair that was almost empty.

"Haven't time. We must start down right away. Just thought I'd look in and say 'good luck' when 'Pat' got through." He tossed the cigarette he was smoking across the room into the fireplace, half hidden in paper rubbish. "Are you ready, 'Pat'?"

"Pat" was not quite ready, of course. It was summer and she was dressed for the country, but she had laid a few things down, gloves, a handkerchief, a tiny parcel, a gold bag. She grasped them together and put out her hand.

"Good-by, Dick."

"Good-by," put in Gordon. "I'm afraid I started something over there on the hearth with my cigarette. Is it all right?" There was a light curl of smoke floating above the papers.

"Surely," said Eustace. "That flue will put out any fire." He held the door open and followed them into the hall.

"Don't come any farther," said "Pat." "I am afraid of that blaze. There was so much trash in the fireplace. Good-by, good luck."

"Good-by!"

He came in and closed the door. The blaze was roaring up the chimney now and running out on the hearthstones where the litter had spread. Just inside the bedroom door Wilson stood looking at it.

"Ain't that queer, sir?" he asked.

"Wilson," he said, "you don't know how queer that is—that's the queerest thing that ever happened."

QUIET

By Eloise Robinson

WHEN I am old I'll know it by this sign,
That I shall think of you no more at all,
Nor wonder how if sometime it befall
That we forgive,—I your sins and you mine.
I shall not see your brow upon the brow
Of every stranger that I meet, nor wear
A new frock asking would you find it fair,
Nor think of you at night as I do now.

But I shall be at peace. My pulse will be
As still as seeds on winter hillsides when
I have no more old, dim love to erase.
I'll sleep as gently as a wind-swung tree,
And watch the sun behind red chimneys then,
Untroubled by the shadow of your face.

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MAN PRIMEVAL

By G. B. Lancaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

LIKE a tireless battering-ram the wind charged down the canyon against the low log shack. It came with bellowings and elfin whistles, with stealthy fumblings and, now and again, those mysterious hushes which draw the nerves up to a tension no full-mouthed wrath can compel. Caryll recognized that nature-power which makes man's greatest efforts puny, but it did not trouble him. He tinkered at a boot with brads in his neat, pointed fingers, and the oil-lamp shone untroubled on his neat, fair-skinned face. Bart felt it only. He roamed the shack with head low and his shadow scuffling after him over the shelves and littered floor like a queerly forlorn and shaggy familiar. And once, when the wolf-hound beneath the table raised its muzzle and howled, he winced as if at some prehistoric memory which hurt. But he never ceased walking, with his shadow lengthening and shortening behind him until the dual personality troubled even Caryll at last, used as he was to Bart.

"What a restless beast you are!" He shot an upward glance from pale, shallow eyes. "Get something to do, can't you?"

Bart wheeled, towering above the light. There was something tragically primitive about that huge, slackly hung figure suggestive of such enormous strength; about the ragged hairiness of the limbs; the rough-hewn although fine face, where elemental violence mixed with the wistfulness of the animal who is a brute because he knows no better; the deep, roving eyes which reddened and darkened as though the blind soul within struggled to interpret the message which the storm and his own unrest held for him.

"Two year we've had o' this life." His voice, though low, carried as Caryll's never could. "Two blarsted God-forsaken year, an' another yet. What'd you make me sign that contrac' for? What in hell'd you make me sign it for?"

He stooped forward slightly, like a bear balancing for the grip. There was a crude, savage misery about him, as though he felt the helplessness of purely physical force against Caryll's superior brain. Caryll shrugged. He endured Bart as he endured the other evils of this money-getting life, and he meant to slough the man off with those other evils when the time came.

"Likely because I'm fonder of you than of any other man. Or, likely, because you're stronger than any other man—and not so clever."

Another blast launched full on the shack-end, and Bart shied from it like a nervous horse.

"I'm goin' to quit outer this," he cried desperately. "Now spring's come I'm a-goin' to quit. Hear? I can't stand no more. I can't stand no more."

"Sho! You stand to make as much out of this contract——"

"Blarst the contrac'."

"That won't hurt it any, I guess. And there's no more than a year to it now."

"That year's more'n a thousand times as long as the one that's gone." Bart took his breath in a groan. "On'y one week in it to *live*, when we take the furs out in fall—ef you kin call it livin' in that all-fired, mouldy bunch of prairie shacks they names a town. On'y one week of the pictur-shows an' saloons an' bars. On'y one week o' cards an' drink an' girls—*my soul!*" He flung himself on a stool by the fire and dropped his head in his hands.

"Why don't you get work in a town, then, if you're so mighty fond of all this?"

"Work? What work do I ever do in a town 'cept paint it red? You know me, I guess. You know *me*. I can't live in a town."

Caryll reached a paper from the floor and tossed it at the bent head.

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"There you are. Read about your precious saloons and picture-shows. I found that dropped out of a packman's load on the Hoodoo this afternoon."

Bart opened the week-old Chicago paper. Then he crushed it and cast it from him.

"What do I want readin' about towns? Ain't I sick-hungry ernuff wi'out that?"

"Oh, quit!" Caryll snatched the paper and smoothed it out. "There's the picture of an all-fired pretty girl in here, and as we can't have her I guess we'll make shift with her portrait." He hammered it up with a brad, and fell back, admiringly. "A sure peach, isn't she?"

Bart slouched forward. Then, with a swift plunge, he ripped the picture down and trod it under foot. "I don't want no towns nor pretty gels—on paper," he said. His tone invited quarrel, but Caryll knew better than to answer it. Bart in these moods could pull him in half, and there had been a day when he all but did it. Piling the logs together in the open fireplace, he laughed.

"Got the spring fret again, same as last year, haven't you?"

"Dunno." Bart smelt at some empty bottles; put them back on the shelf and turned aimlessly to the window. "I'm wantin' to git outer this. I'm wantin' to git out. I'm feelin' mighty lonesome, someways. Lonesome."

"I reckon every man and beast has a streak of that sometimes. It's nature."

"That don't help any, do it?" Tone and manner were savage entirely. Caryll went back to his work, and gradually the storm lulled. But tension did not slacken in the man who could feel it. Caryll, blank as he was to all inner influences, was a little uneasy. Bart and the hound sat by the fire, motionless, as animals sit, as though in communion with something or some one unseen. Presently Bart raised his head and at that moment the hound bayed.

"Car'll, there's some one callin'."

"Shucks! Did you never hear the wind echo down the canyons before?"

Bart was on his feet now, strained as one of those curious hushes, those "pockets" in sound which had taken the world without. To Caryll that world was dumb.

"Car'll, it's a woman callin'."

"It's a hoodoo! You don't want to be ratty, Bart. There can't be a woman a hundred miles from a house up here in the snow."

Bart slouched to the door, and the hound followed with raised hackles. The twitching nostrils and dilating eyes in the two were strangely alike. Caryll frowned. Civilization had left Bart among his ancestors of a thousand years ago, and when his primitive fancies caught him he was neither to hold nor to bind. But just at that instant a wavering cry cut the silence, and Caryll, forgetful that the others had heard it five minutes since, reached the door first in his amaze. As he dropped the bar a weight pushed from without, and before he knew it she was in the shack—she who had been a crying voice across the great silences to bring that look into the eyes of man and beast. She put her arm up, dazed and blinded by the light, and Caryll gasped, taking her in from the cheap shoes, water-logged and broken, to the bare, pretty head where the fair hair was matted with blood and earth.

"Great Sam Hill, girl, where have you come from?" He touched her arm. "Who's after you? Say, is there some one after you? Where is he?"

The girl seemed to see the men for the first time. With a cry she caught her torn dress together at the neck, and turned to dart out again. But Bart's great hand was on the door, and his dark eyes fastened on her.

"I guess not, my beauty," he said slowly. "I guess not."

The girl swerved from his nearness; looked wildly round, saw the fire with the singing kettle on the hook, and ran to it with a little sob of relief.

"Look at her!" Caryll grinned. "Homed to the hearth right away, just like any other woman. And I sure did think it was a banshee. Now, if there's a fellow after her—" He went out into the whimpering wind and followed the trail a few steps. Snow was gone from the spruces which ranked black and huge in the faint flare sent up from the ground, but it lay heavy on the trail where tiny hollows marked the girl's footprints. He came back, shivering and puzzled. The

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girl had sunk down against the chimney-piece with eyes closed and hands trailing as though beat at last by utter exhaustion. Unmoving, Bart stood watching. And at his knee Chimo, the hound, watched too.

"No-buddy'd come lookin' for her up here." His words assaulted Caryll as he shut the door. "They'll think she's dead, sure. They'll sartin think she's dead." Caryll went over and looked at her.

"Just out from England. Those are no Western clothes. Going through to the coast, likely. Maybe the train was held up at the Two-Mile snow-sheds, and she got out to look around. Then she fell, or it went on without her. And she struck our trail. Gee! I guess I've got this figured, Bart."

"They'll think she's dead. They won't come lookin'. They'll think she's dead."

"All right." Caryll shrugged at the violence of the tone. "And so she will be dead if you make that row. Get some hot water, can't you, while I find a bowl, and we'll bathe that cut. How the nation she managed to walk in this state I can't see."

The girl's last effort for the time had been made. Cold and succeeding warmth had drugged her into complete helplessness while they bathed and bound up the ugly cut, Bart with deep breathings and clumsy hands, Caryll composed and clever. They brought hot soup then, and sippets of bannock. But when Caryll would have lifted her Bart thrust him aside.

"You look after your own end o' the business. I'll feed her." His voice was a snarl, showing strong white teeth. He got his long arms round her, and her blue eyes flickered open with sudden fright. Bart lowered his voice. "Gimme that cup, Car'll—and git."

Caryll retreated, whistling gently and watching from a distance. What Bart further intended he did not know. But he did know that there were times when it was better to interfere with a bull moose than with his partner. To the pallid lips the soft red was coming back. They opened like a child's to receive the food; and then, with drowsy murmurs, she slid down against the man's breast and slept. Caryll brought an armful of blankets from the next room and dropped them beside the girl.

"We must get her out of her wet duds and into these, unless we're aiming at pneumonia for her. Then we'll put her in your bunk, as it's the bottom one, and bed down before the fire. Gosh, she is clean petered out, for sure."

Between them they stripped away the dripping garments, holding the blankets about her as she lay like a little limp flower in their hands. When Bart rose up with her the dimpled feet below the gray folds swung white and powerless, and the bound head drooped.

"Take that there light in," he said. There was a light in his own eyes which boded no good; and after she was laid in the bunk and they trod tiptoe back to the outer room, closing the door, he went over and lifted the poor little pile of drenched things as though he had a right. Caryll, sitting on the table, lit up his pipe in silence. While Bart handled the feminine garments with such great, gentle movements he puzzled over the handling of the situation.

"Have to take her out to Highup soon as she's fit, I guess," he said at last.

"We ain't a-goin' to take her out to Highup."

"Oh, shucks! We can't keep her here."

"We're a-goin' to kip her here." Bart had risen from the disposing of the small, darned stockings before the fire. He stood motionless, looking under low brows, and Caryll had the sensation of butting against a mountain.

"Well, you can ask her if she's willing in the morning."

"Willin' or not willin', she's a-goin' to stay."

"Oh, what's the sense of that talk! I tell you we'll take her to Highup."

"And I tell you we won't." Bart made one step, but it charged the air with new force. "Car'll, I want that gel. I'm goin' to kip her right hyar. If you want her I'll fight you for her, good an' square. If you don't—hands off. When a man's clinched onter what he's meanin' to do there ain't room for another man around. D'you git that? Leave talkin', then."

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"Man! You're aiming to act more like a wild beast, I guess."

"Likely. I've had more to do wi' 'em, though I don't reckon they're mighty diffrunt from men. They don't 'low no interferin' when they goes courtin', an' a man don't 'low none. D'you git that?"

"Sure. But I guess the animals do their courting prettier than you will."

"You lemme be." The note in his voice raised the wolf-hound's hackles. "I'll court her how I like. See? I'll treat her how I like. See? If you——"

"All right." Caryll gave before the threatening fist. "Just remember you're not courting me, won't you? I don't want my head knocked off. And supposing you were thinking of making her your wife——"

"I'm a-goin' to make her my wife."

"Well, if you're going to make her your wife you'll have to find out her sentiments first. Man alive, we're not quite in the Stone Age up here. I won't stand for that, I assure you. Nor will she. You know something of women, surely."

"Not her sort." Bart's glowing eyes fell suddenly. His feet shuffled.

"No. I reckon you don't. I do—or I can make a fair guess. She's a real innocent little girl just off her mother's apron-strings in some English village, and as good and flavorless as sweet buttermilk. The Lord knows what brought her out here. And I reckon he knows too that you'll have to make her love you before you'll keep her. She's got a wad of paper creeds and warnings sewn up with that money in her petticoat, I'll guarantee."

"Love me?" Bart spoke bashfully and Caryll's laugh held derision.

"That's it. Love you. Why not? You're a fine, husky chap. Guess she never saw anything your size where she came from."

"There was never anythin' loved me 'cept a dog—an' it died." Bart stared down half-wistfully at the little pitiful shoes and the thin stockings.

"Well, you set right to making yourself attractive, and she'll likely love you, too."

"There was never anythin' loved me 'cept a dog—and it died." He wheeled in sudden passionate torment of soul. "What have I got that'd make a woman love me?"

"I give it up, mate." Caryll rolled in his blankets and laid him down.

"It's lonesome livin', this. Lonesome." Bart flung himself through the room in the grip of some great emotion. "A man hadn't a right to be called on to bear it. They ain't an animal outer all we goes trappin' but's got a mate waitin' him somewheres. Why should a man be goin' lonely all his days? They ain't no wimmin down to the towns'd marry me. I ain't got the dollars. I ain't got the way wi' 'em. Why should I go lonely all my days up here where the mountings and the woods is that big and terrible—and that empty—a man do' know what to do wi' hisself, times. He don't know what to do!"

His huge limbs were shaking and at his feet the dog whined uneasily. Caryll understood the forces moving the two no more than he understood subterranean earthquakes.

"Well, since you're so set, Bart, I'll tell you what. It'll likely be a fortnight, anyway, before we can take her out. What with that head wound of hers, and snow coming down from the peaks, and the trapping and all, I'd put it at the last end of a fortnight. You go careful and give her time to get her bearings, and if she can stand you for a fortnight I guess you'll manage to persuade her to stand you altogether."

"And what'll you be doin' in that fortnight?"

"Well, if you're not the limit! Doing? Keeping out of your way, I reckon."

"Git in my way an' I'll kill you." With a sudden movement Bart stood over him like a giant threat. "I'll kill you. D'you git that? You know *me?* You know——"

"Sure. I know you." Caryll turned on his side, shutting his eyes. "Now—quit." He said no more and very presently he slept. But the last fire-flicker saw a shaggy dark head propped on an elbow above the folds of gray blanket, and two deep glowing eyes staring, half-wistful, half-savage, through the flocking shadows and the silence to the shut door beyond.

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II

"BART!"

"Right here, Honey-gel."

"Where are my shoes? These slippers pinch me."

Bart bit off a guffaw with a shamefaced grunt, snatched a pair of small shoes, patched by Caryll and polished gloriously by himself, from the bench among the springes and nets and coils of wire, and slouched forward. Honey-girl—they had no other name for her—sat perched on the table-edge, swinging her feet in a huge pair of man-slippers that hung by her curling toes. Her dress was a much-washed light shirt of Bart's and a length of cloth hunted up from some corner, and the sunshine was in the soft, fair mesh of her hair and on the rounded English bloom of her merry face. She kicked the slippers across the room with a trill of laughter as Bart prepared to put on the shoes, much in the fashion of one shoeing a horse, but with an incredible gentleness.

These three weeks had been a time of breathless awe and trouble to him. The first days after her coming brought a dim and sacred initiation. Then she lay in stupor, with the fever burning her up and cloths on that angry head wound, while Caryll nursed her with matter-of-fact knowledge and he with terror at her soft, white helplessness. The next stage came with a shock that was firstly dismay and presently triumph, when it was understood that Honey-girl's past had gone from her under that terrible blow and that she must begin life again as a baby begins it. Followed a delirious and wildly difficult time which presently smoothed into that which persisted now. Honey-girl combined with an amazing rapidity the simplicities of a child with the natural reserves and subtleties of a woman; walking already of her own instinct in paths unknown to these her teachers, and developing daily into a something which lured and eluded and suggested evanescence and eternity at once.

Caryll might have put that thought into words if he could have felt it. Bart, feeling it in every throbbing fibre of him, had no words. That strange, unnerving sensation of timid flight and most virile power which the pine forests gave when great winds blew and canyons were waking with roar of loosed waters, and the sun poured amber and ruddy wine along the snow-peaks, was with him always now. And that hour of blind fury when he went after Caryll with a snow-shovel, and Honey-girl's scream turned him staggering aside into the woods to curse himself sane lived still in the back of his brain as a cold warning. But Honey-girl had borne him no malice for that fright. She shook her rippling hair at him now in pretended annoyance.

"Bart! You've got the string too tight. Six knots, I——"

"The shoe-tie, I guess you're meanin', Honey-gel."

"Shoe-tie, then. Oh, Bart; am I never going to have any words of my own? I *will* have words of my own. It's fair awful to think I can only know what you tell me to know. I want words of my own, I do!"

"Don't fret about it, Honey-gel. Don't fret."

"I will fret. Why shouldn't I? I want to know my own words, and my own name, and where I come from, and all—everything. Don't you?"

"No!"

"Well, now, I do call that darned oncivil. Bart, d'you know I kinder feel I didn't always talk like you, or even like Caryll. But I'm blest if I know what like I did talk."

"Your talkin'll allers be the best in the world, just like you'll allers be the best in the world." Bart walked away abruptly. "The best an' the furthest off o' any blamed peak in the whole white ranges."

She slipped from the table and came to watch the man's clever hands among the traps and springes.

"Bart, why do you make them of such heavy wood?"

"Iron'd bust in the cold. An' wolverine an' marten is mighty powerful. Got necks like moose, I reckon. They'd git away wi' light stuff."

"What a real stiddy streak o' things you know, Bart!"

She stood looking up, with slim hands linked behind the slim body, and the red, childish mouth a little open. Woman she

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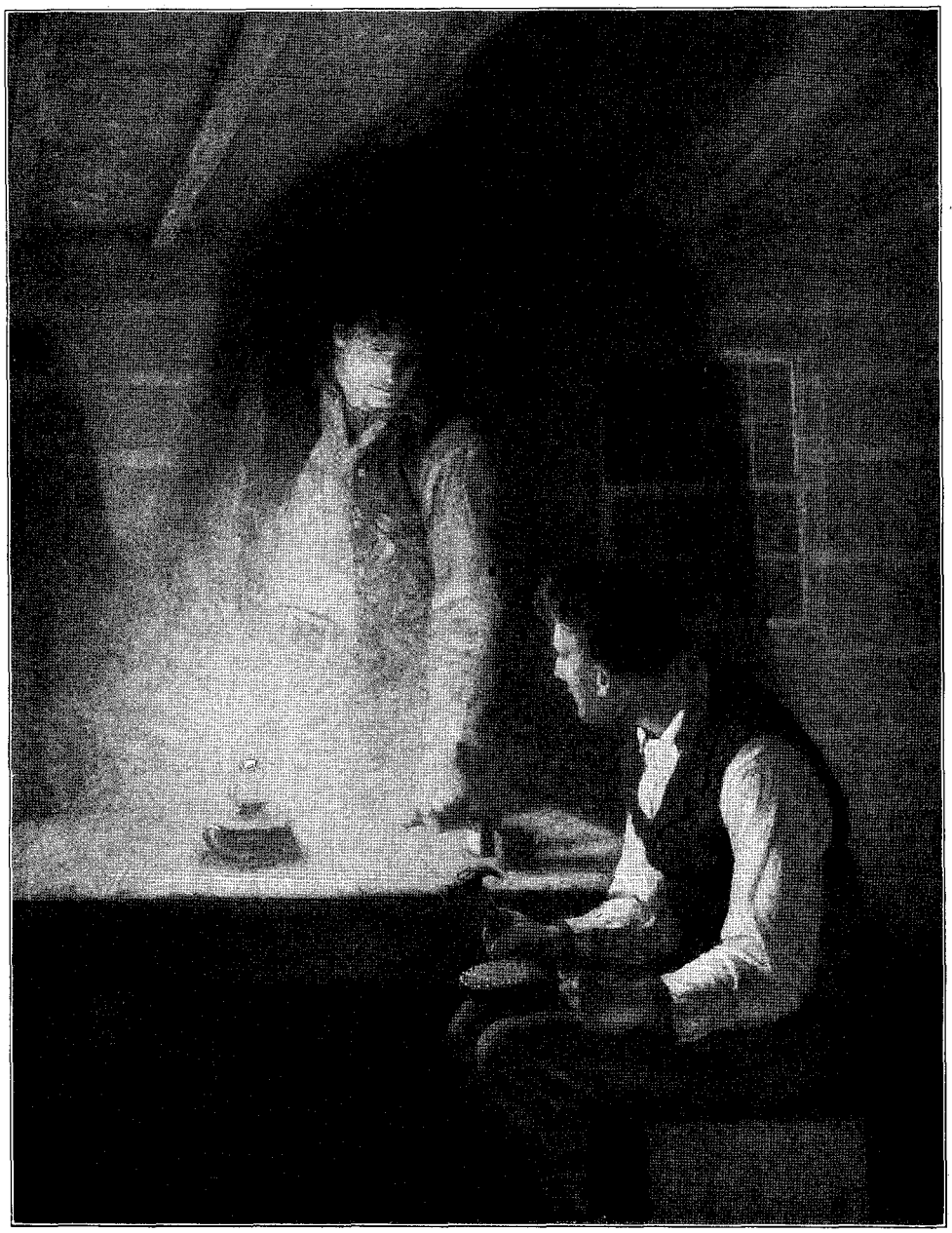

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"Two year we've had o' this life. . . . Two blarsted God-forsaken year, an' another yet."—Page 336.

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was in her pliant, rounded contours and her reticences; child she was in her frank interests and affections. Bart's eyes darkened as he looked on her. He had made Caryll cut his hair. He had mended his clothes, and he washed them weekly, and his own body daily. Despite himself he went now with a vague knowledge of a check set on tongue and movements; a vague acceptance of something overshadowing and certain as the snow-peaks, impelling and wild as the winds.

"You bin livin' on'y three weeks—to take stock in, Honey-gel. What does you know more'n me, eh?"

"Search me," she said serenely.

"An' that's jes' what I can't do. If you know'd all about yourself—an' us, you'd light outer here real quick, Honey-gel, an' we'd never see you ag'in."

"I wouldn't go without Chimo." Her word brought the hound slavering to her feet. "Or without my red squirrel—or Caryll—or you."

The man had waited with held breath. The terminal sent the dull blood to his forehead. He picked up the springes with a muttered oath and flung them clanging over his shoulder. The flying wires caught and pulled her hair. She sprang back, scolding like an elfin chipmunk, but under his abject dismay her anger turned to laughter.

"'Pears like you're scared of me?" she challenged, saucily.

"I sure am." Then, at her gleeful chuckle: "Durned funny, ain't it?"

"Why, yes. You're every mite as big as a grizzly an' you could kill me as easy. I aint scared of you and I'm heaps smaller."

"You sure are smaller. But you're mos' tur'ble powerful."

Tone and look struck an untouched chord in her. She stared, startled, with eyes dilating and color ebbing. Daily, hourly, since the new life woke her she had been learning. Now, in a blinding flash that made her flesh cold, her head sing, the latent knowledge of sex, of love, of the meaning of a man when he looks at a woman as this man looked, was revealed to her. Unconsciously her hands went up to her breast. Her lips parted. He made a half-step. And then the quick flame in her eyes stopped him as the sword had once stopped Adam. With head down and great shoulders heaving he turned in haste and lumbered out and up the trail where the brown, wet earth was crossed with the animal-spore until the deep pine woods took him. The hound, padding at his heels, whined uneasily. Strange powers were at work upon his master, forcing out curses and long, sobbing breaths and stifled cries.

The clean odors of pine wood and balsam and quickening earth swept down on Bart as the trail rose. Here, in his own element, the message of the trails was strongest, as it was ever strong. It surged about him. It leapt and hammered in his blood. Among the swelling buds the mating birds twittered and called. Down the trail sprang a roe with panting sides and the mother-light in her eyes. From the cave up the shingle slip, where a grizzly had slept the winter through, sounded the bark of a dog-fox and the yelping reply of the vixen. Under the earth, on it, over it, life and love stirred and spoke and united in obedience to the great irrevocable plan, and the man heard as he had been hearing daily, and realized as he had not realized before.

He cast the springes down as though it was the weight of them which was thickening the blood in his neck-veins. Then he dropped himself, tearing up the earth with great knotted hands. And the hound sat on its haunches and watched, silent.

It was late when he came back, with the madness of his passion sweated out of him. But fear of her caught him tenfold as he raised the latch of the door.

Caryll only was there, dozing before the fire. Bart's ever-watchful suspicion of this man had received no confirmation yet. It received none now as Caryll blinked up at him, yawning.

"What in Sam Hill have you been after? Honey-girl set your supper. She's gone to bed."

"Why?"

"Wanted to, likely. Did you expect her to stay up to wait on you?"

His light, brittle laugh came to the girl in the next room, followed by that heavy tread which again set her pulses leaping. She was crouched on the floor by the open window, with chin in palms, and eyes,

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

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blue baby eyes, looking away to the pine-tops, and almost as darkened as they. Dim memories spun webs and buzzed warnings in her brain: memories of grayness and misery and cold and loneliness; warnings, dimmer still, and monstrous, shapeless, when she tried to drag them to the light. On her knee lay a little coarse handkerchief, ink-marked F. M. in the corner. That was her one clew to the past or future, her one asset as an individual, her one frail bit of personality to set up against the full-furrowed lives of these men. Beyond the partition those heavy steps passed back and forth until the floor shook when Bart flung himself down in his blankets, sending the blood once more surging to her cheeks.

Furtively she glanced round the faint outlines of her little bare room. Daub was crumbling out between the round yellow logs, and the two stark bunks against the wall held rigid, ugly lines. Except the spring flowers, gathered from everywhere and stuck in cut-down black bottles, she had none of a girl's dainty things to deck her room with. But it was her own domain, inviolate since she had been able to keep it clean and neat herself. Now it did not seem inviolate any more. Her face went down in her hands again. She felt as though, through the partition wall, that great hot look were burning her still.

She had wanted to tell Caryll of that look, but instinct forbade it. Caryll had never treated her as Bart did. He teased her, bullied her, kissed her, played with her, and there was no more intimacy in his manner than in Chimo's. It was the other man who had shattered the glass through which she had seen so darkly. And now, in the new flood of light, she realized that Caryll never showed her familiarity before Bart; that Bart never showed it at all. He had said that he was frightened of her. Frightened, when he could look like that! She sprang up, flinging her arms above her head as though to drive off some influence too strong for her. But that new force of his personality, that locked intensity of atmosphere which surrounded the man, kept her awake all night, and sent her out, when Caryll broke the sticks for the morning fire, with pale cheeks and puffed lids.

Bart swallowed his breakfast in hasty silence and went away immediately. Honey-girl's chatter was forced; and Caryll, quick-witted enough, despite the selfishness which intended to keep the girl here so long as she amused and tended him, guessed at the crisis when Honey-girl took her pitcher to the spring, leaving him to sweep the floor. The broad distance of sunlight down the canyons where the rivers leapt and fled roused the instinct of flight in Honey-girl. And, prompt and unthinking as a bird, she ran back to the shack. Caryll met her on the door-step and his eyes were watchful.

"Hillo, baby," he said, and laid a hand on her shoulder. She struck it off and darted past him, slamming the inner door behind her flying feet. Caryll whistled and went after her, rapping on the panel.

"What's the game, Honey-girl? What's bit you, eh?" Scrambling sounds came from the inner room. "Honey-girl! Are you coming out?"

"Do' know." The voice was muffled.

"When are you going to know?"

"Do' know."

"You come right along out, then, and I'll tell you. Come!"

The door opened reluctantly and Honey-girl stood on the threshold. The ermine cap which Caryll had made her of faultless skins was on her fair head, and the deer-skin coat fashioned by Bart was strapped round her slim body. The handkerchief, her family-tree and passport, was still in her hand. Under Caryll's eyes she folded it smaller and thrust it into her breast.

"I'm going away," she said in tremulous defiance.

"Sure. So you shall if you want to." He took her hand and patted it, and a queer light flickered into his eyes. "Where to, baby?"

"I—do' know." Her lip went up as though the tears were very near.

"Come along, and we'll talk it over. Bart been pestering you, eh? Or has the red squirrel gone sick?"

"I do'—I can't—Caryll, you wouldn't understand——"

She turned blindly, with the great sobs rising in her. And then his arms clipped

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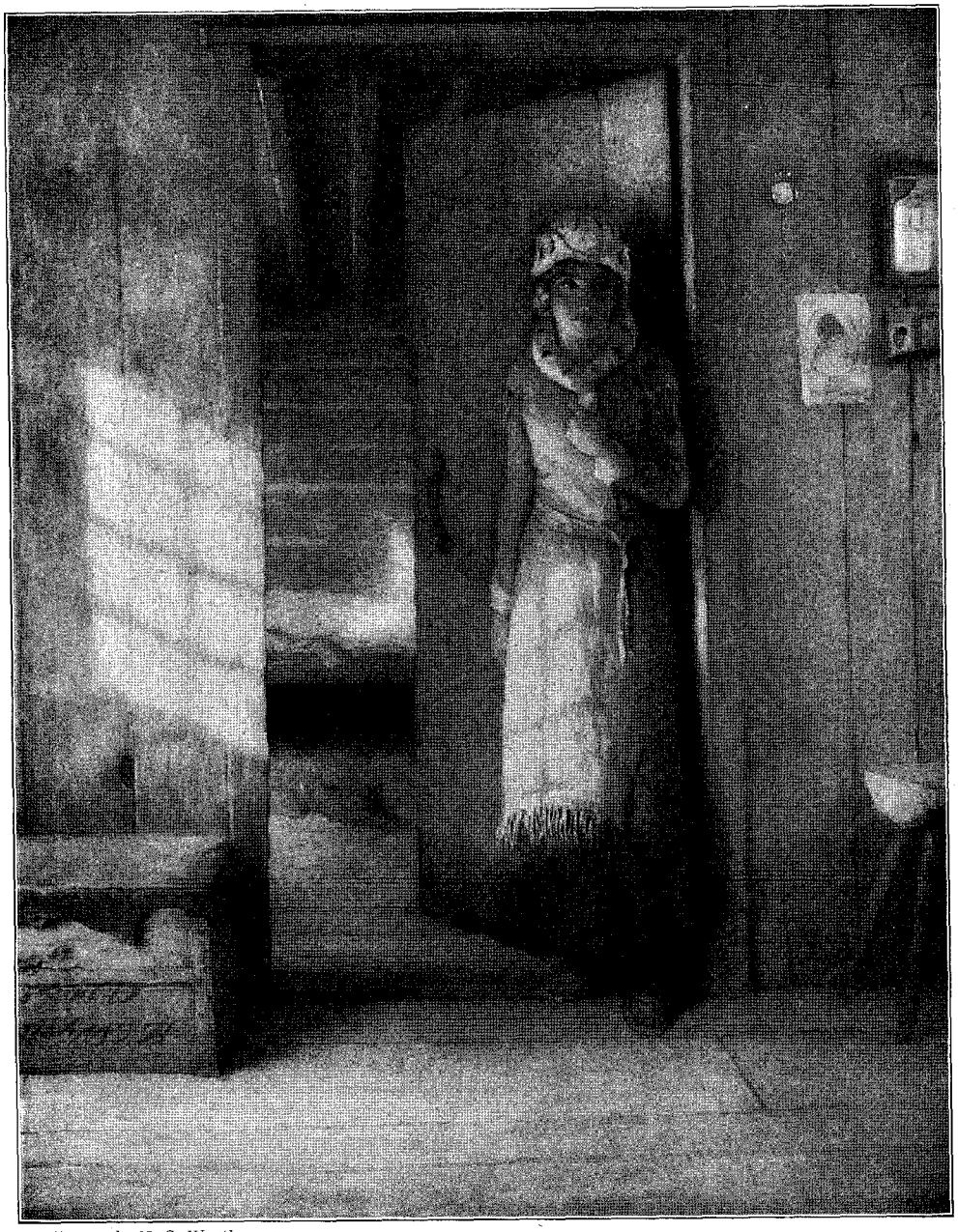

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"I'm going away," she said in tremulous defiance.—Page 344.

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her, and she was crying against his shoulder as a child cries. She felt his kisses on her hair, passionless, and in his voice was almost a hint of laughter.

"All right. All right, baby. It's me for the consoler, is it?"

"I want—I want someb'dy——"

"You do? See here, then." He drew her on his knee in a chair by the window, and let her have her cry out. "Fed up of Bart, are you? Well, I guess we can remedy that. Pitch him down a canyon, shall we? Here, hold up. You're too mighty sweet and pretty to go melting away like this——"

With all the light art and cunning at his command he soothed her. And she, finding no falseness, no force in words or touch, sobbed out her heart to him much as she would have done to a woman. And a little later Bart, coming down the steep trail through the pines, saw, through the frame of the window, the two fair heads close together and Caryll's arm round the girl's shoulder. Bart did not speak. He did not look again. He turned aside one step from the trail and squatted in a patch of saskatoons. By and by Caryll would come up, looking for the hobbled ponies whose bells sounded intermittently as they fed along the crest. By and by Caryll would come, and then Bart would be ready for him.

How long he waited there he never knew. How long Chimo, crouched beside him, looked into his face with bloodshot, wise eyes he never knew. The tall shadows swung over until they pointed the other way. The clear tinkle of the bells rose sharper in the keen evening air. And then Caryll came whistling up the trail.

It was the howl of the dog which brought Honey-girl flying over the pot-holes and tripping roots. The two men rolled on the ground; but Bart was uppermost, and Caryll's face was turning black under the throat-grip. Honey-girl flung herself into the struggle instantly, dragging and pushing with soft weak hands.

"Let him go," she panted. "Bart! Beat it! Let him go, or I'll scratch you."

The strength and fury of a legion of devils was on Bart. He swung his arm round to strike her, but she ducked, and her sweet, flushed face came up close to his own distorted one.

"Let go! How dare you! Let him go! Do you hear!"

The whip was in eyes and tongue. He wavered, and her hands came over his. His grip slackened, and Caryll fell back on the sod.

"Pick him up and carry him home," she commanded. And with trembling knees and blind eyes he obeyed, even as he obeyed when she bade him bring water to bathe the swelled and blackened neck-veins. And then, when Caryll lay, moaning and half-conscious, in the bunk which had last night been Honey-girl's, she gently closed the door behind her and went out to where Bart was waiting.

The primeval fury, lashed into madness through those long hours on the trail, had not left him yet, cowed as he had been for the time when her passion brought him to heel. Sheer, girlish terror had chilled her to ice as she followed the huge, swinging body down the trail. He had carried Caryll as a woman carries a child. She had gone giddy and sick as she bathed the marks of those great fingers on Caryll's white skin, and washed away the blood from the mouth. But there was a quality in her which served her now as she met the hulking shadow that rose up out of the gloom, with shaggy, dark head and glowing eyes under heavy brows, and red blood surging up the wind-brown face to the broad forehead.

"Why did you do it?" she said, and her voice was steady.

"I saw him—an' you. I telled him I'd kill him for that." His hands clenched and unclenched. "I will, too."

"For what?"

"He knows. And I reckon you do." He thrust his head forward. "Fust time he kissed you, eh?"

"No. But—" She felt herself shivering. "Bart, you don't want to be wild with me."

"Wild!" She flinched from his short laugh. "I telled Car'll that fust night. I telled him——"

"What?"

"That I—" the words burst from him with volcanic heat. "I telled him that I'd never let another man hev you but me. I telled him that when you came.

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I heard you callin' even a-fore the dog did. An' I knowed—" he lunged forward, catching her arm in his hot grip. "You let Car'll kiss you—an' hold you. Car'll! D'you know what like he is? D'you reckon he's lovin' you, that slack-sided bunch o' selfishness? D'you reckon I'm a-goin' to let him *touch* you—you the woman that I choose——"

He was half-drunk with passion yet. He drew her nearer, and she looked up, dead-white to the lips and still with the stillness of desperation. Under the table the dog lay with loose muzzle on paws and stared.

"Bart, what do you want, then?"

"Want? You, I reckon. To kiss an'—an' hold like what he did, the——"

"Are you—going to do it?"

"Do it?"

"You could have killed Caryll. Why didn't you? You can kiss me now. Why don't you?"

Intuition spoke in her and kept her eyes on him. Of the forces that moved in him she was as ignorant as of those that moved in herself. But she met him without a tremor on that soft face blanched so suddenly into womanhood.

"I can. If I want to I can do anythin' I like wi' you. I bin scared o' you. I bin feelin' you so—so dear I couldn't rightly look at you. An' you bin lettin' that feller maul you around— I can kiss you. I will, too."

His look had no power to bring the blood to her face now. She did not resist as he drew her nearer. But before her eyes he quailed suddenly, flinging her free with a broken curse.

"What's the good o' that! What's the good o' that! I *love* you! I don't want you that a-way. Takin's no use. I can't take—what you gived Car'll." His voice was harsh with the torment of it. He turned, walking unsteadily as though shouldering off the shadows that thickened round him. "I bin thinkin'—all the time—o' what it'd be like to kiss you—an' put my arms around you. An' I can do it. I can do what I like wi' you—an'—" He wheeled again, torn and trembling with his torture. "Can't you speak! Standin' there like a dead thing! I loves you. And I'll kill Car'll afore I lets him touch you. Can't you *speak?*"

"Why didn't you kill him?"

"If you'd a kep' your hands off of me—" He swayed forward and stopped.

"Bart, I—I—" she pressed her palms together. "I was feared—and Caryll was kind to me. I remembered you'd told me—about sisters and mothers—I wanted a mother—someb'dy—and Caryll—he was like—like that."

"*Car'll!* Thought he'd act to you like a mother, did you? My soul!" He came near, with deep eyes glowing and his huge limbs trembling. "Honey-gel, what like did you think I'd act to you?"

"I do' know. I—" Under his eyes the swift blood burnt her face again, but her own did not drop. Motionless, tremulous on the brink of the unknown they stood, and his hard, uneven breaths made the only sound until the dog crawled out, whimpering, and laid his nose on her foot. And then Bart hurled himself forward, clutching at her knees.

"I wouldn't never touch you. I wouldn't never touch you—God helpin' me——"

With a sobbing cry she slipped down beside him and got her arms about the great, rough head, rocking it to her breast as a mother rocks a child. Funny little crooning noises she made, inarticulate as the man. But speech had come before that, when their two primitive souls woke, and answered each to each as those other dwellers of the wild answer and love.

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Drawn by George Wright.

In her delight Susan brought her hands together sharply. "Why, he *is!*" she exclaimed.—Page 360.

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A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

VII

CUPID AND VULCAN—SUSAN SMILES!

IN her bewilderment over the unfriendly behavior of the people of Quitman Susan had not noticed that a change had occurred in the formation and character of the clouds overhead. The dark-edged mass which had attracted her attention only a little while ago was now a black storm-cloud, hiding the sun. And it had expanded enormously.

She went forward, dismayed and bewildered. The song of iron on iron had ceased; and when she had rounded the curve in the road she found herself before a crude, grimy structure, in the doorway of which an enormous man in a leather apron was observing her under grizzled, puckered brows. Then the rain began to fall in huge drops. There was a warning patter, and then the beginning of a deluge.

"Come in, or you'll get wet," bellowed the giant in the doorway; and Susan's mental complications vanished instantly. She hurried through the doorway of the blacksmith-shop with a very rudimentary dread of a wetting. The blacksmith stood aside to let her pass and then he followed her leisurely into the shop.

He rested a hand upon the lever that controlled the bellows, but he paid no attention to the waning fire, where a blue flame weakly sputtered. He was looking at Susan. His gaze was shrewd, yet not at all unkind.

"So you did come!" he said at length.

"Come where?" queried Susan.

"Through Quitman."

"Why shouldn't I have, if I wanted to?"

"Didn't you have warning not to?"

Susan lifted her hand to her face, as a wanton of old might have tried to conceal a scarlet letter; but she only pushed back a strand of hair that had fallen across her cheek. "I did; but why should I have paid any attention to it?"

The blacksmith left his bellows, and with his apron he dusted a backless chair. "Sit down," he said. "You look wearied." His voice was guttural and vibrant, but a new quality had come into it. He was speaking now as he might have spoken to a daughter. "They tried to make out that you was a bad woman," he added, with something of amusement yet more of indignation in his tone.

"Yes," assented Susan, trying to keep her lips from trembling.

"You did right not to pay any attention to them. Anybody with a grain of sense needn't be surprised if anything went wrong out at the Edmonsons' as long as that hired man of theirs is around. I know him well. Knew him over in Horseshoe. He's too crooked to fall down a well if you threw him in."

Susan furtively wiped her eyes. There was a rugged righteousness in this man's voice which had moved her greatly.

"My name's Enfield," the blacksmith continued. "You needn't be afeered of me. I don't take any stock in the cacklin' of old hens, includin' Judge Ligon. It would have been him that tried to humble you. Bein' the judge, I suppose he feels he ought to work at his trade once in a while. You can take my word for it—there's nothing to him."

"I thank you," said Susan. She was looking into his eyes, but she could not help seeing that he was a mighty man, and that his short, grizzled hair stood straight on his head, and that his arms were more powerful than any she had ever seen before.

"But tell me," continued Enfield, with a disarming smile, "what does a good

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Runaway Woman" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

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woman like you want to be running around by herself for?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Susan. "I couldn't explain." She looked out through the open doorway and saw that the rain was now falling steadily. Indeed, the patter on the roof was so loud that her voice was almost inaudible when she responded to the blacksmith's question.

He approached her and drew a stout bench close to the chair on which she sat. He sat down and leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands outspread.

"Try," he invited. His eyes beamed reassuringly.

Susan shook her head slowly. "I know I couldn't," she confessed.

"I understand a lot of things," the blacksmith assured her. "I beat a whole lot besides horseshoes and tires and such things out of the iron that comes to my anvil up here." He added, as if in explanation: "All the philosophy in the world ain't just in books. I'd like you to tell me about yourself."

He opened his hands as if he were inviting confidences. The short wrinkles about his eyes deepened.

"I don't believe it's worth while trying to explain the things you do that other people don't do," said Susan. "Besides, there's nothing to explain. I just ran away—that's all."

The blacksmith's mighty laugh came spontaneously. "All!" he exclaimed, when he could speak again; "all! Why, that's enough. I take it that it's just people running away, as you might put it, that sets up governments, and upsets 'em. It causes marriages and divorces and maybe death itself—with hellfire to wind up with, sometimes. If there wasn't a few people to run away the world would never get anywhere." He added, with a deeper twinkle in his eyes, "I've had an idea lots of times that I'd like to run away myself. But, you see, I've always been afraid."

Susan weighed this incredulously. "Afraid!" she said. "A big man like you!" She was regarding this good-natured Atlas now with gentle derision.

"Anyway, it's a fact." He smiled broadly down at her. "Come, tell me about your running away."

Susan looked out into the pelting rain and at the dreary landscape beyond the road, and her eyes became pensive. Sad remembrances swarmed in them like bees in a brown wood.

"I know now it seems strange for me to go about from place to place alone," she admitted, "but it didn't seem that way when I started. I wanted to see the country. I thought it would be wonderful. You know, I'd never seen it. I had always lived in the city. I suppose the city seems wonderful to people who live in the country, too; but where I lived there was never a tree to be seen, nor a patch of grass, nor a flower, except a few in pots on window-sills. They made you think of lost children pining for home. And the houses . . . they all stood close to one another, long rows of them. And there were stone streets, and brick pavements in the yards, and never a foot of just plain ground. There weren't any birds except the sparrows; and never an animal of any kind except the horses with heavy loads that went by bobbing their heads up and down and never looking to right or left."

When she paused the blacksmith said cautiously, as if he feared to break the thread of her memory: "I know. Go on."

"And the thousands and thousands of people in the city . . . I can't tell you what they're like. When they're happy they have to shut their eyes to the misery of others; and when they are miserable there doesn't seem to be any hope for them at all. When they are rich they have everything; and when they are poor—oh, they are so pitifully poor! When they have work to do they go along just like the horses that move with their heads bobbing up and down. They work as if they were in a dream, and nothing pleases them but the whistles blowing when night comes. And when they haven't any work there's nothing—nothing at all—for them to do. There are such thousands and thousands of them, and they pass each other by as if they didn't mean anything to each other at all. And so many of the children work: not in childish ways, but almost like the grown people. They scarcely know what it is they're doing. They only know that the

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whistle will blow after they have worked an eternity. It isn't as if life was meant to be happy but just harsh and bitter.

"I never had a chance to get out of the city; but sometimes I read about fields and woods, and I got to wondering what they were like. I could not think what it would be like to live in a house that sat off by itself. Then I began to wish I could see the country. I kept on wishing it until after a while I asked myself why I shouldn't see it if I wanted to. I asked myself who there was to say that I must stay in one place, like one of the stones in the street. The more I thought about it the more it seemed to me that I had just got into the wrong way of looking at it, and that nobody would even try to stop me if I wanted to go and come. I got to saying to myself: 'I can walk right down the street and keep on going, clear to the end of the world, and nobody will stand in my way.'"

She brought her eyes to meet the blacksmith's here, and a faint flush of shame darkened her cheeks as she added: "I suppose I thought I should find beauty everywhere, if I only got away from Pleasant Lane."

"It wasn't that," said Enfield. "You thought you'd find freedom."

Susan pondered this. "Yes, that must have been it," she agreed. Then she told him about the picture she had seen—the picture of fields and woods, which she had meant to frame. "And when I saw that," she went on, "I wasn't long in making up my mind. The more I thought about it, the simpler it seemed. I thought that out in the country, where there weren't so many people, there would be lots of work for me to do. I thought how it would be to work in a room where you could look out of a window and see something besides chimneys and housetops and back yards: where you could see grass growing, and trees, and maybe flowers, and plenty of ground—just ground stretching away as far as you could see, waiting for people to put things into it, so that they could have something to eat without getting it in bags and cans, and having it weighed and measured or counted carefully, for fear you'd get too much."

The blacksmith was smiling quietly, but Susan's eyes were turned away from him now. She continued: "And I thought how it would be to see animals playing: horses without any harness on them, with nobody to beat them if they couldn't pull dreadful loads, and friendly dogs lying in the sun without any fear of anybody, and maybe little calves playing, instead of being hauled in a dreadful wagon to the butcher's. There were a thousand things I pictured in my mind. . . . And at last I came."

She paused and lifted her hand in a perplexed gesture and smoothed the hair back from her face.

The blacksmith continued to regard her intently.

"I suppose I was foolish," Susan resumed. "I guess poor people are like trees, and that they'd better stay where they belong, so they'll get used to whatever kind of bad weather comes where they happen to be. It seems as if I'd forced myself on people who have troubles and ways of their own and can't be expected to take much interest in outsiders. I think I'll go back to the city before long. I think you have to be born in the country if you're to be of any use in it. But of course I had to learn that."

She now faced the man in whom she had confided this story of an old bewilderment and a new quest; and something in his gaze drove the past out of her consciousness and forced her to think only of the immediate present. The blacksmith was leaning forward, an expression of boundless kindness in his eyes. His hands were both outstretched to her. Almost involuntarily she put her hands into his and felt his powerful fingers close on hers.

"I can give you what you want," said Enfield. His manner had become masterful. "Stay with me. We can get married to-morrow—to-day. And the house, and the fields, and plenty of room—that's what you shall have."

Susan tried to free her hands. She looked into the steady eyes which read hers anxiously. He would not release her.

"I've been looking for a woman for over twenty years. But the only kind I could find was them that wanted to ride on the steam-cars and go to the city.

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I've been waiting for one of your kind. I'm glad you've come at last. You'll stop, and everything you want you shall have."

Susan turned her face aside so that she was looking through the great doorway. The aspect of nature had changed again. The rain was over; the sun was shining bright, the wet leaves glistened in the brilliant light. The sky was wonderfully blue, and the road of sand and rock was a thing to invite the wanderer's feet again.

She turned to the blacksmith; and he couldn't possibly have known what a remarkable thing in her experiences it was that occurred just then. Her eyes, which had suggested deep, clear pools, lost their look of intentness—lost their expression of depth. It was as if a light had fallen upon them, so that only their surface was visible. She was no longer making an effort to comprehend. It was as if all that there was to see and understand had been brought quite clearly before her. Then little lines began to assert their presence in her face, and last of all her lips yielded to a force which brought them into a lovely curve.

Susan was smiling!

She had come into this place of shelter less than half an hour ago; she had come with only an evil rumor by way of identification. Moreover, she was a married woman. Yet here was a good man who had avowed that he had waited twenty years for her to come!

"I couldn't!" she said gently, and tried again to free her hands.

But he only gazed at her, quietly masterful.

And for a moment there dwelt in her mind the possibility of it, even the allurement of it: security, a release from helplessness and loneliness. This rough, kind man need never know of Herkimer. She could be lost to the world and the world to her.

But only for a moment did this vagrant fancy possess her. Then she was ashamed that she had given even a thought to such duplicity, to such weak surrender. She shook her head. "I couldn't," she repeated. "I'm sorry, but, truly, I couldn't."

"So you mean to go on——"

"I mean to go to Horseshoe if I can find the way. I've heard there's a railroad there. You see, I think I'll have to go back to the city."

"You mean you're going to walk those ten miles—for it *is* ten miles—just because you mean to give up trying to find what you started after?"

"It won't seem far—ten miles won't—now that I know just what I mean to do."

Enfield arose and went back to his forge. "All right," he said; and then the rushing sound of the bellows was resumed.

Susan went to the door. The road, sandy and clean, was not uninviting, despite the recent downpour. Yet she lingered. "And I thank you," she called back into the dark interior.

"That's all right. And if you should change your mind about giving up, and ever come back this way, stop in again."

VIII

A CRY BY THE HIGHWAY

SHE supposed that she had left Quitman behind her. Turning away from the blacksmith-shop she saw before her only a deserted road bordered by stunted forest. A bend in the road less than a hundred yards away shut off whatever vista there might otherwise have been.

She was glad to have seen the last of that ungracious town, and yet she was stronger for having passed that way—she knew it. She knew more about the country now; she knew that she must not expect too much of it. But also she had learned something of the lesson of self-reliance. And then there had been that experience in the blacksmith-shop. The huge man of the forge had believed in her! She recalled the warmth of his hands, the deep persuasiveness of his voice, the intentness of his gaze. He was a good man, an honest man—and he had been on her side! Moreover, he had thought the thing she was doing was not at all questionable. He understood perfectly. She was searching for freedom, and it was a thing worth searching for, even at the cost of many hardships.

. . . She approached a lonely farmhouse before long, a house quite out of sight of any other habitation. The excited movements of three children in the

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dooryard attracted her attention. They came spinning, barelegged, through a tangle of weeds in front of the house. Then for an instant they were hidden behind vines and bushes which grew luxuriously along the fence. Then they reappeared, one after another, in a row. They had climbed up onto the fence. One was a little girl with frightened, shining eyes. Two were boys. The oldest of the three, an urchin with an extraordinarily freckled face and with most of his front teeth missing, eyed her steadily, inimically. And as she came opposite him his mouth became distorted with a truly fiendish grin.

"Why don't you get your hairs cut?" he shouted; and then all three children, looking at one another with horror, dropped out of sight simultaneously. Susan heard them squeaking in the bushes, which moved violently, as if a storm had struck them.

She did not respond to these invisible children; but to herself she exclaimed, "My goodness!" She realized with amazement that this was the result of the fact that an ill-natured woman had made a mistake about her far back beyond Quitman. She had been regarded by the authorities as a suspicious character; and it seemed to her quite incredible that even so unusual an event as that should spread throughout an entire community as if it had been heralded from the heavens.

She asked herself how far that wretched experience would follow her. She began to realize, too, that there was a certain risk in her travelling about alone. What had happened to her in Quitman might easily happen elsewhere—with perhaps far more serious results.

Toward the middle of the afternoon she made two discoveries. The first of these was that she had turned into what seemed to be a main road, which was taking her gradually toward lower levels, through an almost unbroken forest. The second was that in the far distance a wagon was slowly moving up the incline toward her. And a moment later she perceived that what she had taken for one wagon was really two, one following immediately behind the other.

When the rather dreary-looking caravan drew near Susan stepped aside. She had cast one look at the man and woman who occupied the front seat, and then she had tried to seem incurious. Yet she retained the picture of a weary woman holding a sleeping baby in her arms, and of indistinct outlines of children beyond, under the canvas with which the wagon was covered. Then she heard a voice, and realized that the wagon had stopped.

"How far is it to Quitman?" the man asked. His voice was a friendly drawl. The woman looked at Susan with dull curiosity.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you exactly," replied Susan. Something in that picture of domesticity on the wing touched her, and she drew nearer to the wagon. "If you could tell me how far it is to Horseshoe I could give you a pretty good idea," she added.

"We didn't come by way of Horseshoe, but I should judge it to be a matter of four miles or so."

"Oh! is it so far as that? Why, then, Quitman is about six miles."

"Going to Horseshoe?" inquired the man. His look and tone invited confidences. He was plainly curious, and it was just as plain that he was willing to give his horses a breathing-spell. Susan had noticed that a hound had appeared from the rear and stretched himself lazily under the wagon, and that children were scrambling for points of vantage back of the seat on which the man and woman sat. A youth appeared to be the only occupant of the second wagon.

"Yes," admitted Susan. "I want to get to the railroad. Have you travelled far?" The question was prompted by a desire to place her own affairs in the background, and also by that interest which one wanderer always feels in another so long as the passions of life have not ebbed away into a stagnant indifference.

"This is our fourth week. We're headed for Adams County, where Gert's people live." He jerked his head toward the woman by his side. "I think, though, we'll camp to-night in Quitman. We're needing supplies, and besides, the baby's not standing the trip very well. We may have to stop for a day or two."

Susan looked at the woman compassionately. "I'm sorry," she said.

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"Still, we've had a pretty good trip, generally speaking," the man continued in more cheerful tones. "Our first bad luck was only a mile or two back. We stopped to water the horses and a young mare we'd been leading broke loose and got away. I spent half a day looking for her, but it didn't seem to be any use."

Susan did not give even a thought to this loss. She knew nothing about horses, except that they always formed a sad feature in familiar pictures. She could not get her mind away from the mother whose baby was ailing, or the man who could talk with such a complacent drawl after being four weeks on the road.

"Well, good-by," she said. She felt that she might be detaining these people, who knew just where they meant to go. She would have liked to talk to them longer. She felt almost that she should have liked to go with them, to help with the baby.

"I hope the baby will be better soon," she said by way of parting; and then the caravan moved on.

She continued to descend the long, rocky way before her. She decided to consider the next house as a stopping-place—though as yet no house was visible. She continued to think of those people in the wagon, who were now far away from her and who would never cross her path again.

Then, as though she had been abruptly awakened from a spell, she perceived that she had reached a point where a rushing stream crossed the road in front of her. The stream was swollen—a result, doubtless, of heavy local rains. She was relieved to note that a rough bridge, formed by the trunk of a tree, spanned the torrent.

But before she could decide to take the first step on the ancient log, she was arrested in an alarming fashion.

A loud, almost weird cry of distress out somewhere in a sunny glade to the right of the road smote her ears.

IX

A BROOK FOR A NEIGHBOR

With that cry of terror and distress in her ears Susan forgot herself and her problems—which was very surely the best thing that could have happened to her. She had been startled and not a little frightened by that strange sound in a lonely place; but a latent courage was one of her redeeming qualities, and now her single impulse was to investigate and perhaps to help.

Where the stream crossed the road the foliage on either hand was so dense as to form a curtain which the eye could not penetrate. Shrubs and bushes grew near at hand, while immense trees formed a background.

Susan could feel her heart pounding in her bosom, but she left the highway and threaded her way into the underbrush and quickly disappeared. A moment later she came upon a narrow path which descended over a rocky slope and bore away from the perpendicular face of sandstone bluffs. The stream ran near the base of the bluffs. On the other side of the stream a sunny glade stretched, and here the sunlight found its way unhindered to the green earth.

On the far side of the stream, which was only a few yards in width, a little sand-bar formed a miniature island. Between the sand-bar and the grassy bank there was only a trickle of water; and the bar itself gave no evidence of being in an almost fluid state; yet it held in its treacherous clutch the helpless form of a young horse. The beautiful, beseeching eyes were turned toward Susan; and she observed that the ears were small and delicate, and that the lines of the head and neck, where they lost themselves in the shoulders, were quite different from those of the horses to which she had been accustomed in the city.

It was this helpless creature which had uttered a cry of protest against a horrible fate; and the poor beast now regarded Susan with unmistakable faith and trust.

"Oh, the poor thing!" was Susan's thought. She did not believe that in all her life two eyes had looked toward her with such an expression of piteous need and appeal. She went as near as the water permitted and studied the situation. The horse's head was turned away from the farther bank and toward the main current of the stream, so that such a thing as leading the animal ashore did not seem

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practicable. Indeed, so far as Susan was concerned, nothing seemed practicable. Yet already into those great, clear eyes had come an expression which said plainly: "I know you'll not leave me!"

She sat down on a little ledge of rock which was still warm with the sun, and tried to think what to do. Then she experienced what for her was an inspiration, though it would have been a mere matter of observation in one versed in the lore of the country.

She realized that the stream was far above its normal bounds, doubtless as a result of heavy rains earlier in the day. It seemed to her possible that most of the water would run away after a while and that it might leave the imprisoned horse held merely by a mass of sand and earth, which might be removed. The stream was not as a stream ought to be, she felt certain. It was red with mud, and here and there grasses and weeds were submerged. That picture which she had seen long ago, of a model stream in the country, had not shown conditions at all like this.

In the meantime the horse was not sinking any deeper and might remain just as it was for hours: perhaps until the surplus water flowed away. Susan looked eagerly at the soft, beautiful eyes and at the delicate ears, and wished she might pet the troubled creature and so assure it of her sympathy. She had never realized that a dumb brute could be like this—that it could beseech when it suffered.

Over in the sunshine, on the other side of the stream, the wild grass grew abundantly. Moreover, a little farther down the stream another natural bridge had been formed by a fallen tree. Seeing which, Susan came to a quick conclusion. She moved away cautiously, sending back a reassuring glance at the horse, and made her way across the bridge, which vibrated in a truly alarming fashion. The spirit of adventure took firmer hold upon her when she felt the long tremors beneath the weight of her body. She gave a little cry of triumph when she sprang to the bank on the farther side.

She sought for a place where the grass grew thickest and began pulling it up in small handfuls. She placed it in a heap until she had enough to fill her arms. Then she returned to the stream and felt her way cautiously along the bank until she was as close to the horse as she could get. The animal turned its head at the sound of her movements and whinnied softly. How different was this sound from that which had reached Susan a little earlier, up on the road!

Then she planned with eagerness. How to get the grass within reach of the horse's muzzle? Plainly she could not advance another step in safety. It was equally plain that she could not throw the grass the requisite distance. Unless——!

She knelt down and made a quantity of the grass into a sort of sheaf, binding it with certain long blades which she selected from the heap. This done, she stood up and tossed the sheaf with care. Greatly to her delight—and surprise—it fell quite close to the horse's head.

The animal seemed frightened at first. Then it seemed to ruminate. Then it extended its muzzle and mumbled cautiously at the sheaf of grass. There were no evil consequences; and in another instant the helpless beast was feeding industriously.

Susan repeated this simple process again and again. Often the grass went astray; but sometimes it fell within reach and the horse munched away contentedly.

"As long as the poor thing gets something to eat," Susan reflected, "it won't die, even if it has to stay here all night—or to-morrow, and longer."

It seemed to her quite out of the question to desert this creature in distress. She would have to seek shelter for herself after a while, of course; but she would come back. She might even induce some one to come with her—some one who could help. But at any rate she could gather more grass; and possibly by to-morrow the horse would be able to scramble out of the enveloping depth into which it had sunk.

Then with a thrill of dismay she realized that the sun had almost reached the horizon line. She had been forgetting herself; and now she perceived that the day would be ended in half an hour—in an hour at most. And she seemed very far from a suitable place of shelter.

Nervously and hastily she turned toward the highway and pushed her way

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through the obstructing bushes. The law of self-preservation asserted itself. She must think of herself now. She could return to her self-imposed duty here in this lonely spot in the morning; but now she must make haste and find a place to sleep. She must find food, too. The supply of bread and meat which Mrs. Edmonson had given her was gone; and during the long day which was now ending she had had no chance to add to that supply.

Out in the open road again she became an instant prey to vague fears. The highway, under its arching trees and with its mysterious wall of forest on either side, was already darkening. The sunlight was shut out by a hill in front of her and by the trees. The stillness of night had fallen—that deepened silence which comes to places seemingly already noiseless. The ripple of the water across the road became a roar; the breath of the wind in the trees suggested a moan.

For the first time she realized how utterly lonely the road was. Conditions had not changed since noonday; but the warmth and light had made for cheerfulness: at least they had made no call upon the imagination. Now a mystic force in nature seemed unloosed. Susan was awed, afraid.

She hurried on her way with heaving bosom. The forests on either side darkened and a deeper shadow fell about her. She may have walked a mile when she stumbled, and was surprised by the sound of a sob in her throat. She realized then how greatly distressed she had become by reason of that sombre vista of a forest upon which the night was settling, and in which there was not even a cabin window to reveal a light, or an open space in the sky for the revealing of the celestial lamps.

It seemed to her that she had passed the last human habitation in the world; that nothing but a brooding solitude and silence stretched before her.

Then she paused for an instant, taking counsel with herself. What folly was hers, that she had left the world of myriad houses and lights and unsought companionships, for this region in which even the moon and stars were blotted out!

No use to think of the city now. But she remembered the sun-touched valley which she had left half an hour ago, and the perishing horse that had been her companion, and the open heaven which had been free from the depressing darkness of the woods. Instantly it seemed to her that even the horse would prove a real companion and solace, under the circumstances. Why, indeed, should she go forward, without any assurance of finding companionship and shelter? And, should she reach a house at last, what assurance had she that she would be taken in—a woman who came from nowhere, in the night?

In another instant her feet had taken possession of her and were bearing her hurriedly back along the way she had come.

She chided herself bitterly for her folly. Why had she wasted so much of the afternoon in the performance of incidental duties, when her well-being—even the well-being of the horse—depended wholly upon her finding a suitable anchorage before the night fell?

She walked hurriedly, heavily, for what seemed a long time, and then she heard simultaneously the rushing of the stream and the whinnying of the horse. In her depressed state it seemed to her that she had reached an all-sufficient goal.

She stood an instant, peering into the shadows in search of the most open way by which to reach the spot she had lately quit. And it was then that her ears were smitten, as they had been earlier in the evening, by a most astounding sound.

In the road before her, too far away to be seen, some one was approaching. She distinctly heard footsteps in the dusk where the road was hard and stony. Then there burst upon the night a song:

"Who follows the road through the shadows and silence,
Always alone, always alone?"

It was a man's voice, clear and musical—the voice of a man who, plainly, had no fear of the night. Every word reached Susan distinctly, and for a swift moment she believed that the singer meant his song to apply to her—that he knew of her proximity. The sound of the footsteps, too, was becoming more distinct.

Susan's heart quailed. Her first

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thought was of escape; and blindly disregarding all obstacles she slipped into the underbrush and crept cautiously away from the thoroughfare. It did not seem at all likely that a man who could sing in the dark, alone, could be a dangerous man. But instinct warned her against all men at such a time and under such circumstances.

She threaded her way among the bushes again, noiselessly, and followed the narrow path which skirted the base of the bluffs; and gradually she was aware that here a little twilight still lingered, and that the heat of the sun, thrown against the face of the bluffs, still remained.

The horse stretched its neck mightily, until its muzzle stood straight out. Then it appeared to compose itself for an unruffled contemplation of its predicament.

Susan looked about her anxiously. What was she to do now? It would be quite dark, even in the open, in a few minutes; and here she was, caught with a troubled stream on one hand and with a frowning mass of rocks on the other—to say nothing of that mysterious person near by, whose song was ended and whose presence therefore had become even more disquieting.

She leaned back against the rocks while she surveyed the darkening valley on the other side of the stream; and when her hand came into contact with the rock she was almost startled to find how completely it had retained the heat of the sun. She turned about, the thought of a refuge uppermost in her mind.

Then she made a curious discovery. The perpendicular wall of bluff was of sandstone and had yielded to the insistent touch of the elements through centuries. Three or four feet from the ground, at the point where Susan stood, a natural shelf had been eaten into the stone. It was a yard or more in depth and quite smooth. Moreover, it was sheltered by a perfect roof of stone.

Susan stepped back to get a better view of this strange cavity in the rock; and to her surprise she found that it was duplicated by another opening a little higher up—perhaps six feet from the ground.

Both of these shelf-like recesses looked quite inviting. They were as free from dirt or rubbish as if the brush and broom of a fastidious housewife had recently been applied to them.

With instant conviction Susan knew just what she meant to do. She called a low, reassuring word to the horse, and then crossed the unstable bridge again. Again she gathered a quantity of grass; but this time it was for a different purpose.

Retracing her steps, she began piling the grass upon the lower of the two shelves in the bluff. Then, with the indecision of a bird in the spring, she gathered the grass blades into her hands again and threw them upon the upper shelf. Like most human beings, she had a fear of Mother Earth, considered in its relation to night.

The grass carefully bestowed upon the smooth surface of stone, she disturbed the effects of her traveller's pack enough to draw forth some sort of soft, ample garment. This she spread over the grass.

Much of this preparation was made with difficulty, while she stood on the lower shelf. But finally she sighed with satisfaction and looked upon her improvised bed.

Into it, presently, with a good deal of difficulty, she climbed.

X

THE LODGER ON THE GROUND FLOOR

THE night deepened; and, though Susan listened long and intently for the sound of footsteps out on the highway, she heard nothing more. Lying in her sheltered place up under the rocks she began little by little to relax, and at length she was resting almost comfortably.

She had made an invaluable discovery that night. As she lay stretched on her strange bed there came to her the truth that when one is very tired most human ills vanish, or become mere little imps, powerless to do any real harm. As drowsiness overtook her it seemed to her that nothing is worth fearing, or longing for, or regretting, or hating: that the troubled earth may be loved when it will suffer itself to be loved, and that it must be borne with in its ungracious moods—and that this constitutes the whole problem of life.

The stream murmured softly. Out on

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the end of a limb which lay like a black line across the sky a pale candle burned: but no, it was a star, unloosed from its prison of light.

With the dying of the breeze, which had blown until sunset, the air felt warmer; and Susan wondered if it would become chilly before morning and what she should do in case she ceased to be comfortable. Never before in her life had she slept outdoors, though she knew that people in the city sometimes slept in the parks and she had always believed that it would be a delightful experience to do so.

She lifted her head and looked down on the bed of the stream, where the horse waited with a tranquillity which suggested fatalism—as if good or ill would have its way, in any case.

The feeling of drowsiness took fuller possession of her. As if in a dream she heard the horse whinny once; and then her every sense succumbed wholly to physical weariness.

After an interval the length of which she could not estimate she awakened to find that her heart was beating rapidly and that she was greatly frightened. There was borne to her ears softly but unmistakably the sound of a human being breathing—the breathing which accompanies profound slumber.

She was startled, incredulous. She peered over the ledge of rock. She could see indistinctly that the horse was moving its head restlessly; but otherwise not a living thing was to be seen.

She lay down again, determined not to believe the evidence of her own ears. There could be nobody near. The idea was preposterous! The winds were playing upon some object which reverberated, through some chasm which yielded an echo. Only there was no wind! It was the horse, then. But the horse was awake, and horses did not breathe like that, in any case.

The sound stopped; and then it seemed that some one tapped on a stone wall near her. Perhaps, she reflected, she was separated by only a few inches from a cave in the bluffs. She had heard of caves, which, she remembered, were places in wild regions where outlaws hid. The breathing began again; the tapping was heard no more.

Well, at any rate she was in no immediate danger. She was not being menaced. She lay very still for a long time, and though the sound continued her heart ceased to beat so violently and her breath came more easily. Indeed, she slept again.

A streak of tiny violet clouds was visible against the western sky when she opened her eyes again. The dawn was at hand. She could have cried out with delight in the realization that the night had passed; but she did not utter a sound; the mysterious breathing of the night still fell upon her ear.

Courage came to her. She resolved to get up and ferret out the cause of that sound which had filled her with dismay. But before she had had time to act the offending noise had lost its slumbrous rhythm and soon ceased. There was silence—a silent moment which was more disquieting than those which had preceded it.

Susan could restrain herself no longer. She raised herself to a sitting posture—as nearly as the limited space above permitted. "Who is that?" she demanded imperiously.

"Hello, the upper berth!" came the response.

Susan peered out over the ledge of rock. A face was looking up at her!

It was a man's face: good-natured, indolent, seasoned. Susan looked into deep-blue eyes above which the brows were puckered whimsically. She saw one side of a yellow mustache which terminated in an almost rakish curl. Other parts of anatomy revealed were slight and spare.

"Who are you?" demanded Susan sternly. The tone might have conveyed the impression that all the country belonged to her, and that she was prepared to deal severely with intruders.

"A temporary lodger in the front room, ground floor. You the landlady?"

Susan drew back into her compartment and reflected. She was not a landlady. She imagined that her appearance must leave something to be desired. The sensation of fear had passed, leaving no memory. Still, she doubted the propriety of

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looking down into that face which was so near and which grinned unabashed.

She heard the "temporary lodger" stir. Then she heard the voice again. "Every room taken?"

Susan tried again to sit up. The ceiling above her did not permit complete freedom of movement. She realized that she felt very much alive—quite unlike the early morning feeling in Pleasant Lane. The horse whinnied, almost joyously, as if to encourage her to make a suitable reply to the strange man who had asked her an impertinent question.

"You had better go away," she commanded, without again making herself visible.

She heard the man moving his legs into position and then she heard him jump to the ground. In another instant he was walking away.

She looked again. He had taken a few steps and was stretching himself. He turned about before the yawn had released its grip on his muscles. He grinned again. She observed that his eyes were incredibly blue and laughing, and that the brows above them were of a sunny, yellowish color and quite heavy.

"I'm just going to let the cat in and put the kettle on to boil," he said.

She knew instinctively that he was a harmless fellow. "But there isn't any cat, nor any kettle," she said.

"Let me beg of you to accept the cat as a permissible figure of speech. And if you are prejudiced against cats, let me say that I have stepped forth to salute Phœbus and Aurora, who would be perfect strangers to me if I had a regular bed, dues paid in advance."

She regarded him with an effect of remoteness.

"And, as for the kettle, you're in error about that. We have one." He approached a fissure in the rocks and drew forth a large tin can to which the ends of a cord were attached, so that it could be carried about his neck. "See the kettle?" he asked, holding it toward her.

Susan regarded the can curiously. "What's it for?" she asked.

"By its aid I can drink from the purling brook without getting my chin wet. Or I can make coffee in it, or use it in boiling eggs or potatoes. It is my most valuable asset. Shall I help you down?"

Susan now presented much the appearance of one of those squirrels in the park which cannot quite bring themselves to eat out of your hand but which are still willing to occupy the opposite end of a bench from you. "I think I'll stay where I am awhile longer," she said.

The man nodded and turned away. He cast a slow, appraising glance over his immediate surroundings and sauntered away in the direction of the natural bridge.

Susan embraced the opportunity and slipped to the ground. She was not frightened; she was only puzzled and perhaps a little resentful. Where had the man come from, and why had he come? She began to collect her possessions from the various places on the ledge where she had slept. She was somewhat arduously engaged in this task when she heard the man's voice again.

"Can I help?"

He had returned and was standing close behind her. But his attitude and presence did not seem at all in the nature of a menace. He was clearly a very easy-going man. A mild good nature was stamped on every feature. Despite herself Susan felt her resentment at his presence vanishing. The feeling of loneliness was also gone.

"If we're going to talk to each other," she said with a certain sedateness, "let's introduce ourselves and not talk any more foolishness."

"My name sounds a little foolish, I'm afraid. It's Coot—Coot Mann. I've been told on many occasions that it sounds more like an exclamation than a name."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Mann. I'm Mrs. Herkimer." Susan extended her hand.

Mann took it simply. There were none of the blandishments of conquest in his manner, despite his love of facetious speech. He jerked his head in the direction of the horse. "Yours?" he asked.

"Why—yes. Yes, it's mine," replied Susan. The fact of possession had not occurred to her before.

"Too bad," said Mann. "I'll get around to him later and see what I can

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do. The first thing, Mrs. Herkimer, is to get breakfast."

"Breakfast! Here?"

"Of course!"

"How do you suppose I'm going to get breakfast?"

Mann's laughter was boyishly delightful. "I didn't mean that. I mean I'll get it."

Susan was instantly interested. Also she realized that she was hungry. A night in the open had worked wonders. Moreover, she suspected that her fellow traveller was talking foolishness again.

"Just don't worry," he said. "You'll see how simple it is." He turned away and vanished among the bushes.

Susan turned her attention to the horse again; and as she looked at the island whereon the animal was imprisoned, a glad cry escaped her. The water had receded, leaving the horse in a far safer position than it had occupied the night before. She believed it could be dug out now, especially as there was somebody present who might be supposed to know how to dig.

She approached the stream and found a level spot from which she could reach the water easily. Then she made a determined effort to refresh herself and to make her hair presentable. She felt that she might have managed very well if there had been no man about.

Later she crossed the stream and set about gathering grass. She could not think of anything else to do; and already she was relying upon her companion for the graver responsibilities which had to be met.

The horse cared for, she began to observe Mann, who was visible from time to time and who was making mysterious preparations. He had built a fire near the base of the bluffs, piling twigs around a great flat rock. Then he sat down and began working purposefully upon a pin, which he had extracted from the edge of his coat. He worked complacently, singing in an undertone. Presently he tied the pin, bent into grotesqueness, to the end of a thread. Next he dug about in the earth near by, using a highly serviceable-appearing knife which he took from his pocket.

"You might keep the fire going, if you don't mind," he said finally, and then he started toward the bushes and the creek again.

"You're going to fish!" exclaimed Susan, as if she were bringing charges against him. She didn't really know. She was only hazarding a guess.

"Of course!" admitted Mann, looking at her blankly.

"I'd certainly like to see you catch them," she said, "only, of course you'll never catch any!"

"Come along!" invited Mann cheerfully. "Why shouldn't I?"

They mended the fire between them, and then both set out along the stream. When they reached a quiet bend, where the water paused for a rest before resuming its journey, Mann enjoined silence. He sat down on the elbow of a tree and lowered his line into the water. The expression on his face was solemn, yet sublimely trustful. Manna from heaven could not have found a more expectant palm than his.

His eyes gleamed when the line suddenly stiffened and was dragged away quite vigorously toward shallower water. He caught a fish! It was the first of many. He appeared to have no trouble at all in catching any number of little perch, one after another.

In her delight Susan brought her hands together sharply. "Why, he *is!*" she exclaimed, as if Mann were a wholly impersonal factor in the situation.

"Did you ever clean any fish?" he asked.

"Of course—but not live ones."

"Well, we can make these quit being live ones." He gave each fish a vigorous tap on a rock and tossed it toward her. Also he tossed the indispensable knife in her direction.

So it was that their breakfast came from the brook.

"Now we'll get back to camp," said Mann, when enough fish had been caught.

"Back where?"

"Back to where the fire is. Wherever the fire is people always go sooner or later—having no reference, of course, to the hereafter."

He helped to carry the fish. "They'll be just about the right thing when they're fried," he said.

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"But how are they to be fried?"

"You'll see." He smiled happily. In his eagerness he hurried a little ahead, and Susan observed him critically. What sort of strange being was he, she wondered? The word *tramp* did not cross her mind just then. Indeed, Mann was quite decently clothed, and clean, and alert in a somewhat deliberate fashion.

He wore fawn-colored corduroy garments which fitted him nicely; a blue flannel shirt which was in perfect harmony with his surroundings; rather heavy shoes of good quality; and a soft felt hat the shape and angle of which suggested a buoyant, perhaps mischievous disposition in its wearer. This latter article of his apparel made it plain, indeed, that a man's hat is the only thing he wears which partakes of his personality and, in a measure, expresses him.

He broke a branch from a bush and swept the rock, lying within its circle of coals. Next he washed his hands down in the brook, Susan following his example. Then he produced a small package of salt from his coat-pocket and proceeded to season the fish. "Anybody will give you a little salt," he explained. He spread the fish on the heated rock and stepped back approvingly when they began to hiss and curl and shrivel. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "do you smell that?"

Susan's housewifely instinct, however faint it might have been, asserted itself. "We've got no place to eat them," she said.

Mann was dragging the coals away from the rock. "We'll eat them off the rock," he said, again turning a slightly blank countenance toward her.

"No, we ought to have a table-cloth," declared Susan. "Here, give me the knife and I'll turn them. You break some branches."

He grasped her idea instantly and glowed with pleasure. In a trice he had a small area of ground covered with leaves. Two dry rocks served as seats. It was Susan's idea that each fish should be deposited on a leaf. Soon they were arranged in two lines, nearly a score of crisp, inviting perch, some four inches long.

Mann renewed the fire.

"What now?" asked Susan.

"Coffee," explained her companion.

To her amazement he produced another package from his coat: this time, ground coffee. "You usually have to split a little wood for this," he explained, grinning reflectively.

It was just then that Susan thought of the word *tramp*, which she had often seen in the newspapers in the city. Surely he couldn't be a tramp, despite his reference to splitting wood. A tramp, she remembered, always had a big, rough mustache. "And his," mused Susan, "is just a cunning little curly one." Moreover, his hair did not show through a rent in his hat. Nevertheless, the matter was too serious to be ignored. She became slightly pale, and then dashed at the obstacle boldly.

"Are you a—a tramp?" she asked.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mann. He turned quickly and glanced all about him, into the woods and along the bluffs, shading his eyes from imaginary sun rays with his hand. Then he turned toward her solemnly. "Never ask such a question again," he said. "There's never any telling who may be listening."

Which was all the answer she got.

Mann proceeded to deposit the ground coffee on a clean spot, after which he went to the stream and filled the can with water. When he had placed this on the heated rock and added a few bits of wood to the flame, he turned to Susan with a smile.

"Breakfast is now ready in the dining-car," he said cheerfully; and then they sat down.

(To be continued.)

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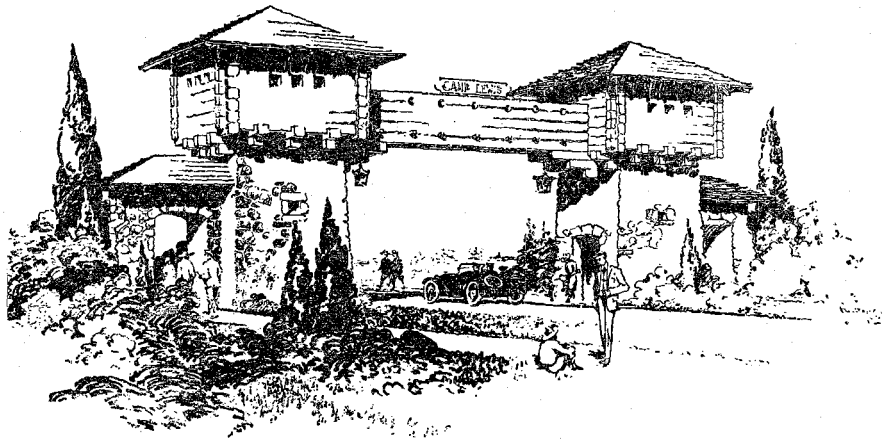

The entrance to Camp Lewis.
A massive stone gateway surmounted by just such a log blockhouse as was common in this region in pioneer days.

MAKING THE MAKERS OF VICTORY

CAMP LEWIS—THE CAMP OF THE FRONTIER

BY MAJOR E. ALEXANDER POWELL
Assistant to the Chief of Staff, Ninety-first Infantry Division, National Army

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAND AND PARISH

IF you are by nature exclusive and insist on the luxury of a taxicab, it will cost you six dollars to make the seventeen-mile trip from Tacoma to Camp Lewis, but if you are democratic enough to enjoy the crowded familiarity of a jitney—by crowded I mean nine persons in a five-passenger car—you can make the same journey for fifty-five cents, or for thirty-five if you are in khaki. By taking the jitney, moreover, you will learn from the gossip of your fellow passengers all that has happened, or that is going to happen, or that is likely to happen at the camp. For forty minutes you tear over a road as smooth as the top of a table and as straight as though the forest through which it runs had been cut out by a forty-two-centimetre shell. Then, catching sight of a tall soldier with a pistol strapped to his thigh and with a blue arm band, your driver slows down to a more decorous pace, for you are now within the confines of the military reservation and subject to the stern jurisdiction of the military police.

The car swerves sharply through a massive stone gateway surmounted by just such a log blockhouse as was common in this region in pioneer days. From the gate—built, by the way, with contributions from the workmen who constructed the camp—broad avenues radiate like the sticks of a fan, each bordered by endless rows of long, two-story barracks of unpainted pine, hundreds and hundreds of them, which stretch away in a bewildering expanse of roofs until they are lost in the encircling forest. The place is aswarm with men in cowboyish hats and khaki uniforms, rehearsing with monotonous repetition the manual of arms, suppling their bodies and hardening their muscles by vigorous "setting-up" exercises, plod-

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ding in columns along the muddy roads, or manœuvring in squads and platoons and companies upon the vast drill-plain. Others are riding horses and motor-cycles, driving gray motor-cars, gray ambulances, gray motor-trucks, or cracking their whips over four-mule teams hauling canvas-topped wagons that look like undersized descendants of the old-time prairie-schooner. From across the drill-field are wafted the plaintive strains of "I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time," while from over in the edge of the woods comes the raucous bleatings of embryo buglers at practice. The air is filled with sound: the clatter of hoofs, the throbbing of motors, the rumble of motor-lorries, the brisk commands of the drill-sergeants, the rat-a-tat-tat of hammers, the distant crackle of machine guns, and the *slump-slump-slump* on the soft earth of thousands of marching feet. Should you see Camp Lewis in the rainy season, your first impression will probably be that the cantonment consists of an amazing number of house-boats afloat on a lake. It has been unkindly said that Washington has only two seasons, June and the rainy season, but this is an exaggeration.

Of the sixteen great cantonments which have sprung up like mammoth mushrooms, almost overnight, for the training of the National Army, Camp Lewis can claim the greatest measure of romantic interest. Its very name is suggestive of adventure, for it perpetuates the memory of the youthful army officer, Captain Meriwether Lewis, who, with his companion, Captain Clark, was the first white man to cross the continent north of Mexico. Yet, though it is the largest cantonment in the United States, and though it draws its recruits from a greater territory than all the other camps put together, I doubt if, even with the map open before you, you could place your finger on it. No? I thought as much. It is situated, then, in the extreme upper left-hand corner of the United States, where the fir-clad slopes of the Cascades sweep down to the ragged shores of Puget Sound and where, in the limpid waters of American Lake, is reflected the majestic bulk of Mount Rainier, that mighty cone of ice and snow which rears itself a thousand feet higher than the Jungfrau.

As the mobilization point for recruits from the eight westernmost States and the Territory of Alaska, Camp Lewis is essentially the camp of the frontier. Here are gathered the men who have been summoned from the orange-groves and oil-fields of California, from the apple-orchards of Oregon, from the lumber camps of Washington, from the cattle-ranges of Montana, from the ranches of Wyoming, from the mines of Utah and Nevada and Idaho, from the gold-fields of the Yukon —the men, or the sons of the men, who have tamed the West.

Probably nowhere else in all the world are forgathered so many representatives of that picturesque but fast-disappearing breed, the American frontiersman. Nightly, across the pine tables in the mess-halls or around the big stoves in the bunk-rooms, one can hear tales of wild adventure which would provide scenarios for a hundred novels or motion-picture thrillers. Here can be found men who, in frail Indian canoes, have braved the rapids of Cataract Canyon, who have faced death in Death Valley, who have hunted big game on the banks of the Big Horn and in the fastnesses of the Kawich Range have sought for gold. There is scarcely a horse-ranch or cow outfit in all the West that is not represented at Camp Lewis. (When the troops are drilling you can pick out the cow-punchers by their peculiar rolling gait, like that of sailors ashore.) When experienced miners were needed for the engineers, there stepped forward men who had worked every lode from Nome to Cananea. When the Remount Depot held a military tournament and *rodeo*, the entries in the bronco-busting and bulldogging-the-steer events included the names of nearly every contestant of note at the Pendleton Round-Up and Cheyenne Frontier Day—all in khaki now.

I was frankly curious to see how these sons of the unfenced range would accept the curtailment of individual liberty which is inseparable from military training. The ordered routine of the store, the office, and the bank is to a certain extent a preparation for the regularized life of the army, but the puncher, the packer, and the prospector glory in the fact that they are foot-loose and free and that when

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they tire of a job or a place, they can draw their pay and turn their faces where they please without asking permission of any one. So it was not easy for me to picture these men as contentedly submitting to the tyranny of the drill-sergeant and the bugle. That the recruits at Camp Lewis evince no signs of discontent, and that if they chafe occasionally it is only for a chance to get within shooting-distance of the Hun, is probably about equally due to the congeniality of their environment at the big cantonment and to the hard common sense which is one of the most marked characteristics of the Westerner.

No parent who has a son at Camp Lewis, or, for that matter, at any other National Army cantonment, need worry about his mental, moral, or physical welfare. He leads, perforce, a more wholesome life than he would at any college. Yet there are still a considerable number of people who cling to the old-fashioned idea that vice cannot be eliminated from military camps. Nothing could be further from the truth. No boarding-school more jealously safeguards the morals of its boys or more carefully supervises their recreations than Uncle Sam does those of his soldiers. One looks in vain for the saloons, dives, gambling-houses, and dance-halls which are popularly supposed to flourish in the vicinity of army cantonments. A story was recently published in the newspapers to the effect that the Young Women's Christian Association was sending a thousand young women to Camp Lewis in order to provide partners for soldiers visiting the dance-halls. In this story, however, there were two inaccuracies: the Y. W. C. A. never contemplated providing dance partners for the soldiers at Camp Lewis or elsewhere, and neither in the vicinity of the camp nor in Tacoma itself are there any dance-halls. Otherwise the story was correct. The necessity for providing the men with wholesome forms of recreation is fully recognized, however, and a "joy zone" which will contain amusements sanctioned by the military authorities is now under construction near the entrance to the camp. Within the confines of the camp itself, moreover, is the admirably equipped Camp Theatre, with 3,500 seats, in which, according to the plans of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, will be produced the best of the current theatrical attractions. Both the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus provide almost nightly entertainments in the form of war talks, lectures, and motion-pictures; dances, smokers, and amateur vaudeville performances are frequently given by the men themselves in the recreation-halls of the various brigades; while Mr. Cook, the physical director, stimulates interest in clean sport by arranging baseball and football games, track meets, and wrestling and boxing matches. The latter, which are immensely popular with officers and men alike, are held under the supervision of a mild-mannered, pleasant-faced young man in the gray-green uniform of a physical instructor. The name of this young man is Willie Ritchie, and he once held the light-weight championship of the world.

It struck me, coming from the East, that these men of the West do not enjoy singing as do their fellows in the Eastern cantonments. Certainly they do not sing with the thunderous enthusiasm which characterized the student officers at Plattsburg and Fort Myer and Fort Niagara. This is doubtless due, in some measure at least, to the almost continuous rains which mark a Northwestern winter. It is not human nature to sing when one is wet. But drop in at one of the barracks when supper is over and the men are sprawled about the big stoves and the room is foggy with tobacco smoke, and you will hear the songs of our new army roared out with a vim and spirit which you are not likely to forget. Most of the songs are, curiously enough, plaintive in character, "There's a Long, Long Trail," "When the Great Red Dawn Is Shining," "Take Me Back to California," and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" being tremendous favorites with the men. They are not all of a plaintive character, however. Listen to this one, called "The Stammering Song":

"K-K-K-Katie, beautiful Katie,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the c-c-c-cow-shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door."

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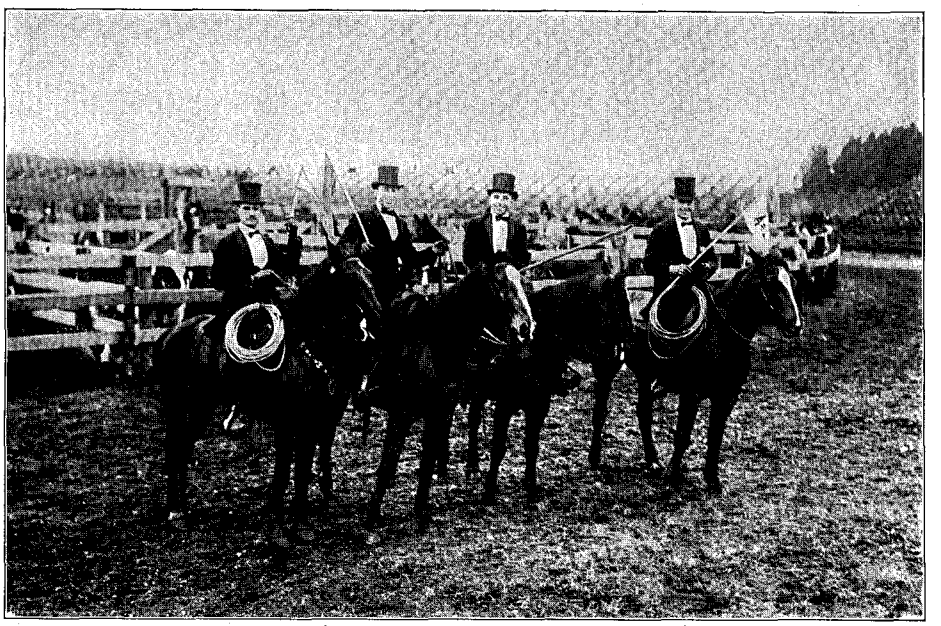

Cow-punchers acting as ring-masters at the Camp Lewis military tournament.

And here is another, brought over from the British front in Flanders:

"Keep your head down,
Allemand!
Keep your head down,
Allemand!
Last night, by the pale
moonlight,
We saw you! We saw
you!
You were mending
your broken wire
When we opened rapid
fire;
If you want to see your
father in your Fa-
therland,
Keep your head *down*,
Allemand!"

No account of Camp Lewis would be complete without some mention of the Hostess House, that unique institution which the Y. W. C. A. has established here, as at several other cantonments, in order to provide a place where the men can meet their mothers and wives and sweethearts in cheerful and homelike surroundings. And thousands of women gratefully avail themselves of the opportunity which it affords them to visit with their boys. They told me at the Hostess House of one dear old lady who had come on from eastern Montana to see her son.

The men were so big that the quartermaster did not have clothing to fit them.

"I'm doing a man's work on the ranch so that my boy can serve his country," she confided to one of the Hostess House officials. "I feed and water the stock and milk the cows

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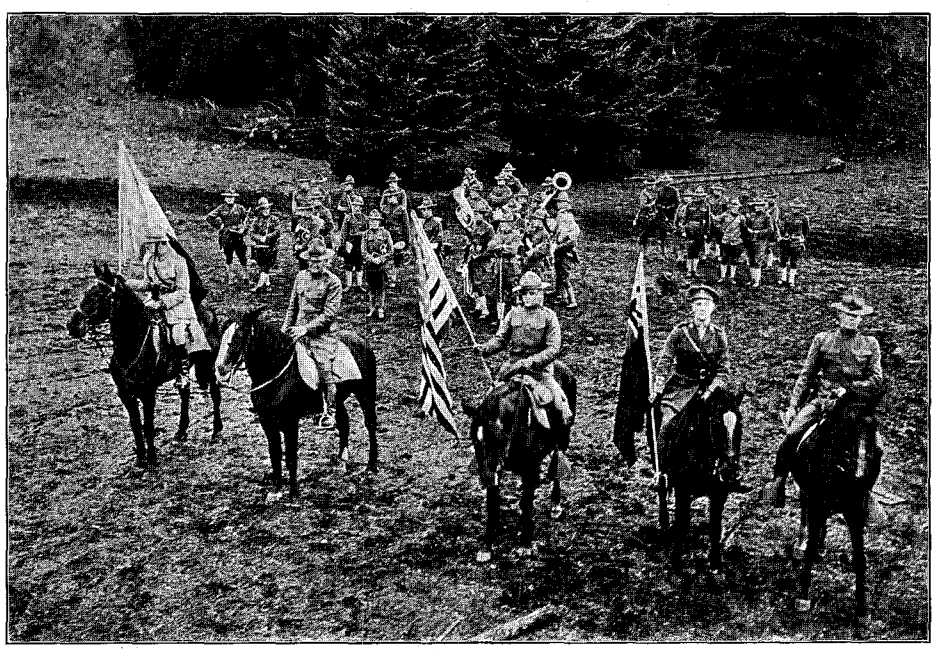
and drive the potato-planter, and I've even cleaned out the stables. He's my only child, you see, and with him away there isn't any one else to do the work."

"You could have had me exempted if you'd wanted to, mother," her son put in.

"I know right well I could," snapped the old lady, "but I wouldn't do it. Your country needs you more than I do."

"If I hadn't known that you felt that way about it I wouldn't have said what I did," the youngster answered proudly, slipping his hand affectionately through the old lady's arm.



French, British, and American officers practising in a military tournament.

One of the things which most impressed me about the men at Camp Lewis is their extraordinary pride in the States from which they come. They speak of Montana and Idaho and California as affectionately as a college man mentions his alma mater. And I soon found that their States take a corresponding pride in them. If the boys who are serving with the colors don't have every comfort in reason, it's not the fault of the folks back home. A soldier from Riverside County, California, mentioned, in a letter to his mother, that, owing to a shortage of clothing, he had been issued only one set of underwear and that he either had to wear it dirty or go without underwear while it was in the wash. His mother took the letter to the mayor of Riverside, the mayor promptly communicated the facts to the governor, and the governor sent a telegram of inquiry to the commanding general at Camp Lewis. A few hours later the Californian had his extra set of underclothes.

There are four hundred and fifty men from Fergus County, Montana, at Camp Lewis. When it was learned that the boys could not go home for Christmas dinner it was decided to take the dinner to them. So there was formed a committee of half a hundred Fergus County folk, including the State treasurer and the sheriff and the mayor of Lewiston and the superintendent of schools. The committee wired to Tacoma and engaged the big banquet-room of the Elks Club, the largest in the city. Then they chartered a special train and loaded aboard it such a Christmas dinner as only the West can produce: turkey and venison and duck and cran-

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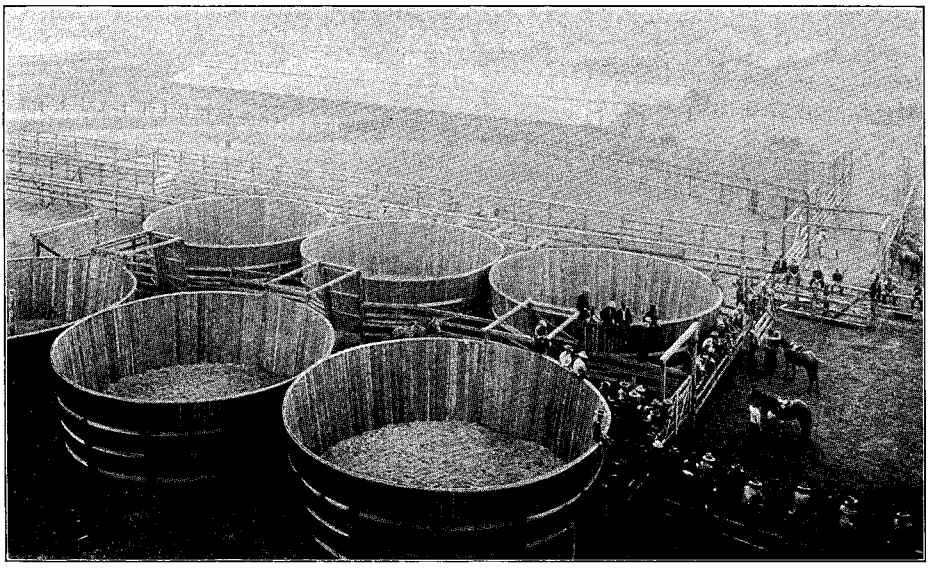
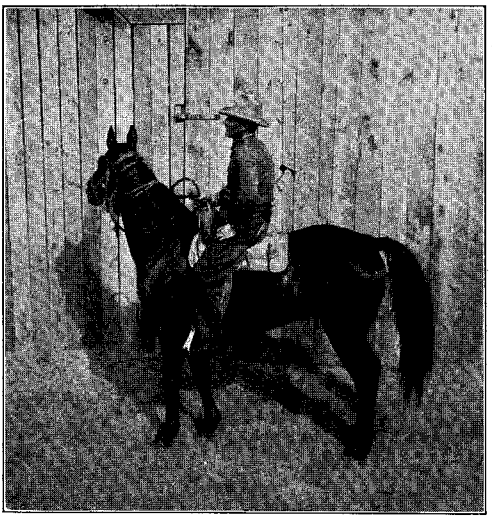


Camp Lewis remount depot.
The "bull-pen" in which vicious horses are broken.

berry sauce and jellies and plum pudding and innumerable varieties of pie, to say nothing of a baggage-car filled with gifts. Thus it came about that the boys from Fergus County had their Christmas dinner with their own people, after all.

I have heard it said that young men of culture and education who enter the National Army as privates are frequently treated by the officers as though they were their social inferiors. This is not true, at least so far as Camp Lewis is concerned. Outside of camp, barring the salutes required by military regulations, there is absolutely no line of social demarcation drawn between officers and men.



A bronco-buster in the bull-pen at the remount depot.

The officers have no social privileges that are not open to privates. In a Tacoma theatre I have seen the general commanding the camp occupying a seat well toward the back of the house while one of the stage boxes was filled with a party of enlisted men. And at the close of the performance I heard the same general ask a sergeant who happened to be passing if he couldn't give him a lift out to camp in his car. At the Tacoma Country Club and in the Tacoma hotels I have repeatedly seen enlisted men dining with officers and their wives, and on more than one occasion I noted that it was the private who was giving the dinner. And this is

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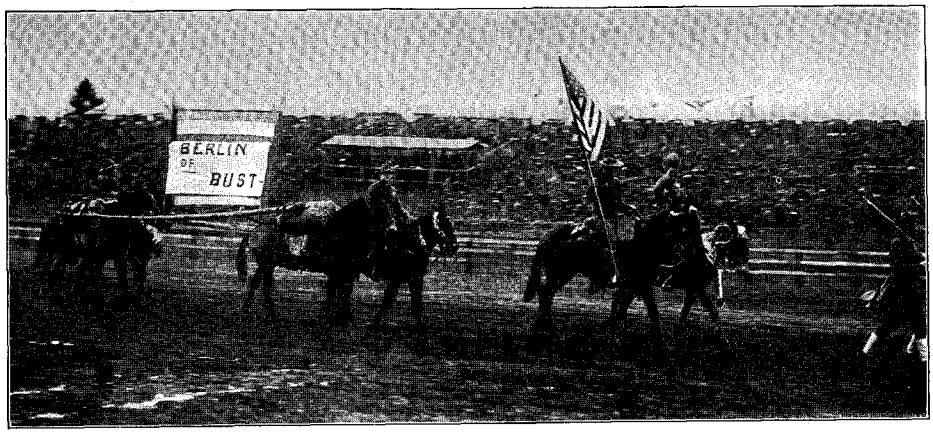
The primeval forest which encircles the camp is mirrored in the crystal waters of American Lake.

as it should be, mind you, for these vast new armies of ours, which are going forth to fight the battles of democracy, are representative of all the people, and caste and social distinctions must have no place in them.

It has been my great good fortune to have marched with many armies, but none of them has given me the thrill of pride which runs up my spine when I see these loose-limbed, brown-faced, clear-eyed sons of the Far West go swinging by under the slanting lines of steel. They are for the most part serious-looking, with a curious set expression about them which makes you feel that, though they realize the immense difficulty of the task for which they are preparing, they intend to see it finished no matter how long it may take. Just as their fathers carried the frontier of civilization westward from the Mississippi, so these, their sons, are going to push that same frontier eastward from the Rhine. But that isn't the way that they would put it. Should you ask them what they are fighting for, they will say nothing about the liberty of small peoples or about making the world safe for democracy. They will assure you that their sole object in going to war is "to can the Kaiser." And, upon thinking it over, it seems to me that their answer, though somewhat inelegantly phrased, perhaps, expresses the sentiments of all of us.



At the tournament.

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THE WALL

By Harriet Welles

Illustrations by O. F. Howard

"THEY have a palace with over three hundred rooms that—with the gardens—takes up a half-mile square. The old prince, his eight sons, and their wives and children live there. They have Eurasians—from the mission—to teach the children English; but I guess you'll be the first foreigner who ever got nearer than the wall. It's the real thing in walls!" asserted the Scotch captain of the Yang-tsze River steamer when Mrs. Allen told of her engagement and asked for directions.

And Marjorie Allen, rattling over the uneven road in a ricksha, agreed with him; the wall built of huge blocks of stone towered ten feet over her head, the bronze coping giving out sharp gleams in the afternoon sunshine.

"If Elsie Marvin could be dropped down here!" thought Marjorie, whimsically remembering Elsie's exasperated remonstrances, at receptions, or dances in Washington, fifteen years before: "Why are you always bothering with that Chinese girl? She's stiff as a poker and stupid as an owl! Being at the embassy doesn't mean anything—she probably runs a laundry at home. You'll never go to China. . . . Why do you bother to be nice to her?"

"Poor Elsie wasn't a good judge of people," sighed Marjorie Allen, leaning forward to see the great gate revealed by a turn in the narrow road.

A servant, leaning against the massive barrier screening the opening, came forward. "Miss-ses Al-len?" he asked, and at her answering nod turned and shouted.

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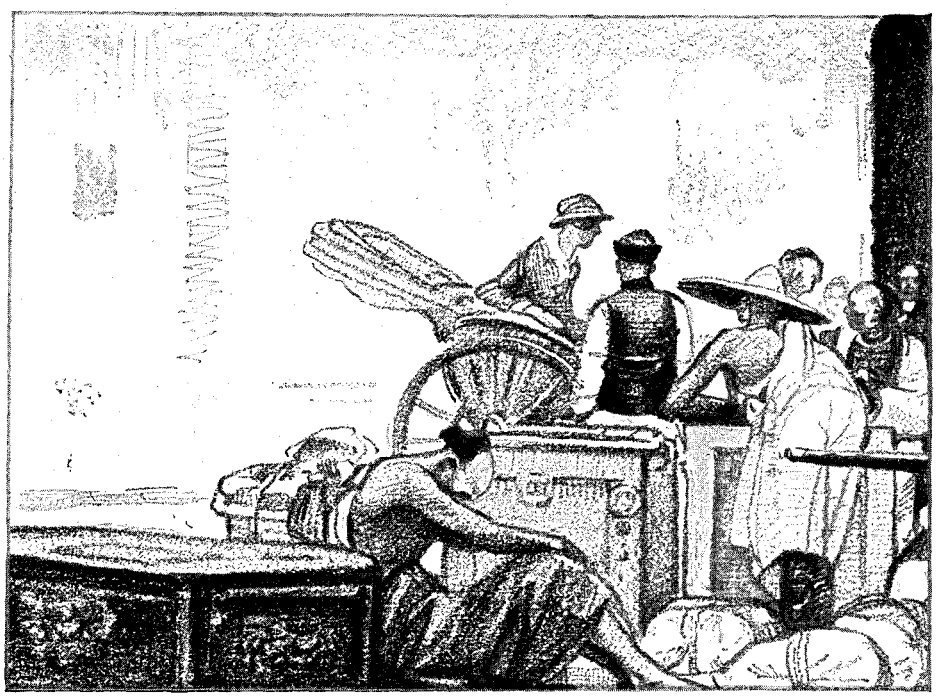

Piles of luggage . . . a vermilion-lacquered chair . . . carved

Twice he repeated it before his voice penetrated the indescribable din, and the ponderous gates swung slowly back.

Marjorie Allen hesitated at the scene disclosed.

Piles of luggage, scores of servants, a heavy travelling-carriage with horses, a vermilion-lacquered chair and bearers, carved and gilded chests mingled in chaotic confusion; while mafoos and coolies lounged or, oblivious to the uproar, slept, although the palace enclosing the stone-paved courtyard on three sides formed a sounding-board that echoed and re-echoed all sounds.

"What can it mean?" wondered Mrs. Allen, following her guide as he threaded his way toward an arched doorway, then down a long corridor paved with squares of white marble to a great carved screen. Stopping, he beckoned her to enter.

"Ong?" a voice questioned.

"Yes, excellency—and the American lady," the servant answered.

"How pleasant—to again see you!" welcomed the princess cordially. "Very much I liked your writing me; all the long years rolled back and I saw once more the wide streets of Washington—and the embassy—and my dead uncle. Almost a dream seems that winter."

She spoke slowly, clearly, and very carefully. "Your mother? That kind and gentle lady! And your father—and the husband in the navy of America? Very happy am I that his ship comes to my country and gives me the sight of you."

Marjorie Allen smiled through a blur of tears. "Home seems very far away! Mother and father were well when I last heard; they will be interested to know that I have seen you. Mother always inquired about you, after you left Washington; your aunt told her of your marriage—that's how I knew where to write you."

The princess nodded.

"How interesting this is!" said Marjorie Allen enthusiastically; "your courtyard was like a Bakst setting."

"You discover us in confusion," explained the princess; "my brother-by-law and his new wife arrived but an hour ago. Their servants, I fear, still encumber the courtyard."

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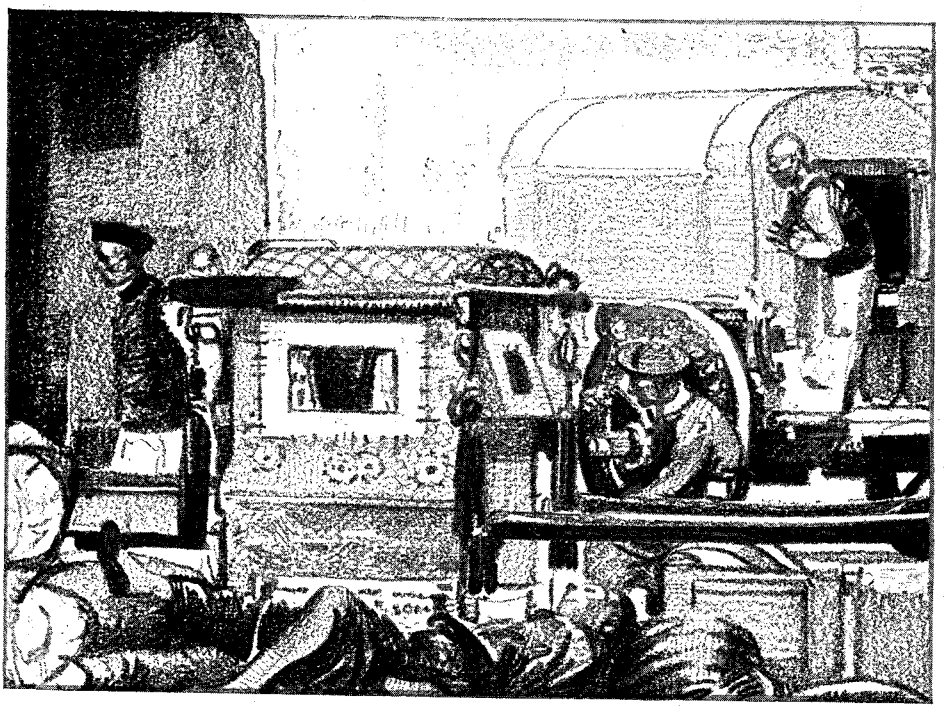

and gilded chests mingled in chaotic confusion.—Page 370.

"How I wish I might have seen them!" cried Marjorie Allen enviously.

Palaces were a novelty—but a Chinese prince arriving with his bride!

The princess smiled.

"Will you sit here?" she asked, motioning to a carved bench in the deep window. Turning, she spoke in Chinese, and Mrs. Allen saw that they were not alone. In a shadowy corner of the long room a woman sat huddled in a great chair beside a table, her face hidden against her arms.

Reluctantly she lifted her head, and Marjorie Allen gave a little sigh of tribute to her loveliness. From the magnificent pearls, outlining the heavy pins in her blue-black hair, to the points of her tiny embroidered slippers, she was as exquisite as a flower. But Marjorie Allen's eyes wandered from the face that bloomed startlingly against the sombre panelling to the perfect hands—heritage of generations of idleness—that lay against the dark wood of the table.

The woman looked at her.

Heavy-eyed, she glanced unhurriedly at the visitor's tailored dress, plain hat, and English shoes.

She hid her head on her arms again.

"Oh, Aisan!" reproved the princess, turning apologetically to her guest. "My sister-by-law—Aisan—has no children; so to-day her husband brings home a second wife," she explained calmly.

Marjorie Allen gasped.

"How dreadful—how degrading! The poor woman," she cried, looking compassionately at the motionless, bowed figure.

The princess seemed puzzled.

"I do not understand?" she said; "there will be no poverty for Aisan. Life goes on the same, and would, if my brother-by-law brought home eight wives—or eighteen; there is plenty for all."

"But to ask her to live in the same house with the others! How can she bear it?" questioned Marjorie vehemently.

The princess sighed.

"Very thankful am I—during these days with Aisan—that my honored father so insisted on difficult books and the Confucian lessons that taught obedience and restraint," she said. "When I came from Washington very brave was I, and very determined to marry a poor

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young man who talked much. My father knew best! A husband whom you love—most miserable can he make you."

"No one likes having her husband won away—even if she doesn't love him," asserted Marjorie Allen.

"As for Aisan, soon, I think, she will laugh at these days; she has beauty, and that the new wife has not," explained the princess calmly.

Marjorie Allen shuddered.

"But I forget," apologized the princess; "your steamer stops only a few hours, and time goes quickly. You might wish to see the palace? Or the garden? A famous one it is, in China—many hundreds of years old."

She glanced toward the silent figure in the chair, hesitated, and, crossing the room, spoke softly in Chinese. The woman neither looked up nor answered.

"Shall we go now?" she asked, turning. "My sister-by-law speaks no English," she added when, followed by servants carrying trays of teacups and bowls of salted watermelon seeds, they went slowly down the wide stone walk.

"What did you say to her—is there anything you could say that would comfort her?" asked Marjorie Allen, haunted by the dumb misery of the silent figure.

"I told her—to-day last not forever—already the shadows lengthen, and in the end it will not matter; but time was when I also thought beauty everything! One of your friends that winter in Washington—very lovely she was—men waited in little groups to dance with her. I have wondered—is she happy?" she asked.

Mrs. Allen shook her head.

"What a coincidence that you should ask for Elsie Marvin!" she said. "No, she has had a miserable life. She divorced her first husband—because of another woman—he pays her alimony . . . and she has been married and divored twice since."

"Alimony? Divorced?" questioned the princess. "Her husbands pay her?—and two other husbands?—and none dead? What are these things? I do not understand!" she cried.

"Oh, but only one at a time; it's settled in court—the divorce, I mean! And two husbands, without a divorce, is bigamy—people go to prison for that. I don't believe I can explain it," said Marjorie Allen lamely.

"Courts and prisons are for coolies," asserted the princess with quiet finality; "in palaces affairs are corrected by the head of the house. What happens, no one beyond the wall knows. But look!" she said, stooping under the shallow circular opening. "You wished to see my brother-by-law and his new wife? A moment more and they would be gone."

Before them stood a man, coarse, sensual, and supercilious, with the haughtiness of the Chinese great, and a girl, gay as a butterfly in her flowery brocade, her childish face radiating content as her hands wandered from the carved jade of her hairpins to the embroideries of her yellow dress. Her proprietary eye beamed approval on palace, garden, and wall.

"But how curious—no color or flowers!" cried Marjorie Allen.

Before her, paths of fine gray pebbles wound, or crossed on arching bridges the stone-lined course of a riotous brook; waterfalls broke into rainbows of spray on the gray rocks; a thatched tea-house showed its roof of slate-colored tiles over the thickets of silvery bamboo; willows trailed their ashen leaves in the murmuring water. It was like something seen by moonlight or in a dream.

The prince turned.

"You find it curious?" he asked. "Yet, perhaps some day your country may be as full of imitations of our gardens as it is now with horrible counterfeits of our porcelains and bronzes," he added insolently, and followed his wife through the low archway.

Marjorie Allen gasped. Consideration for women was not a grace the prince found worthy of cultivation, she reflected; yet guilty remembrance of "blue gardens," "rock gardens," "wild gardens" at home, and in England, kept her silent. Could they be the first crude strivings for this perfect achievement?

"Shall we have tea now?" questioned the princess, leading toward the tea-house porch.

Marjorie Allen looked after the prince and his bride. "She'll never be unhappy here—while there are needlewomen and goldsmiths," she commented dryly.

The princess laughed. "Already you

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can see? And soon fault-finding with the servants or any who disturb her comfort," she prophesied.

"I've seen so many things to remember and think about to-day! The city gates—this garden—and that wonderful old drum-tower on the way here; it's the most picturesque building I've ever seen."

"The drum-tower is not old—it was built in 1490," explained the princess, "but the temple you pass, just below our wall—nearly two thousand years has it stood; sometimes when I see the hawthorn blossoming—and remember the smallness of them when I came here—a long time it seems; but to the unchanging stars how recent must the temple appear! Does it teach indifference—or just patience?" she asked.

"How new my country must have

Reluctantly she lifted her head, and Marjorie Allen gave a little sigh of tribute to her loveliness.—Page 371.

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seemed! Do you ever talk of it with your sisters-in-law?" asked Marjorie Allen.

"A pleasant memory—the clean, wide streets," praised the princess, and hesitated. "My sisters-by-law—only from the window of a chair or carriage have they seen your women and their clothes—useful they are but not beautiful—those dresses."

She smiled reminiscently.

"Long ago, I tried once to tell of evening dresses in your country—of the colors and slippers and trains and jewels. Most unhappily—I told also of the low-cut necks and the dancing with men!"

The princess paused and shook her head.

"My husband's mother lived then; she forbade me ever so to speak again. Except that my family is a great one, I think she mourned a daughter-by-law who had looked upon such sights."

"What *would* she think of the dresses and dancing now?" thought Mrs. Allen.

There was silence.

"One's own country and its ways—to each seems most beautiful—and best," apologized the princess gently.

With the obvious intention of amusing her guest she spoke of the skating club that had been a feature of the social life in Washington during her winter.

"My life—you see it—very quiet it is—and think how to me the upon-skates men and women seemed! Some had never before attempted it; they waved their arms; their feet went in ways they did not desire! One man from the embassy of England—often and heavily he sat upon the floor."

The princess smiled. "Very interested was I. Every time, until people skated smoothly, I went; but never did the embassy-of-England man learn. He stopped trying. Kenton his name, and recently in the Shanghai papers I read that name."

"It is the same man," said Marjorie Allen. "Then he was naval attaché, now he is the admiral commanding their Asiatic squadron. He always was an idiot. I hear that he makes love to any pretty wife of a junior officer, and when they object, tells them 'not to be so middle class.' He has learned to guard against falls," she commented dryly.

The princess turned a bewildered face.

"I do not understand," she apologized.

"Tell me, please, of your aunt—is she near?" asked Marjorie Allen, hastily changing the subject. Glancing toward the garden, she saw that it was veiled in long shadows; a cold breeze stirred.

From a cage under the tea-house eaves a nightingale called mournfully to his faithless mate; the new moon curved faintly above the pointed pine-trees; far away the whippoorwills voiced their dreary plaint.

Mrs. Allen rose. "We sail at seven—I must go," she said.

"Darkness comes quickly. I am sorry this afternoon is gone," said the princess with a little sigh. "I am sending Ong—an old servant who speaks English—back to your boat with you. It is better that you should not go alone through the city, and with him you need have no fear. Also, will you take from me to your mother a little gift—and my good wishes?" she asked, opening the door into the great courtyard, empty now but for the two rickshas and their coolies.

"How kind of you—and how thoughtful! Mother will be *so* pleased; she will write you," said Marjorie Allen, warmed by the gentle courtesy.

The princess watched her get into the ricksha.

"Never again shall I see your country, but if once more you are in China——"

She stopped.

From the shadowy house a cry arose . . . a shriek of terror . . . the sound of a struggle . . . a voice raised sharply in wordless protest against unbearable agony . . . echoed and answered among the stones of the courtyard.

Slowly . . . the voice died to a gurgling moan; . . . gasping followed; . . . the demon echoes whispered them gloatingly, sang them triumphantly, juggled them intricately, mumbled them faintly.

The palace awoke.

Heavy doors slammed; voices called; running, slippered feet clicked over stone floors; lights flashed out; a shutter over the princess's head was quietly closed. A babel of voices sounded—then a pause—and one quiet voice—tired and old—but compelling.

The echoes ignored it.

Marjorie Allen unclasped her cold fingers.

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Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"Some day your country may be as full of imitations of our gardens as it is now with horrible counterfeits of our porcelains and bronzes."—Page 372.

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"Something dreadful has happened," she whispered.

The princess lifted her head and spoke evenly. "Although I shall never again see your country and the wide, white streets of Washington, if you are in China I hope you will write me," she said. Only the knuckles of one clinched hand betrayed the knowledge of anything unusual.

From the arched embrasure a man's voice sounded, high, cruel, merciless with anger, and as the echoing courtyard seized it and gave it back, an ugly snarl ran through it. The voice paused, but the snarling echo went on. The voice sounded again, but now it was muffled by the pathos of a woman's sobbing, in despair and anguish and helplessness, . . . that spoke and answered across the darkening courtyard. . . .

"Some dreadful accident has happened," breathed Marjorie Allen.

The door opened and the old servant came out; trembling, he climbed into the waiting ricksha.

"So much have I enjoyed your visit," said the princess; "a happy memory—those old days! Good-by, and a safe journey."

The ricksha turned.

But even as the gates clanged behind them Marjorie Allen heard the despairing weeping and saw the princess standing motionless on the palace steps, while above her the night wind sounded its first whisperings among the sculptured dragons of the curving eaves.

She turned impulsively to the old servant. "Was some one hurt—what happened?" she asked.

"Her excellency—the Princess Aisan—dealeth death to the—new princess," he whispered feebly.

Straightening, he looked at this inquisitive alien woman.

"I—not—speak—English," he said clearly; and as they turned the corner he growled an order in Chinese, and his ricksha, dropping behind, followed through the dusk down the uneven roadway skirting the palace wall.

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THREE weeks ago a banker friend of mine asked me what was "the matter with 'the West'"?

Coming, as the question did, without forewarning, I found myself for a moment at a loss; turning over in my mind a dozen crimes that might be chargeable; that might with justice be brought against any country in which men and women live. The one thing I didn't think of was the thing my banker friend meant.

The Great Crusade

"They haven't so far taken any interest in the war at all, have they?" he said. In his voice was bitter disgust.

He mentioned Oklahoma and the draft riots; he mentioned Wisconsin and its population; he mentioned some place in Indiana that had failed to subscribe properly to the Liberty Loan; in fact, he mentioned everything that is a thousand miles or so from the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slope and that part of the country that still calls itself "the West." Wyoming, as you may remember, regards even Minnesota as the very next State behind the sand-dunes. Then he—my banker friend—departed, convinced that he was right. It is a habit bankers have; departing, that is, convinced that they are right.

I was not angry; long ago I have given over all emotion concerning the ignorance one end of America displays toward the other end. Fat people cannot see their own stomachs; it isn't the fault of the fat people: I merely warmed my heart with the memory of what, six months before, coming back into my country just as the snows were breaking up, I had seen. The memory insists upon burning in my heart like one of the clear pine-log fires of the country itself.

I do not know how Indiana feels—although to judge by figures I should think extremely warlike; I do not know how Kansas feels; no one knows, or perhaps ever will, how Wisconsin feels; but I think I do know how Wyoming and Idaho and the other splendid names that echo along the canyons of our greatest hills feel, for they have answered—answered very clearly.

Personally, I was not altogether prepared for the answer. One wouldn't be if one had left, as I had in the autumn, a population largely complacent over an election won on the slogan that we had been kept "out of war." Also I was aware of the utter lack of interest the cowboy, the cattleman, the rancher of any sort, takes in politics, particularly those of an international character. After all, why shouldn't he? Here, you must remember, you are dealing with a land of mountain valleys and desert, town and isolated farms; a land of self-supporting, entirely self-sufficient communities; peopled by men who are the descendants of those who fled from crowds, or by the very men themselves—a curious, restless, hawk-like brood, who feel the horizon is crowded if there is any one else within the same acre as one of themselves; men still so aware of their own personalities that they are angry if they are jostled in a crowded street. An odd idea for a modern mind, isn't it? Yet they are not Kentucky mountaineers, these men; in their veins flows the most adventurous blood of "the East" and of Europe, and they are astute, and are made dexterous-minded by the dexterous physical life they are forced to lead; they simply distrust the conclusions reached by a mass of people acting in concert; they are particularly cynical concerning that powerful, dangerous, and rather despicable gift, the gift of eloquence. Experience has taught them that as a rule their political representatives are men not good enough to work on ranches. So once an ancient miner, in the midst of an argument about the relative merits of horses and mules, spoke out of the fulness of his heart to me: "Well, yes; but when you've a horse, no matter how ornary he is he's always a horse, but a mule! why, the first thing you know, the damn thing may turn into a Congressman!"

Therefore I was not prepared, as I said before, for the spectacle that met me when,

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late on that May evening, after a day's drive across the mountains from the railway station, the stage rounded the dusky shoulder of a butte and straightened out into the main street of the little town where I was to spend the night before going upcountry to my ranch, the biggest little town, by the way—the particular town in question—in the valley; a town that in its busiest time, the winter, boasts two hundred or so inhabitants.

The Home Guard in Wyoming

THERE were drums in the air. The sound of them came sweeping through the shadows like the sound of a gigantic flight of duck. The first drums, I think, save only tom-toms, the valley had ever heard, for when the cavalry had come in twenty-five years before to suppress an Indian uprising there had been only bugles, not drums. Now the drums were beating, and in the great square, which is flanked by the hotel and the general store and the Woodman's Hall, and where in summer the ranchers tie their ponies when they come to town, there were men drilling—perhaps thirty of them. On the left of the line was the local banker; on the right the storekeeper; and they were being drilled by the carpenter who, born in Germany and having once served in the German army, had subsequently come to this country, where he had served in the Seventh Cavalry and afterward in the Philippines. He was an excellent drillmaster. This was the home guard—all men above the fighting age. And it wasn't funny, not a bit. It was very thrilling—these mature men in civilian clothes—more thrilling even than the march of a regiment of youths in uniform; as thrilling as the waving of the great flag, where never before a flag had waved, from a huge pole set up in the middle of the square. For this, this drilling, all of these things, were signs of a complete renunciation, of the giving up of the ideals of a lifetime; signs of a mental feat, that is—a mental somersault, one would be justified in calling it—of a use of the imagination so intense that the average Easterner, living in close touch with Europe, born to crowd-fear, will have difficulty in comprehending it.

For, next to politics, the Westerner hates the army more than anything else in the world; hates all insignia of rank, all admittance that in any way whatsoever one man can possibly be better than another. The contempt of the cowboy for the soldier, the feud between the two, are as old as the occupation of cowpunching itself. I do not defend this attitude, I merely state it. The fact remains that the Westerner hates the army. He likes to carve out his own destiny, he doesn't like it to be carved out for him; he likes to do things in his own way, after experiment, in the manner of inductive reasoning; he likes to be told why things are so and mistrusts them until he is told. Here, I suppose, is the germ of the real democratic idea, the real anarchistic ideal; a germ too precious to be lost and which some day will govern the intercourse of men, shorn, however, of the ignorance, the selfishness, the cocksureness, the pinprick sensitiveness that are nowadays almost always its concomitants. The Westerner has all these follies, but he has most surely, as the source of all he does, an unconquerable belief in the sacredness of each man as a man; and it was on this fundamental disagreement that he first began to understand Germany and first began to realize that he hated Germany even more than he hated the army.

I was a trifle afraid of the draft, but I needn't have been. Only three men were called, but they went without hesitation—a little confused, perhaps; a little afraid of being taken away from all they knew and cast suddenly alone into a strange world. Alone, was the point. They wouldn't have minded going with their fellows; indeed, they would have been eager to go, as were the forty-five other young men who volunteered into the regiment of State militia. A few more experienced spirits, older men as a rule, enlisted in the regular army, the navy, and the newly formed bodies of engineers and foresters. Sixty or seventy in all, I suppose, went; not a bad record for a country the total population of which is considerably less than a thousand. The ranches are largely stripped of labor; the old men, the middle-aged men will have to carry them on.

But it was not the actual going that interested me—it was the spirit behind the going; the spirit, the slow development of which I had been watching for the past three years. At first, of course, there had been only the most academic interest;

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then had followed the natural revulsion of the poor man, the peaceable man, the individualist, against the whole massed waste and folly; "fighting was foolishness," and in this general condemnation of bloodshed there seemed little ability or desire to make distinction between the sinister nation that had let loose the horror and the nations who, with their backs to the wall, were attempting to push the horror back. One felt, as one always does in such circumstances, that school histories, studied in countless country schools, that the newspapers, had done well their imbecile work of inculcating a suspicion of England. And as to German atrocities? Such tales were not to be believed. No men, except Indians, behaved in such a way to women, to captives!

And then, quite suddenly—or so it seemed—the whole country awoke; stood up, rubbed its eyes, and was awake.

How the West Takes It

THREE years ago on a July morning I rode out of town at dawn with a young friend of mine. For twenty miles or so our paths lay along the same way. He had been to a dance; I had been to town on business. He had had no sleep at all, but he was very gay and debonair and vigorous. The music still rang in his ears and he hummed snatches of the tunes; and, I have no doubt, his ears still hummed with the scraping of high-heeled boots and of light slippers on polished floors; with the pounding of feet when a quadrille was danced. The sun came up over the snow-clad mountains to the east like the sound of a golden trumpet blowing notes almost too high and clear and incredibly sweet. In the valley the dark-green shadows of dawn gave way to the light-green brilliance of day. After a while my friend talked of the war. He defended Germany. He imagined, you see, that, single-handed, Germany was fighting the world. His sense of fair play had been aroused. There was no use arguing with him. . . . Two weeks ago I saw my friend in Washington. He was in the uniform of a United States engineer. He was very erect and determined and proud, although he was still unshakably gay and debonair. And he knew just why he was there and why he hoped in a short time "to get to France." His sense of fair play, you see, had not deserted him; it had merely shifted to the other side.

I was particularly interested in finding out what he thought of saluting; what he thought of this business of "officers and men." He explained his position accurately and with a touch of mysticism; mysticism that had to do with the symbolical relationship of a uniform to the flag and of the flag to the nation itself—the one hundred millions of it; a form of mysticism that all but biologists and Bolsheviki and fools know is the one thing that distinguishes a man from a beast. And this was the boy who had once told me he'd "take orders from no damn man in the world!"

It is impossible to look into the minds of more than a few men and then it is possible to look only a little way. Men go to war for various reasons; yet I do honestly believe that beneath all surface variations in the minds of most Western men are two fundamental reasons that will help to keep them at a fighting edge and, in a small way, will help to keep this entire war at the only edge at which it can be won—the edge, that is, of a crusade; a crusade against all the powers of evil and insolence that seek to blot out what little light man, with immense travail, has managed, through the slow centuries, to achieve. And the reasons, the fundamental reasons, are these: that each man shall be respected because he is a man, and that each woman shall be respected because she is a woman. Simple reasons, aren't they? So simple that only about one per cent of the world ever thinks of them at all. People who live in herds are used to seeing the fine milling rubbed off the coins of personality. And yet, after all, these reasons go to the very foundation of things, don't they? They are the basis of most religions—"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." The Germans merely deny their own personalities when they outrage those of their enemies; and that is the most sinister thing that men can do—it is a form of the Black Mass.

I am unaware of the temper of "the East"; I have been back only a short while. Yet in that time I have met people whose mental processes seemed peculiar; people who apparently are unable to imagine for themselves the horror of a German victory or even of a stand-off fight; people who are

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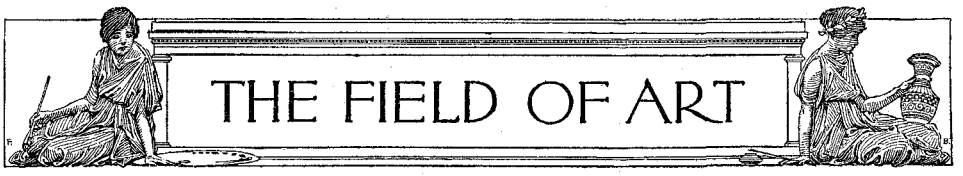
unaware of the effort they are being called upon to make, and of the dire necessity for such effort; people who deprecate any very intense feeling against the enemy—an enemy, by the way, that knows at least one thing, and that is that without intense feeling no war can be victoriously fought. At all events, "the West" teaches a man a few simple truths—teaches him that there is no compromising with a rattlesnake; not the slightest sense in talking comradeship with a wolf; that it is utterly impossible, even if you have shown him that you are as good a man—or how would you say it? as good a bear?—as he is to live in comfort in the same cave as a lean silvertip.

Well, God bless you cattlemen and cowboys, and, yes, even sheepmen—for war destroys ancient enmities! It is a far cry from your own green and blue and shining hills and your own lucid plains to the dirty trenches of Flanders.

No; I think "the West *is* taking an interest in the war."



ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER, ARTIST AND DREAMER

IT has been many years since any extended notice of Albert Ryder or his work has appeared, and now that he is dead it is interesting to consider somewhat carefully his place in our art.

He has left no great output of work, so that the increase of knowledge concerning him is going to be slow, yet it may be affirmed that no more artistic personality has appeared in our art.

If we assume that he was a greater artist than painter we shall be near the truth, if, indeed, we are understood, as so often the words are used without due discrimination. In this case I mean to say, the perfectness of emotional expression is far superior to that brilliancy of technic which is the token of the painter.

His mind understood art to be an expression of the spirit, and any trammels put upon the liberty of that expression would have galled too deeply. The "knowing how" was not so important as the expression, and he probably did not pause to understand the obvious truth that expression is easier when untrammelled by inability.

Ryder was one of the most retiring, sensitive, impersonal of men. External life was of no importance, nor was the power to work by any means constant. Long periods of time would often intervene when not a touch was made, not a stroke done to any canvas; these were times of dreaming—of getting ready—and then he would "go into retreat," as he said, and work without stop for food, sleep, or daylight—may we not say, work with a consuming fire!

I spoke to him once about his picture of "Siegfried," alluding to the beautiful musical quality in its coloring and rhythm. He said: "I had been to hear the opera and went home about twelve o'clock and began this picture. I worked for forty-eight hours without sleep or food, and the picture was the result." This tells us of the birth of the picture—born out of the womb of a great emotion, born of a musical mood lying deep in the spiritual nature of the man—quick with the balance, the rhythm of complete harmony—but it does not tell us of the picture itself, nor is it likely that every one can discern its magic—indeed, it is not accounted as a chief work of Ryder's by many of his admirers. For me, I am disposed to consider it one of his perfect works—and the reason lies in its completeness of pure beauty, in its assured arrival at the goal the master sought, upon its power to arouse in any sensitive observer just the quality he desired to quicken—and the means are very simple. The picture is not a large one, and it is nearly square in form; there are a few strange trees sloping against a moonlit sky, the moon hung low; beneath the trees the young Siegfried rides; in the edge of a stream in the immediate foreground the Rhine maidens sing. That is

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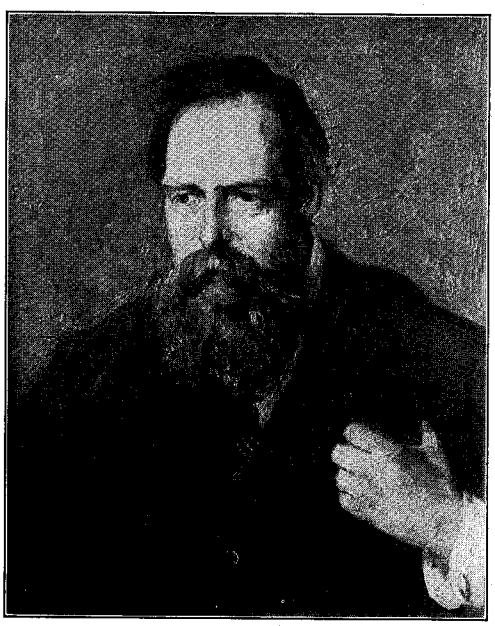
all, so far as external fact and appearance are concerned. Where, then, lies the witchery, the music, and the beauty of this canvas? One might say, offhand, in the soul of the artist, in what he has been able to infuse of himself into his work. A truth, surely, but means to an end are always necessary, since painting is a language, and we must not only know the signs, but be able to translate them. The answer, then, lies in the rhythm, the balance, and the tone—or is it the color? Across the sky the artist has drawn dark branches of a tree so strange in form that we involuntarily feel that it is weird, unusual; and we are conscious that the eye does not stop or rest on any part of the arabesque so formed by these weird limbs. We half-expect something to appear! The calm of the low-hung moon amid the slow-moving mist clouds make for contrast, and we are lured to see riding beneath the dim shadow the figure on horseback—his interest and ours become identical. Change for a moment the position of this rider—reverse his action and the whole balance is lost, so well is he placed, so perfect is the sympathy, that we too hear that sweet, silvery song, and we, also, see the maidens in the rippling stream.



Portrait of Ryder by J. Alden Weir.

Reproduced from the original in the possession of the National Academy of Design, New York.

Such a picture could come only from one who knew the value of being alone, from one who chose to dream and in his dreams secure the inner calm or poise which is so necessary if full expression is to be gained.

Every word said of the "Siegfried" may with equal authority be said of "The Flying Dutchman," a little picture painted many years ago and well known through its many public appearances.

A marvellous little canvas—it depends for its marvellousness upon its significance. The little boat in the near foreground is of slight moment—the wraithlike spectral ship which flits across the sky, seen for a moment and then mingling in the sight into the hurrying sky forms—this is the mystery of the picture. We may dwell upon the color, which is subtle and lovely, but it is the absolutely astonishing sense of the marvellous which gives the picture its reputation and value. We don't know anything about the means by which all this is produced—Ryder knew—but the elusive wonder is there and repeats itself each time one sees the picture, and that this is so accounts for and proclaims the picture a profound work of art. A few thread-like forms, a spot or two, and behold—a mystery!

In neither one of these pictures is there any consideration of what the modernists so acutely require—values—that treacherous rock upon which so many talents have broken and been lost. Pursued, they are an element of external veracity—insisted upon, they are chains to bind imagination and emotion and destroy spirit. Ryder preferred the terms of true poesy, the privilege of awakening the highest imagination. He understood how slight an element reproduction was in the expressiveness desired in a work of art. Fact did not interest him—truth and beauty did.

These two pictures are a proof that the intangible may be painted. In the one, music; the supernatural in the other.

But we should not stop here or seem to give the impression that Ryder secured his results by some sort of vague groping which

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chanced upon an effect; there is ample in his work to declare his ability to use the real, the objective, when he willed, and to paint with a brush most subtle, sure, and direct.

In the possession of one of the Fifth Avenue dealers there is a little panel of a dead canary, which is at once the expression of most poignant grief and the reality of a dead bird—merely a still-life, so! and yet here is the greatest mystery of all—death! The very feathers are those of a dead thing, pale, wan, and pitiful; the tense little claws, clinched and stiff, thrust into the air, powerless to ward off the dread visitor. A dead bird! ay, and a dead singer—the gay voice hushed, gone forever, the exquisite throat whence came the music of the air, the fields, and the woods, is stilled—and grief for the lost pet is there also. Did Chardin paint still life so? Did Whistler in his most subtle moment do a thing with such sensitiveness of expression? I think not.

Reality, objectivity, reproduction, technic are all there; so also are the spirit of the artist and his love—and that is great art.

Long ago I talked with Ryder of a distinguished painter who had just died. "Yes," he said, "he painted well, but he was not an artist."

Thus we see, he also had set the two, painter and artist, over against each other, and his own goal was that of the artist. It is in that field that we shall find him, and to enjoy must rid ourselves of all thought of dexterity, of brush work, of cleverness—all of which obscure the vision—and see, or try to see, the magic of what he has given us.

I visited him in the room where he worked—one may not call it a studio—it was but a hall bedroom in a humble dwelling away down-town. The door was opened very slightly in answer to my knock—not from any inhospitality, for I was there by permission and invitation—but because of the litter which cluttered the room—old boxes, trunks, clothes scattered about, a soap-box with broken egg-shells, a platter on which food had recently been, old canvases, a small school easel, a box with twisted, much-used tubes of paint, old, dirty brushes, bottles of oils and varnish, and a sooty lamp. The room was on the south side of the building and the sunlight streamed in the one window on this medley of things.

Ryder told me of his distress in the great city crowds—how he loved to walk about at night when everything was quiet, of his preference for working at night (the old lamp was his chief friend) because there were no sounds to disturb him, of his trips to sea with an old sea-captain friend who sailed in a freighter—and during this conversation he expressed many beautiful art truths.

Many pictures he showed me that day; some have become very famous.

The noted race-track picture, with Death astride the horse, was there; it has but lately seen the light in exhibitions. But the picture which left the deepest impression upon me was a canvas of rather larger size than he usually painted. A boat had been thrust out into the sea—one or two figures were dimly seen, and over all a moonlit sky. As he put it on the easel the sunlight from the window fell across it. I complained of this sunlight and he smiled and put it on a box against the wall, in the shadow. Nothing I have ever seen compared with it—the room was fairly illuminated by that moon. "It shines!" I said. "Yes," said Ryder, "that is what I call it: magical quality." It was this "magical quality" he was ever seeking, not of the moonlight only but in all things—a cloud, a bit of sea, the side of an old white horse—all had for him the charm of magic and of mystery.

The beautiful little picture, "With Sloping Mast and Dipping Prow," has it to a high degree. "The Temple of the Mind" is supremely lovely in this rare quality and for long was considered his masterpiece.

The picture, however, which is almost supernatural is the "Noli Me Tangere." The only picture I may compare it with is the "Supper at Emmaus" of Rembrandt. There is the presence of the supernatural in each picture. The figure of Christ in Ryder's picture seems to stand, and yet there is no sense of weight: it is elusive, it is as if he had just for an instant alighted on earth; it is the figure of one who has been dead—the very smell of the grave is there—and yet there is the benignant nobility in the gesture, a tenderness even in the command: "Touch me not." The kneeling Mary, with upturned face and streaming eyes, is mute yet wistful. A slender tree in blossom is all that is used to indicate the garden, but the morning sky is of the very essence of the dawn. Nothing could exceed the choice of tone in the draperies—none but a genius

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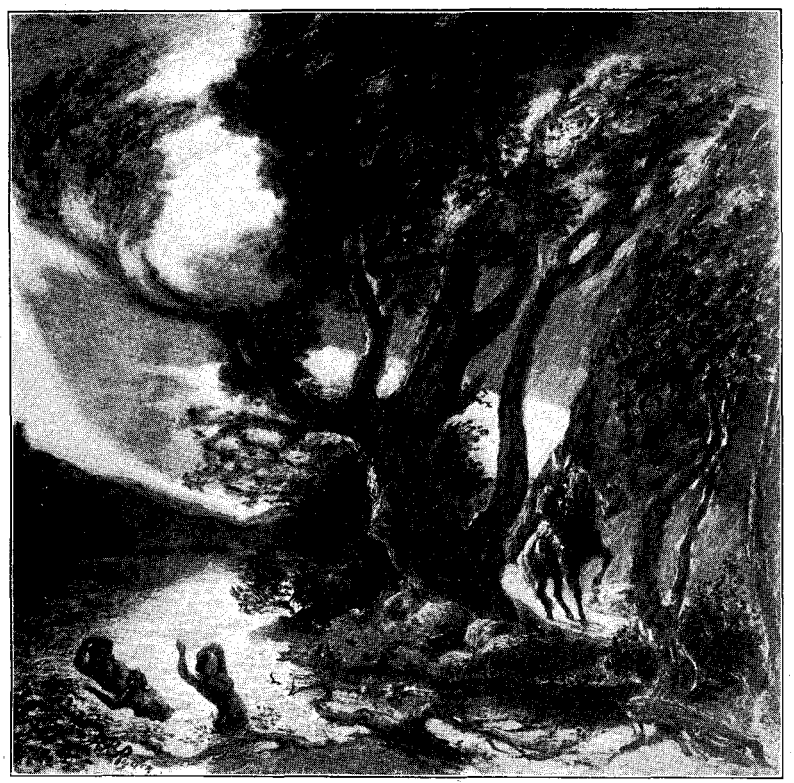
could have so painted them. To a religious mind the picture is full of awe. In an agnostic it would awaken doubt, fear, reverence.

Such a picture is not just a painted thing: it is an emanation, an exhalation, the offering of a profound and religious emotion—

life, too. I have seen him on a cool autumn morning quite unconsciously wearing an overcoat in which the moths were still busily at work; and once I was asked by the head of one of the big firms of picture-dealers to go up to his rooms and see a new picture he had just imported. I found Ryder



Siegfried.

Reproduced by courtesy of the owner, Lady Van Horne.

the product of long hours of contemplation, of many silences.

The lone night walks which brought him out from under the stars to the graying dawn taught Ryder the dawn, taught him the mystic meaning of the surrender of the dark to that light which is the promise of day—taught him to paint into this picture the verity of the words: "I am the Light of the World."

This solitary dreamer, groping in the shadows of a limited craft for the tone, the color, that should perfectly express his thought, is indeed the true artist.

There were queer inconsistencies in his

there, in the midst of this sumptuous suite, asleep in a big, richly covered and furnished four-poster. He tumbled out upon hearing my voice, and in a moment the two of us were sitting on the floor examining the new picture (Millet's portrait of Mlle. Feuardent)—I in my street costume and Ryder with little on, as he came from bed—yet he quite forgot it, and his comments and appreciation were delightful.

He was in no sense an illustrator; but, with a great love for Shakespeare and the poets, he often painted themes from their works; and a lover also of the Bible, he turned to that for many of his noblest

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works. I have seen pictures from "Othello," from "The Tempest," and from Tennyson—and there is yet to be mentioned that master-work of his, the "Jonah." In this picture Mr. Ryder has reached a very high plane of interpretative art. Here is no illustration, but a dramatic vision. Jonah is in the water, the boat with its frightened sailors, the "great fish" (not a whale) approaches, and over all in the rolling, froth-like clouds the white-bearded figure of the Almighty, with the symbol of omnipotence in his hand is seen. The sense of storm in the lashing waters and the flying clouds is impressive, but Ryder contrives in all he does to secure by means wholly his own the presence of the mysterious. This is tremendously true in this picture, and its quality of color is superb. The question of dignity involved in his contrivance of a white cloud into the person of God will always be open; so, too, the somewhat impossible curves of the boat may arouse comment; but the dignity, the grandeur, of the whole is not impaired, and one such work does more to silence the follies and the commonalities of a period than all the censure, the blame, and the bitterness which such works arouse. They will find their own special oblivion—such a work as Ryder's its shrine.

Ryder's pictures arouse great love in their owners, there comes into the voice a tenderness, he lingers long in silence, the picture gives to him something beyond the ordinary sensation, it awakens dream and poesy which, perhaps, a hard business life has chilled. He loves it!

This, then, is the mission of such works—to keep alive the finer attributes, to cause men to see with other than bodily eyes and to find calm in the presence of pure beauty.

I am at war with those who scorn the idea of influence in a picture, who say that it is enough if it be drawn well, painted well, colored well. Such works for me are empty, shallow—one view is enough; you see the body, and since there is no soul you care little to return, but with a fine Ryder each day some new emotion rises, some new beauty is revealed, and it is forever unfathomable in the qualities of tone, of harmony, of color.

We know Ryder as a colorist, speak of him so—and colorist he is in a subtle, sensitive, tonal way. Not as you would speak of Titian, or La Farge, or Inness. I cannot remember a single note of strong color in any of Ryder's pictures, color forced to its fullest power. He did not seek his results so: Titian did, and Veronese, and Correggio.

It is not so we must find Ryder's color. His was a quieter mood—his fingers strayed along the organ-keys until the perfect minor was found, and there he lingered, undulated wistfully, tenderly, drawing from the vast bosom of the instrument tone of exquisite meaning—the instrument the human soul, the key a sound of tears.

In this way you shall interpret and enjoy Ryder's color. It is a chapel into which you shall enter, divesting yourself of the things of the body, of the harsh sounds of the world, and, yielding yourself to the spell and the mystery, find peace.

In portraiture the finest thing we have of him is the very wonderful head done some years ago by Mr. Alden Weir for the National Academy of Design, in which collection it may be seen. Mr. Weir has contrived, as all true portrait-painters should, to invest the likeness with the tenderness and the mysticism of the man.

Such tribute as these lines convey of reverence for his art and affection for the man I offer to his memory, conscious that the pure beauty of his work will find response in the hearts of all those who learn to know the mission of art.

ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.

NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE.—PIERRE-AUGUSTE RENOIR: Born at Limoges, France, and formerly a painter on porcelain, Renoir is the most lyrical and voluptuous of the impressionist masters. An artistic descendant of Rubens and of Boucher, he has consecrated his life to the portrayal of flowers, the glow of flesh, and the human form. The "Mother and Child," more substantially conceived than most of Renoir's work, dates from 1881.

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OUR FIRST WINTER OF WAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WHEN all experienced observers predicted, on the approach of this present winter season, that economic considerations would be paramount in war developments, none of them ventured to suggest that the spectacular events of that character would occur in the United States. The economic distress which has arisen in Europe had been foreseen and its causes understood. Establishment of rigid food-rationing in England and France was commonly ascribed to the sinking of food cargoes by German submarines. In the Russian cities, the season's famine and scarcity of all materials resulted logically from the very general stoppage, not only of transportation but of production, in consequence of the country's political and social disintegration. Germany and Austria were confronted with a greatly tightened blockade, embracing indirect shipments through European neutral countries as well as direct shipments to ports of the Central Powers.

The Fuel Shortage in the United States

None of these influences appeared to exist in the United States; yet, with our entry into the new year, we have witnessed not only shortage of many necessities to the ordinary consumer, but such a famine of fuel throughout the country as had never been experienced in its history. With pressure of orders at its height, steel-mills in some of the largest centres of production have had to run for weeks at only 30 or 40 per cent of capacity. Dwellings in country districts often became untenantable for lack of coal. With their supplies of fuel exhausted and no more obtainable, apartment-houses in the great cities were compelled in many cases to cease providing heat and elevator service, leaving their occupants to seek shelter and warmth in outside hotels. There were city hospitals which actually had to resort to oil-stoves in their operating-rooms.

Even rich people closed up their houses. Poor people waited in line, with bags or baskets, to procure the coal allotted to them under close restrictions. Exceedingly drastic orders by the Federal Government, issued with the purpose of conserving the fuel supply, decreed on a series of stipulated days, and to all but certain exempted industries, the shutdown of trade and manufacture throughout the country through prohibition of their use of fuel or artificial light. On three of the country's largest railway systems there followed an absolute embargo on shipment of all merchandise but fuel, food, and war munitions.

The general cause assigned by most people for this extraordinary episode was the unprecedentedly severe winter—in the East, the lowest temperatures on the Weather Bureau's record, unusually prolonged; in the West, a succession of great snowstorms which paralyzed industry to an extent not experienced in thirty years. The influence of such abnormal weather conditions was obvious enough; but in a measure the converging of discussion on them diverted attention from larger causes.

LONDON writers have lately ascribed the world-wide shortage of materials and the resultant public distress to what they called "overstraining the resources of nature" by war requisitions. This would mean that production had not been able to provide for ordinary necessary consumption, plus the orders for war purposes. Not only, it was reasoned, had actual requirements for war purposes increased prodigiously the demand on productive facilities, but the drafting of so great a part of the able-

The Real Crisis in Transportation

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bodied working populations into the army must, it would seem, have curtailed power of production. On the face of things, it certainly appeared that such influences were primary causes of the wheat shortage of Europe, with its reaction on conditions in the United States.

The influence, such as it was, of abnormal war consumption, or of production curtailed by diversion of human energy to war, had long been recognized. But these were by no means the solitary causes. They did not explain conclusively the American situation of this winter. Next to foodstuffs, the products in which a shortage of available supply has repeatedly seemed to exist have been iron, copper, gasolene (for use in motor-car fuel), and coal. Now of pig-iron, the American production in 1916 was 30 per cent greater than in any year before the war, and the slight decrease of 1917 still left the margin of increase more than 27 per cent. The country's output of copper in 1916 was greater by more than 50 per cent than the pre-war maximum, and, notwithstanding the strikes at the mines in 1917, last year's production remained nearly half as large again as in 1913. Of gasolene, our production was enlarged by 170 per cent between that year and 1917; yet it was in the last-named year that the oil producers themselves warned the public to be sparing in their use of it.

The "coal famine" at the end of 1917 followed a year's production of bituminous exceeding the previous year by 38,500,000 tons, or 7½ per cent, and exceeding 1915 by 101,000,000 tons, or 23 per cent. Shipment of anthracite from our mines in 1917 was larger by nearly 10,000,000 tons than the year before, and exceeded by more than 11 per cent the large shipments of 1913. It was not even true (except in the case of some foodstuffs) that the increasing quantity sent abroad caused the scarcity at the end of 1917. In coal especially, the increase in our yearly export, since the war began, has been less than one-sixth of the increase in annual home production. The trouble lay in transportation and distribution.

Even with wheat, it had begun to be understood a year ago that the primary problem was neither abnormally deficient production nor abnormally increased consumption. The world's estimated wheat crop of 1916, to be sure, was 1,000,000,000 bushels under the great crop of 1915; but even so, the total yield was fairly up to the average of the decade prior to 1912. What caused the acute scarcity, aside from the exclusion from the export market of Russia's crop, reckoned in 1916 at more than 500,000,000 bushels, was the fact that, at the moment when German submarines were sinking wheat cargoes on the way to Europe, the total available supply of ships was too small to transport the 135,000,000 bushels of Australasia and the 318,000,000 of India.

The War Problem of the Railways

IT was left for this winter season, however, to bring into the foreground the influence of war-time conditions on land transportation. The public had been slow in comprehending the war problem of the railways. It was true that, in the mobilization of the huge armies of the Continental belligerents during 1914, railways were pressed almost exclusively into war service. Even to-day, with the shifting of armies in the Central Empires from the reserve to the front, and from one front to another, war requirements supersede and largely exclude the commercial movement. All this our people had seen, but without applying it to our own possible situation.

Any one familiar with the history of the Civil War would remember that Congress, on January 31, 1862, passed a law authorizing the President, "when in his judgment the public safety may require it," to "take possession of any or all the railroad lines of the United States," "to extend, repair, and complete the same," and "to place under military control all the officers, agents, and employees" of the lines thus seized. The same authority was granted as to telegraph lines; the proviso being added that three commissioners should "assess and determine the damages suffered" by the companies, or the "compensation to which they may be entitled." Under this act of Congress, the secretary of war appointed a well-known railway man as

(Continued on page 44, *following*)

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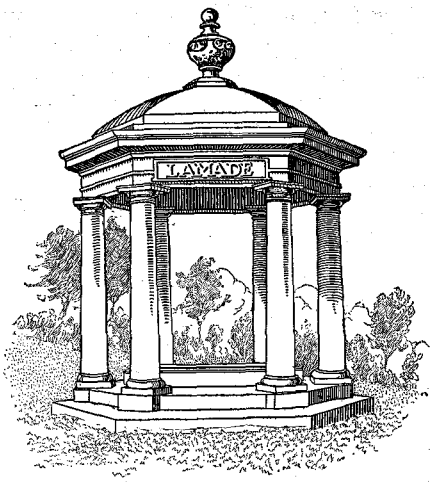

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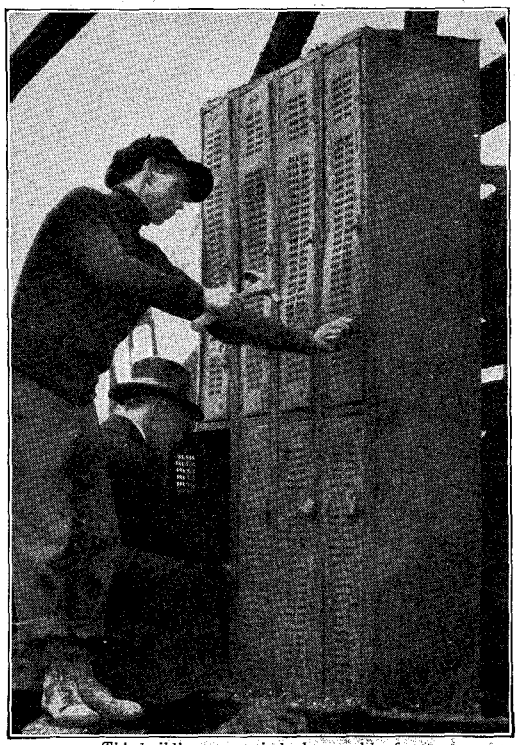

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"military director and superintendent of railways," with power not only to operate railways essential to the army plans, but to "take possession of, hold and use all engines, cars, locomotives," even of other railways, "that may be required for the transport of troops, arms, ammunition and military supplies."

But this was plainly a military measure pure and simple; in principle no different from the requisitioning of coast steamers for army transport, of horses, wagons, and automobiles for the supply-train, of factories to enlarge the government's own facilities for munition-making, of a private building for use as army hospital or staff headquarters. Very much the same was true of the Continental railway mobilization of 1914, except that most of the roads were already owned by the government. Neither case seemed to apply to the United States of 1917, whose transportation lines were not in the area of battle; and it is probable that our people had not clearly comprehended the real motive for the tak-

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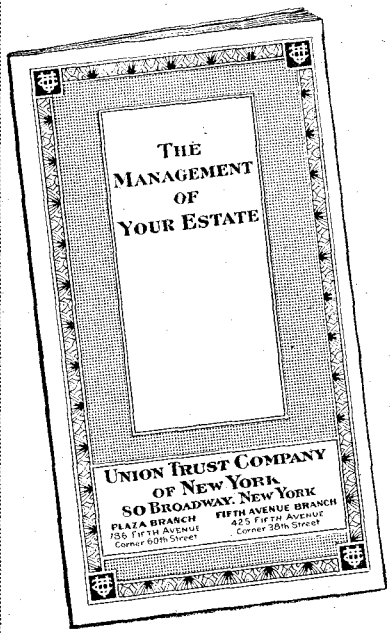
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Financial World, continued from page 44

ing of England's railways under government control.

In France and Germany, government had been operating most of the railways long before the war began; it was therefore a matter of official routine, based upon plans thoroughly mapped out in advance, to divert the roads to necessary military purposes, while designating the order in which opportunity should be allowed to haul the various classes of commercial freight. State operation in England, established a month after the war began, was able to get into smooth working order before the pressure of industrial war demands was in full force. For our own war-time railway problem there had been no preparation except the act of Congress in August, 1916 (a "rider" to the Army Appropriation bill), which merely stipulated that the President "is empowered" to assume control of the roads "in time of war."

Geographical Difficulties in Our Problem

NOR was this all. The difficulties of our railways were greatly influenced by the country's geographical character, which created a task, in bringing supplies from inland producers to home consumers or export markets, such as arises in no other country except Russia. Moving Eastward, the grain from the central and Northwestern farms, the cattle-cars from the Southwest, the finished steel products from the Chicago and Pittsburgh districts, the raw material for the iron foundries or for mills and shipyards at work on government orders—these, with a vast multitude of other merchandise, drawn by a network of railways from all parts of the interior, had to be brought eventually over half a dozen trunk lines, virtually parallel, whose equipment was not capable of handling simultaneously the immensely increased consignments. Urgent "priority orders" from various government departments, each giving right of way to one particular class of freight—foodstuffs in one case, fuel in another, war munitions in a third—came into conflict, confused the train schedules and blocked the road. It was impossible promptly to execute all of them while performing routine business, yet no one had authority to decide between them.

THIS was the situation when the government took control on December 28—less than a week before the great storms began.

We shall have to wait to see how far the transportation problem, and the larger economic problems possibly involved in it, will be solved by the government operation.

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It is still too early to make confident prediction; all that is certain to-day is that paramount control under the government's war powers had become an absolute necessity if we were to avoid a complete railway blockade. Government operation, and with it the collateral plan for financing the railways' money requirements through advances from the national Treasury, can be fairly judged in no other way except as war expedients. The roads will not be receiving the help of the public credit because of inability to keep up earnings. On the contrary, there has never been so great a volume of profitable traffic carried, whether measured by the mile or by the day. In the five months ending with last August, our railways hauled as much freight as they carried in any full twelve-month period prior to 1904. During the same months of 1917, the average tonnage hauled per mile by them was greater by 16¼ per cent than in the corresponding months of 1916. It was the special and abnormal circumstances of war which deranged the situation in all of them.

Will Government Control of Railroads Work?

THIS simple fact has a bearing on much of the discussion which has converged on the recent governmental action. In two respects this discussion has run rather violently to conclusions, and with curiously opposite inferences. When the Interstate Commerce Commission on December 1 set forth that Congress, regarding railway competition as salutary, had "thrown about it prohibitions against compacts for the pooling of freights or divisions of earnings of different and competitive railroads," but that the circumstances of war had made such "pooling of freights and earnings" a necessity, and that therefore the anti-combination law must either be suspended or else superseded by government operation, it was widely declared that the very administrators of the statute for railway regulation had publicly confessed the law a failure. The stock-market advanced on a theory that laws restricting railway combination would soon be repealed forever and that earnings would thereupon increase. When the government itself took over the roads, it was quite as widely asserted that, however unavoidable the action might have been, it was disastrous in that the railways would never be restored to private ownership. Government ownership, with perpetual government control and operation, would inevitably follow.

The Old Laws Against Combinations

Neither conclusion ought to be hastily adopted. The regulatory laws embodied

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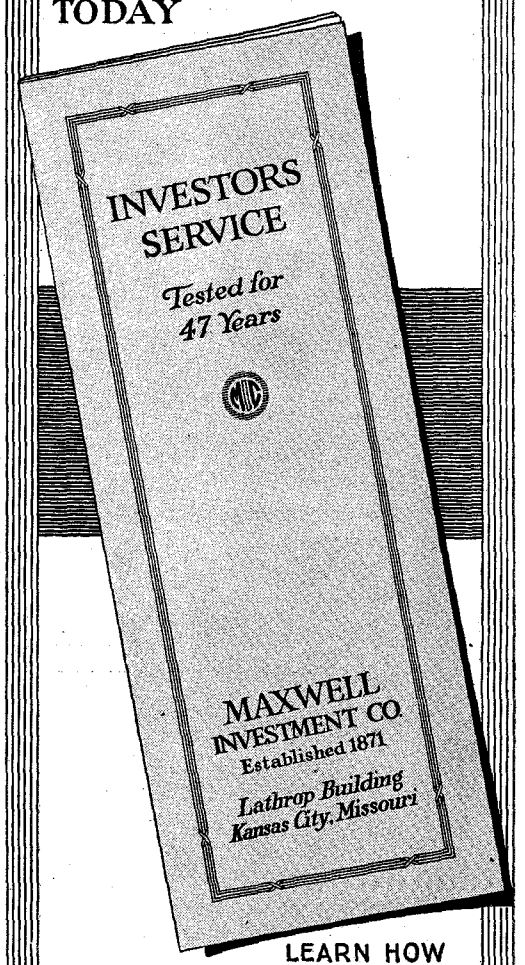

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in the Interstate Commerce and Anti-Trust statutes, directed as they were against arbitrary advances or reduction of rates by railway managements, and against the combining, under single dictatorships, of parallel or competing enterprises, had dealt with a series of situations which in their time made government regulation absolutely necessary in the public welfare. It was not only the shippers who were safeguarded by federal supervision of rates. The railways were protected against themselves. The ruinous "railway wars," the sudden and violent competitive rate-cutting by which one road would endeavor to draw away traffic from another, had led directly to the wide-spread railway bankruptcies of the eighties. That practice was as effectively ended by the law as was the practice of discrimination against certain localities or certain industries. But for the invoking of the Anti-Trust law, the wholesome peace-time competition by parallel roads in the quality of service offered might quite conceivably have been stricken down, while at the same time grave financial danger would inevitably have been incurred by the inflation of railway capital through which the huge combinations were to be effected.

Hardships Endured by the Railroads

THAT there were serious mistakes and shortcomings in the administration of these restrictive statutes, however, no one familiar with recent railway history denies. Just as the Anti-Trust law, with the conflicting interpretations of it, left many intentionally law-abiding industries doubtful as to what would be their status if challenged in court, so the policy of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in acting on petitions for higher freight rates when the cost of everything else had risen, was much too rigid to meet the legitimate needs of the situation.

In part, this attitude resulted from the conflicting interests of shippers and carriers and the political pressure against higher rates. In part, it resulted from the inevitable difficulty of applying to any complex industrial situation a law framed many years before and in purposely general terms. The statement to the Senate committee by the new government Director-General of Railways, that "comprehensive and rational legislation" would have to be adopted before the railways were restored to private control, obviously had reference to these facts. But that governmental restraint on arbitrary exercise of rate-making power will be abandoned in this country, or even greatly relaxed, is altogether improbable.

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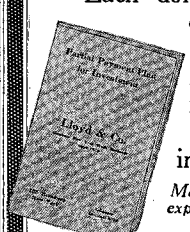

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THE case is not so clear as regards the possibility of continued direct control and operation by the government after the war. Director-General McAdoo, in his Senate testimony, declared explicitly that "the step taken" under the government's war powers "is not permanent"; that the assumption of federal control "is an emergency measure." The amended bill in Congress, providing for details of the federal administration, provided that "this Act is expressly declared to be emergency legislation enacted to meet conditions growing out of war, and nothing herein is to be construed as expressing or prejudicing the future policy of the Federal Government concerning the ownership, control or regulation of carriers."

Possibility of Government Ownership After the War?

This was well enough as a disclaimer of present deliberate purpose of permanent state control. But it was non-committal as to future policy, and, in fact, it has grown to be a familiar remark, both in and outside of the financial markets, that "now the government has once got the railroads, it will never give them up." It may be so. Even people who still predict freely the things which they are confident will happen after the war are cautious about asserting that something else will not or cannot happen. The impossible has already come to pass too many times during the war to encourage such assertion.

There is undoubtedly force in the reasoning that, with Socialistic theory already so completely embodied in governmental war policies, and with radicalism so strongly foreshadowed by the present tendencies of national politics—in Europe at any rate—such a step as government ownership of railways would be no illogical result, in England or in the United States. Yet it has to be remembered, quite irrespective of the merits of the argument for or against such ownership, first, that state purchase of the roads, on whatever basis of valuation, would be a prodigiously costly operation, and would be undertaken at a moment when government credit was still under the immense burden of accumulated war expenditure.

NOR can we be so very confident that the war-time experiments in state control of industry will turn out to have whetted the people's appetite for fresh experiments of the sort on return of peace. Regarding the present attitude in England, the London *Economist* lately made this comment:

The English Tired of Government Interference

"In the minds both of employers and of workmen there is growing up a profound

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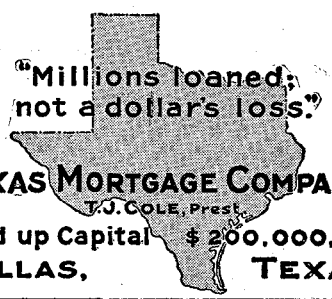

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dislike of all government interference, and a not less profound determination to get quit of it at the first opportunity. The old demand of Socialist orators that the government should nationalize this, that, and the other is moribund, if not dead. What all classes now want, and want so badly that their hearts ache for it, is to complete the war in a manner satisfactory to the Allies, and to get rid of the government control of industry."

If this is any fair picture of public opinion in England, the probability of similar revulsion of feeling among our own highly individualist people would be reasonably strong. Generalizations are not altogether safe in the present abnormal circumstances, and no doubt it is possible that organized labor, which in England has pretty much had its way regarding wages under government control, would favor permanent state operation for that reason. But this, like most other present-day prediction, has the weakness of dealing with surrounding conditions whose character can only dimly be foreseen. It is the remark of an eminent writer on political problems that, whatever else happens after return of peace, the one certainty is that the United States will emerge from war the most conservative, in its political and industrial instincts, of the great communities of the world.

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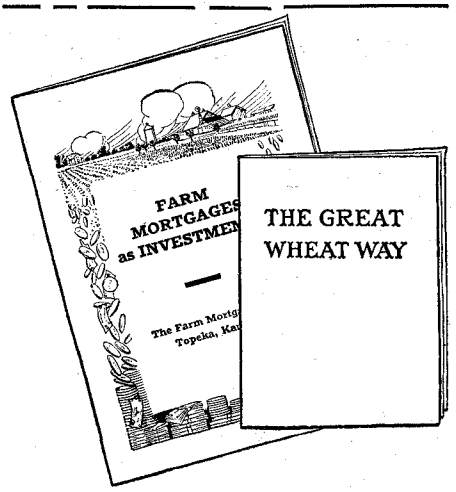

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BY S. P. HARMAN

OCTOBER, 1915, in the light of what has happened since, may be regarded as marking the beginning of a new era in the financial development of the United States. In that month there was offered to the American investing public $500,000,000 of five-year 5-per-cent bonds, the "joint and several" obligation of the British and French Governments. Our bankers had bought the bonds of foreign governments before, having taken $208,000,000 of British obligations during the Boer War, and $130,000,000 of Japanese bonds in 1904–1905, when Japan was at war with Russia. But the Anglo-French loan was the first foreign loan to be publicly offered, and nothing approaching it in amount had been before attempted.

Others followed rapidly. There were no less than three separate British issues, all secured by deposit of stocks and bonds of American and foreign corporations and governments. There was a direct secured French loan, and another arranged indirectly, through the issuance of notes by an American corporation, which pledged as collateral stocks and bonds provided by France. The city of Paris borrowed $50,000,000; the municipalities of Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux borrowed $12,000,000 each. Canada floated several loans in New York, and even Germany put out small issues of short-term notes. Altogether nearly $2,400,000,000 was loaned to the belligerents by American markets.

How was it possible for this country, which had habitually been a borrower of foreign capital, thus suddenly to assume the rôle of lender? Sympathy for the Allied cause played a part, though a minor one; the great expansion of the country's industry and the great exports of foodstuffs to Europe at profitable prices, accompanied by an unprecedented prosperity and an unprecedented importation of gold, had provided a fund of surplus capital available for investment, and that was a more important factor.

But beyond that, the flotation of the loans was made possible by the fact that our people were gradually coming to realize the necessity of extending credit to our foreign customers if their trade was to be maintained. Payment by any other means was impossible. A year's gold output of the Transvaal, the greatest producing region in the world, would scarcely have sufficed to pay for what England bought from us in a single month. Americans were beginning to learn what the English had long since learned, though under very different circumstances, that a great foreign trade must in most cases be preceded, accompanied, or followed by a great extension of credit.

However, the education of the rank and file of American investors was slow. The government, later on, found the field scarcely touched, and had to do a tremendous amount of "missionary work" to sell its own war bonds. There was a time in England, not long ago, when almost any kind of scheme could command capital, provided only it was an overseas venture. But our public had not approached that stage. Misgivings were expressed regarding the foreign bonds, heightened by the course of their prices on the Stock Exchange last autumn, when the collapse of Russia,

(Continued on page 52)

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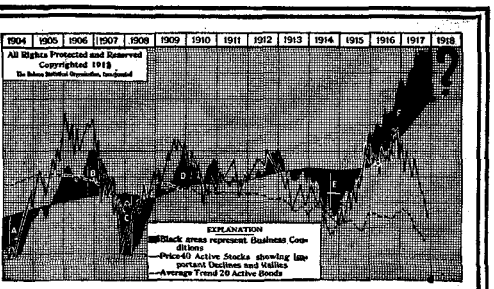
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(Continued from page 50d)

the German drive into Italy, the reverses of the British at Cambrai, and other untoward events had spread gloom through the Allied countries and the United States and made the hope of ultimate victory seem very remote.

Prices for the foreign issues on the American market dropped to a level which a well-known international banker remarked recently would cause people to wonder, before long, at the timidity of our investing public. British and French bonds went fifteen or eighteen points under par; the obligations of the various French cities were 26 per cent or more under their redemption price, and the bonds were to be redeemed in the period between 1919 and 1921. At those prices the return to the investor, if the bonds were held to maturity, ranged from about 10 per cent to more than 25 per cent. As a matter of fact, the recoveries of as much as 10 per cent which promptly followed showed how much of the preceding extreme decline had been the product of unreasoning pessimism.

It was true that when our own government became a borrower on a large scale other securities naturally tended to decline, as their holders sold them to invest in the Liberty Bonds. But our own loans were floated on a basis of 3½ and 4 per cent, which of itself would not account for the great depreciation of the foreign issues. The discrepancy was too great to be explained merely on the basis of "competition for capital." High-grade American railway bonds, in the face of this competition, yielded the investor no more than 5 or 5½ per cent; even the better classes of railway common stock could be bought at nothing better than a 10-per-cent return.

There was apparently no fear that our government, after taking over the control of the railways, would repudiate or scale down their obligations; but many people seemed to believe that the great commercial nations of Europe would not pay their debts. Placing the question of repudiation merely on the basis of expediency, the effective reply to misgivings of this sort remained, that the leading Allied belligerents could not hope to resume their commercial relations after the war, and secure the large credit of which they would stand in need, if they deliberately attempted to evade their obligations.

What the prices of these foreign bonds will be on our markets in the years following the war is made difficult to predict by several factors. One of the issues has already fallen due, others are about to do so, and none of the European loans has a maturity more distant than 1921. Probably holders will in some cases be offered the option of redemption in cash or of exchange for long-term bonds of the foreign governments. That option is provided for in some of the obligations now outstanding. As to the general course of government-bond prices, when hostilities have been concluded, the record is sufficiently clear. In the case of the leading nations there has almost uniformly been a prompt recovery on return of peace.

Our Spanish war bonds, bearing 3 per cent, never went below par, their issue price, during the conflict, and two years later sold at 112¾. The $20,000,000 of 6-per-cent bonds which the national treasury sold in the first year of the Civil War, at an average price of 89, advanced during the war itself. In 1866 they touched 114¾; in 1876, 128¾. So with the other Civil War issues.

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In all these instances there had to be taken into consideration the fact that the government sold the bonds for "currency" and paid the interest in gold, on which there came to be a great premium.

The British public debt after the Napoleonic wars followed a similar course. In 1792, the year before the struggle began, British consols sold at 97. The next year they were down to 70½, while in 1798 a price of 47½ was touched. In 1815 they got no higher than 65¾, but in 1817, two years after peace was made, they reached 84¼, and in 1824 they were back at 97. As to the European bonds at present afloat on our market, it is a rather interesting fact that our own national treasury has purchased perhaps twice as many of foreign obligations as private investors have and at a rate only slightly higher than is paid on our own war bonds; though of course these purchases were not made as an investment, but as a means of prosecuting the war.

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How to Invest: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*
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